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TENTH EDITION.

NEW YORK:
C. S. FRANCIS & CO., 252 BROADWAY.

BOSTON:
J. H. FRANCIS, 128 WASHINGTON STREET
1849.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1844,
By CONVERS FRANCIS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York



PRINTED BY
MUNROE & FRANCIS,
BOSTON.

TO THE READER.

I do not call this volume Letters from New York, on account of the unexpected popularity of the first volume, or because I consider it altogether appropriate; but I can think of no better name, under which to arrange articles so miscellaneous and incongruous in their character. Many of them are now published for the first time, others have been scattered through various periodicals. I claim for them no other merit than that of being an honest record of my own views and impressions, on subjects which most interest me. If you discover faults in my premises, or errors in my conclusions, it may at least do you some good, by exciting your own mind to increased activity. That I see glorious truths in mere fragments, and utter even those with most inadequate expression, I am painfully conscious. But frankly and confidingly, as children do, I show you an image of my soul, as reflected in the mirror of its passing thoughts. I have written nothing from affectation, sectarian prejudice, or partisan zeal. Perhaps you will forgive my deficiencies, for the sake of my kind intentions, and sincere love of truth.

L. M. C.

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LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.

LETTER I.

December 25th, 1843.

TO-DAY is Christmas. For several days past, cartloads of evergreens have gone by my windows, the pure snow falling on them, soft and still as a blessing. To-day, churches are wreathed in evergreen, altars are illuminated, and the bells sound joyfully in *Gloria Excelsis*. Throngs of worshippers are going up to their altars, in the Greek, Syrian, Armenian, Roman and English churches. Eighteen hundred years ago, a poor babe was born in a stable, and a few lonely shepherds heard heavenly voices, soft warbling over the moonlit hills, proclaiming "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men." Earth made no response to the chorus. It always entertains angels unawares. When the HOLY ONE came among them, they mocked and crucified him. But now the stars, in their midnight course, listen to millions of human voices, and deep organ tones struggle upward, vainly striving to express the hopes and aspirations, which that advent concentrated from the past, and prophesied for the future. From East to West, from North to South, men chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarine, and kneel in worship before his cross. How beautiful is this universal homage to the Principle of Love—that feminine principle of the universe, the inmost centre of Christianity. It is the divine

idea which distinguishes it from all other religions, and yet the idea in which Christian nations evince so little faith, that one would think they kept *only* to swear by, that Gospel which says "Swear not at all."

Centuries have passed, and through infinite conflict have "ushered in our brief to-day;" and is there peace and good will among men? Sincere faith in the words of Jesus would soon fulfil the prophecy which angels sung. But the world persists in saying, "This doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried into practice *now*; men are not yet prepared for it." The same spirit says, "It would not be safe to emancipate slaves; they must first be fitted for freedom." As if Slavery ever *could* fit men for freedom, or war ever lead the nations into peace! Yet men who gravely utter these excuses, laugh at the shallow wit of that timid mother, who declared that her son should never venture into the water till he had learned to swim.

Those who have dared to trust the principles of peace, have always found them perfectly safe. It can never prove otherwise, if accompanied by the declaration that such a course is the result of Christian principle, and a deep friendliness for humanity. Who seemed so little likely to understand such a position, as the Indians of North America? Yet how readily they laid down tomahawks and scalping-knives at the feet of William Penn! With what humble sorrow they apologized for killing the only two Quakers they were ever known to attack! "The men carried arms," said they, "and therefore we did not *know* they were not fighters. We thought they pretended to be Quakers, because they were cowards." The savages of the East, who murdered Lyman and Munson, made the same excuse. "They carried arms," said they, "and so we supposed they were not Christian missionaries, but enemies. We

would have done them no harm, if we had known they were men of God."

If a nation could but attain to such high wisdom as to abjure war, and proclaim to all the earth, "We will not fight, under any provocation; if other nations have aught against us, we will settle the question by umpires mutually chosen," think you that any nation would *dare* to make war upon such a people? Nay, verily, they would be instinctively ashamed of such an act, as men are now ashamed to attack a woman or a child. Even if any were found mean enough to pursue such a course, the whole civilized world would cry "fy!" upon them, and by universal consent, brand them as poltroons and assassins. And assassins they would be, even in the common acceptation of the term.

I have somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town and take it. I think it was in the Tyrol; but wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the Gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighbouring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they *will* take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with colours flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the brief reply. "But we have come to take the town." "Well, friends, it lies before you." "But is there nobody here to fight?" "No; we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for;

a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity for another, unless men are safely ensconced in the bomb-proof fortress above-mentioned.

The doctrines of Jesus are not beautiful abstractions, but living vital truths. There is in them no elaborate calculation of consequences, but simply the divine impulse uttered. They are few and simple, but infinite in spirit, and of universal application. In all conceivable moral propositions, they stand like the algebraic X for the unknown quantity, and if consulted aright, always give the true answer. The world has been deluged with arguments about war, slavery, &c., and the wisest product of them all is simply an enlightened application of the maxims of Jesus. Faith in God, love to man, and action obedient thereto, from these flow all that belong to order, peace, and progress. Probably, the laws by which the universe were made are thus reducible to three in one, and all varieties of creation are thence unfolded, as all melody and harmony flow from three primal notes. God works synthetically. The divine idea goes forth and clothes itself in form, from which all the infinity of forms are evolved. We mortals see truth in fragments and try to trace it upward to its origin, by painful analysis. In this there is no

growth. All creation, all life, is evolved by the opposite process. We must reverence truth. We must have that faith in it, of which action is the appropriate form; and, lo the progress, which we have sought for so painfully, will unfold upon us, as naturally as the seed expands into blossoms and fruit.

I did not mean to preach a sermon. But the evergreens, and the music from neighbouring churches, carried me back to the hill-sides of Palestine, and my spirit involuntarily began to ask—What response does earth now give to that chorus of peace and good will? * * *

It matters little that Christ was not born on that day, which the church has chosen to commemorate his birth. The associations twined round it for many centuries have consecrated it to my mind. Nor am I indifferent to the fact that it was the old Roman festival for the Birth of the Sun. As a form of *their* religious idea it is interesting to me; and I see peculiar beauty in thus identifying the birth of the natural sun with the advent of the Sun of Righteousness, which, in an infinitely higher sense, enlightens and vivifies the nations. The learned argue that Christ was probably born in the spring; because the Jewish people were at that season enrolled for taxation, and this was the business which carried Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem:—and because the shepherds of Syria would not be watching their flocks in the open air, during the cold months. To these reasons, Swedenborgians would add another; for, according to the Doctrine of Correspondence, unfolded by their “illuminated scribe,” Spring corresponds to Peace; that diapason note, from which all growth rises in harmonious order.

But I am willing to accept the wintry anniversary of Christmas, and take it to my heart. As the sun is now born anew, and his power begins to wax, instead of waning, so may the Truth and Love, which his Light and Heat typifies, gradually irradiate and warm our globe.

Frederika Bremer gives the following delightful picture of this Christian festival in the cold regions of the North. "Not alone in the houses of the wealthy blaze up fires of joy, and are heard the glad shouts of children. From the humblest cottages also resounds joy; in the prisons it becomes bright, and the poor partake of plenty. In the country, doors, hearths and tables, stand open to every wanderer. In many parts of Norway, the innkeeper demands no payment from the traveller, either for board or lodging. This is the time in which the earth seems to feel the truth of the heavenly words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' And not only human beings, but animals also, have their good things at Christmas. All domestic animals are entertained in the best manner; and the little birds of heaven rejoice, too; for at every barn, a tall stake raises itself, on the top of which rich sheaves of oats invite them to a magnificent meal. Even the poorest day-labourer, if he himself possess no corn, asks and receives from the peasant a bundle of grain, raises it aloft, and makes the birds rejoice beside his empty barn."

The Romans kept their festival of the Sun with social feasts and mutual gifts; and the windows of New-York are to-day filled with all forms of luxury and splendour, to tempt the wealthy, who are making up Christmas boxes for family and friends. Many are the rich jewels and shining stuffs, this day bestowed by affection or vanity. In this I have no share; but if I were as rich as John Jacob Astor, I would this day go to the shop of Baronto, a poor Italian artist, in Orchard-street, buy all he has, and give freely to every one who enjoys forms of beauty. There are hidden in that small obscure workshop some little gems of Art. Alabaster nymphs, antique urns of agate, and Hebe vases of the costly Verd de Prato. There is something that moves me strangely in those old Grecian forms. They stand like pet-

rified melodies from the world's youthful heart. I would like to buy out Baronto every Christmas, and mix those "fair humanities of old religion" with the Madonnas and Saviours of a more spiritual time.

A friend of mine who has no money to spend for jewels, or silks, or even antique vases, has employed his Christmas more wisely than this; and in his actions there is more angelic music, than in those divine old statues. He filled a large basket full of cakes, and went forth into our most miserable streets, to distribute them among hungry children. How little dirty faces peeped after him, round street corners, and laughed from behind open gates! How their eyes sparkled, as they led along some shivering barefooted urchin, and cried out, "This little boy has had no cake, sir!" Sometimes a greedy lad would get two shares by false pretences; but this was no conclusive proof of total depravity, in children who never ate cake from Christmas to Christmas. No wonder the stranger with his basket excited a prodigious sensation. Mothers came to see who it was that had been so kind to their little ones. Every one had a story to tell of health ruined by hard work, of sickly children, or drunken husbands. It was a genuine outpouring of hearts. An honest son of the Emerald Isle stood by, rubbing his head, and exclaimed, "Did my eyes ever see the like o' that? A jintleman giving cakes to folks he don't know, and never asking a bit o' money for the same!"

Alas, eighteen centuries ago, that chorus of good will was sung, and yet so simple an act of sympathizing kindness astonishes the poor!

In the course of his Christmas rambles, my friend entered a house occupied by fifteen families. In the corner of one room, on a heap of rags, lay a woman with a babe three days old, without food or fire. In another very small apartment was an aged weather-beaten woman. She pointed to an old basket of pins

and tape, as she said, "For sixteen years I have carried that basket on my arm, through the streets of New-York; and often have I come home with weary feet, without money enough to buy my supper. But we must always pay our rent in advance, whether we have a loaf of bread to eat, or not." Seeing the bed without clothing, the visitor inquired how she slept. "Oh the house is very leaky. The wind whistles through and through, and the rain and snow come driving in. When any of us are sick, or the weather is extra cold, we lend our bedding, and some of us sit up while others get a nap." As she spoke, a ragged little girl came in to say, "Mammy wants to know whether you will lend her your fork?" "To be sure, I will, dear," she replied, in the heartiest tone imaginable. She would have been less generous had her fork been a silver one. Her visitor smiled as he said, "I suppose you borrow your neighbour's knife in return for your fork?" "Oh yes," she replied; "and she is as willing to lend as I am. We poor folks must help one another. It is all the comfort we have." The kind-hearted creature did not know, perhaps, that it was precisely such comfort as the angels have in Heaven; only theirs is without the drawback of physical suffering and limited means.

I have said that these families, owning a knife and fork between them, and loaning their bed-clothes after a day of toil, were always compelled to pay their rent in advance. Upon adding together the sums paid by each for accommodations so wretched, it was found that the income from this dilapidated building, in a filthy and crowded street, was greater than the rent of many a princely mansion in Broadway. This mode of oppressing the poor is a crying sin, in our city. A benevolent rich man could not make a better investment of capital, than to build tenements for the labouring class, and let them on reasonable terms.

This Christmas tour of observation, has suggested

to my mind many thoughts concerning the present relations of labour and capital. But I forbear; for I see that this path, like every other, "if you do but follow it, leads to the end of the world." I had rather dwell on the perpetual effort of divine Providence, to equalize what the selfishness of man strives to make unequal.

"As the water from a fountain riseth and sinketh to its level,
Ceaselessly toileth justice to equalize the lots of men.
For habit, and hope, and ignorance, and the being but one of a multitude,
And strength of reason in the sage, and dulness of feeling in the fool,
And the light elasticity of courage, and the calm resignation of meekness,
And the stout endurance of decision, and the weak carelessness of apathy,
And helps invisible but real, and ministerings not unfelt,
Angelic aid with worldly discomfiture, bodily loss with the soul's gain,
Secret griefs, and silent joys, thorns in the flesh, and cordials for the spirit,
Go far to level all things, by the gracious rule of Compensation."

If the poor have fewer pleasures than the rich, they enjoy them more keenly; if they have not that consideration in society which brings with it so many advantages, they avoid the irksome slavery of conventional forms; and what exercise of the benevolent sympathies could a rich man enjoy, in making the most magnificent Christmas gift, compared with the beautiful self-denial which lends its last blanket, that another may sleep? That there should exist the *necessity* for such sacrifices, what does it say to us concerning the structure of society, on this Christmas day, nearly two thousand years after the advent of Him, who said, "God is your father, and all ye are brethren?"

LETTER II.

December. 23, 1844.

I HAVE twice heard Ole Bul. I scarcely dare to tell the impression his music made upon me. But, casting aside all fear of ridicule for excessive enthusiasm, I will say that it expressed to me more of the infinite, than I ever saw, or heard, or dreamed of, in the realms of Nature, Art, or Imagination.

They tell me his performance is wonderfully skilful; but I have not enough of scientific knowledge to judge of the difficulties he overcomes. I can readily believe of him, what Bettina says of Beethoven, that "his spirit creates the inconceivable, and his fingers perform the impossible." He played on four strings at once, and produced the rich harmony of four instruments. His bow touched the strings as if in sport, and brought forth light leaps of sound, with electric rapidity, yet clear in their distinctness. He made his violin sing with flute-like voice, and accompany itself with a guitar, which came in ever and anon like big drops of musical rain. All this I felt, as well as heard, without the slightest knowledge of *quartetto* or *staccato*. How he did it, I know as little as I know how the sun shines, or the spring brings forth its blossoms. I only know that music came from his soul into mine, and carried it upward to worship with the angels.

Oh, the exquisite delicacy of those notes! Now tripping and fairy-like, as the song of Ariel; now soft and low, as the breath of a sleeping babe, yet clear as a fine-toned bell; now high, as a lark soaring upward, till lost among the stars!

Noble families sometimes double their names, to distinguish themselves from collateral branches of inferior rank. I have doubled his, and in memory of the Persian nightingale have named him Ole Bulbul.

Immediately after a deep, impassioned, plaintive melody, an Adagio of his own composing, which uttered the soft, low breathing of a Mother's Prayer, rising to the very agony of supplication, a voice in the crowd called for Yankee Doodle. It shocked me like Harlequin tumbling on the altar of a temple. I had no idea that he would comply with what seemed to me the absurd request. But, smiling, he drew the bow across his violin, and our national tune rose on the air, transfigured, in a veil of glorious variations. It was Yankee Doodle in a state of clairvoyance. A wonderful proof of how the most common and trivial may be exalted by the influx of the infinite.

When urged to join the throng who are following this Star of the North, I coolly replied, "I never like lions; moreover, I am too ignorant of musical science to appreciate his skill." But when I heard this man, I at once recognized a power that transcends science, and which mere skill may toil after in vain. I had no need of knowledge to feel this subtle influence, any more than I needed to study optics to perceive the beauty of the rainbow. It overcame me like a miracle. I felt that my soul was for the first time, baptized in music; that my spiritual relations were somehow changed by it, and that I should henceforth be otherwise than I had been. I was so oppressed with "the exceeding weight of glory," that I drew my breath with difficulty. As I came out of the building, the street sounds hurt me with their harshness. The sight of ragged boys and importunate coachmen jarred more than ever on my feelings. I wanted that the angels that had ministered to my spirit should attune theirs also. It seemed to me as if such music should bring all the world into the harmonious beauty of divine order. I passed by my earthly home, and knew it not. My spirit seemed to be floating through infinite space. The next day I felt like a person who had been in a trance, seen heaven opened, and then returned to earth again.

This doubtless appears very excessive in one who has passed the enthusiasm of youth, with a frame too healthy and substantial to be conscious of nerves, and with a mind instinctively opposed to lion-worship. In truth, it seems wonderful to myself; but so it was. Like a romantic girl of sixteen, I would pick up the broken string of his violin, and wear it as a relic, with a half superstitious feeling that some mysterious magic of melody lay hidden therein.

I know not whether others were as powerfully wrought upon as myself; for my whole being passed into my ear, and the faces around me were invisible. But the exceeding stillness showed that the spirits of the multitude bowed down before the magician. While he was playing, the rustling of a leaf might have been heard; and when he closed, the tremendous bursts of applause told how the hearts of thousands leaped up like one.

His personal appearance increases the charm. He looks pure, natural, and vigorous, as I imagine Adam in Paradise. His inspired soul dwells in a strong frame, of admirable proportions, and looks out intensely from his earnest eyes. Whatever may be his theological opinions, the religious *sentiment* must be strong in his nature; for Teutonic reverence, mingled with impassioned aspiration, shines through his honest Northern face, and runs through all his music. I speak of him as he appears while he and his violin converse together. When not playing, there is nothing observable in his appearance, except genuine health, the unconscious calmness of strength in repose, and the most unaffected simplicity of dress and manner. But when he takes his violin, and holds it so caressingly to his ear, to catch the faint vibration of its strings, it seems as if "the angels were whispering to him." As his fingers sweep across the strings, the angels pass into his soul, give him their tones, and look out from his eyes, with the wondrous beauty of inspiration. His motions sway

to the music, like a tree in the winds; for soul and body chord. In fact, "his soul is but a harp, which an infinite breath modulates; his senses are but strings, which weave the passing air into rhythm and cadence."

If it be true, as has been said, that a person ignorant of the rules of music, who gives himself up to its influence, without knowing whence it comes, or whither it goes, experiences, more than the scientific, the passionate joy of the composer himself, in his moments of inspiration, then was I blest in my ignorance. While I listened, music was to my soul what the atmosphere is to my body; it was the breath of my inward life. I felt, more deeply than ever, that music is the highest symbol of the infinite and holy. I heard it moan plaintively over the discords of society, and the dimmed beauty of humanity. It filled me with inexpressible longing to see man at one with Nature and with God; and it thrilled me with joyful prophecy that the hope would pass into glorious fulfilment.

With renewed force I felt what I have often said, that the secret of creation lay in music. "A *voice* to light gave being." Sound led the stars into their places, and taught chemical affinities to waltz into each other's arms.

"By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled;
As sages taught, where faith was found, to merit
Initiation in that mystery old."

Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the *heart* of the universe. Because it is the voice of Love,—because it is the highest type, and aggregate expression of passional attraction, therefore it is infinite; therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all being, like a divine influx. What the tone is to the word, what expression is to the form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head,

what intuition is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what holiness is to heroism, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man—is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited by none. It is not poetry, but the *soul* of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is *in* numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast iron; it is not painting, but it shines *through* colours, and gives them their tone; it is not dancing, but it *makes* all gracefulness of motion; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in “petrified music.” In the words of Bettina—“Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music, too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its working; for it is the contact of divine with human.”

But I must return from this flight among the stars, to Ole Bulbul’s violin; and the distance between the two is not so great as it appears.

Some, who never like to admit that the greatest stands before them, say that Paganini played the Carnival of Venice better than his Norwegian rival. I know not. But if ever laughter ran along the chords of musical instrument with a wilder joy, if ever tones quarrelled with more delightful dissonance, if ever violin frolicked with more capricious grace, than Ole Bulbul’s, in that fantastic whirl of melody, I envy the ears that heard it.

The orchestra was from Park theatre, the best in the city, and their overtures were in themselves a rich treat. But it seemed to me as if they were sometimes lost in a maze. I fancied, once or twice, that the electric brilliancy of his performance bewildered them; that “panting *time* toiled after him in vain.” I should indeed suppose that it was as easy to play an accompaniment to the Aurora Borealis, as to this Norwegian genius.

Ole Bul was educated for the ministry, but after-

ward studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In Italy, the star of his fame first rose resplendent. It is said he was at Bologna, trying, under depressing circumstances, to compose a piece of music, when Madame Rossini chanced to pass by his apartment, and her attention was at once arrested by the fascinating sounds. The director of the Philharmonic Society was in distress, in consequence of the failure of a promise from De Beriot and Malibran. Madame Rossini informed him of the treasure she had discovered. Ole Bulbul was received with great eclat, and from that time has played to overflowing houses, in the principal cities of France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, and England. He comes to the New World, because genius craves the sympathy of the universe, and delights to pour itself abroad like the sunbeams. His reception in New-York has exceeded all preceding stars. His first audience were beside themselves with delight, and the orchestra threw down their instruments, in ecstatic wonder. Familiarity with his performance brings less excitement, but I think more pleasure.

LETTER III.

January 1st, 1844.

TO-DAY is the first of the month, which receives its name from Janus, the two-faced god, who looks before and backward, and is therefore a fitting emblem of this season of retrospection and hope. For myself, I have passed so many of these mile-stones, on my pilgrimage, that I would fain forget their recurrence, if I could; but in New-York I am not allowed to be oblivious. Last night one could hear nothing but merry glees and snatches of comic songs, as if a

hundred theatres had emptied themselves into the street.

The watchmen were out in double force; a precaution which is deemed necessary to preserve public peace on this noisy anniversary. The notorious Calithumpian Band are by these means kept within bounds. In former years they played all manner of mischievous tricks—such as taking down the sign of a cabbage from a provision shop and nailing it over a tailor's door; putting "Coffin-Warehouse" on the doctor's walls; "Turning done here," or "Soft Soap for sale," on the doors of politicians; "Brimstone, Wholesale or Retail," on certain meeting-houses, &c. These pranks became so annoying, that the police were required to put a stop to them. This redoubtable band fired volleys over the grave of the departed year, last night, and marched in the new monarch with fife and drum. Being accompanied throughout their route by a formidable troop of watchmen, they caroused within bounds; but the watch-houses this morning doubtless exhibited some funny scenes. This is a somewhat melancholy way of being happy; no very great improvement upon old Silenus, with his troop of bacchanals and satyrs.

In London, they welcome the New-Year with a merry peal of bells from all the steeples; but the most beautiful custom prevails in Germany. An orchestra of thirty or forty of the best musicians go up into the steeple of the highest church, and perform some grand symphony. Imagine what it would be to hear Haydn or Beethoven poured forth on the midnight air, from the church of St. Michael's, in Hamburg, which is 480 feet high! The glorious tones flow down, softened by the distance, as if they floated over the silvery Rhine by moonlight. I never think of it without being reminded of Longfellow's inspired lines so exquisitely sung by the Hutchinsons:

“And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior.”

I find it not easy to come away from that steeple-harmony to this city of turmoil and traffic. I will refresh myself with a vision of beauty, and she shall lead me back. Our merchants think that those graceful beings, who

“Had their haunts by dale or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,”

have all vanished, long ago. But Nature is filled with spirits, as it was in the old Grecian time. One of them dwells in our midst, and scatters blessings like a goddess. This lovely nymph, for years uncounted, reclined in the verdant fields, exchanging glances with the stars, which saw themselves in her deep blue eyes. In true transcendental style, she reposed quietly in the sunshine, watching the heavens reflect themselves in her full urn. Sometimes the little birds drank therefrom, and looked upward, or the Indian disturbed her placid mirror for a moment with his birchen cup. Thus ages passed, and the beautiful nymph gazed ever upward, and held her mirror to the heavens. But the Spirit which pervades all forms was changing—changing; and it whispered to the nymph, “Why liest thou here all the day idle? The birds only sip from thy full urn, while thousands of human beings suffer for what thou hast to spare.” Then the nymph held communion with the sun, and he answered, “I give unto all without stint or measure, and yet my storehouse is full, as at the beginning.” She looked at heaven, and saw written among the stars, “Lo, I embrace all, and thy urn is but a fragment of the great mirror, in which I reveal myself to all.”

Then the nymph felt heaving aspirations at her heart; and she said, “I too would be like the sunshine, and the bright blue heaven.” A voice from

the infinite replied, "He that giveth receiveth. Let thine urn pour forth forever, and it shall be forever full."

Then the water leaped joyfully, and went on its mission of love. Concealed, like good deeds, it went all over the city, and baptized it in the name of Purity, Temperance, and Health. It flowed in the midst of pollution and filth, but kept itself unmixed and undefiled, like Arethusa in her pathway through the sea—like a pure and loving heart visiting the abodes of wretchedness and sin. The children sport with its thousand rills; the poor invoke blessings on the urn whence such treasures flow; and when the old enemy Fire puts forth his forked tongue, the nymph throws her veil over him, and, hissing, he goes out from her presence. Yet the urn fails not, but overflows evermore. And since the nymph has changed repose for action, and self-contemplation for bounteous outgiving, she has received

"A very shower
Of beauty for her earthly dower."

She stands before us a perpetual Fountain of beauty and joy, wearing the sunlight for diamonds, and the rainbow for her mantle. This magnificent vision of herself, as a veiled Water-Spirit, is her princely gift to the *soul* of man; and who can tell what changes may be wrought therewith?

Her name, Crotona, hath the old Grecian sound; but greater is her glory than Callirhoe or Arethusa, or Ægle, the fairest of the Naiades; for Crotona manifests the idea of an age on which rests the golden shadow of an approaching millenium—that equal diffusion is the only wealth, and working for others is the only joy.

Are you curious to know what conjured up this fair vision to my mind? On New Year's night, a fire broke out in narrow and crowded Gold-street. It was soon extinguished; and on that occasion alone

the insurance companies estimate that at least a million of dollars' worth of property was probably saved by Croton water. Fires, once so terrific in this city, are now mere trifles. The alarms are not more than one to six, compared with former years. This indicates that a large proportion was the work of incendiaries, who have small motive to pursue their vocation, now that the flames can be so easily extinguished. Reflecting on these blessings, I thought how the old Greeks would have worshipped Crotona, and what a fair statue they would have chisselled from their Pentelic marble. But after all, what had they so beautiful as our Maid of the Mist?

The *money* saved, will, to some of your readers, be the most interesting fact in connection with Crotona: for there are men, who, even in the sound of Ole Bulbul's violin could recognize nothing more than the effect of horse hair passing across tightened strings. For the benefit of such, I wish I could have counted all the white kid gloves abroad in the street to-day. It would have been an interesting item in the statistics of trade, and moreover, would have served as a census of all the gentlemen, who make any pretensions to gentility.

The New Year's show in the windows was exceedingly beautiful this year. The shawls are of richer colours, the feathers more delicately tinged, the jewelry, cutlery, and crockery, are of more tasteful patterns. I look with interest on these continually progressive improvements, because they seem to me significant of a more perfect state of society than we have yet known. The outward is preparing itself for the advancing idea of the age, as a bride adorns herself for her husband.

The efforts to diminish drunkenness, the earnestness with which men inquire how crime can be prevented, poverty abolished, and that meanest of abominations, Slavery, swept from the face of a loathing earth—all these, and kindred reforms, have a more

intimate connexion with the tendency to perfection in manufactures and arts, than appears on the surface; for these are always forms of the ideas of an age. The world has not yet seen such architecture, or heard such music, as it *will* see and hear, when brute force yields to moral influence, and the brotherhood of man is universally acknowledged.

LETTER IV.

January 14th, 1844.

ARE you among those who have transient but vivid impressions, which seem like recollections of an anterior state of existence? The experience of my friends is very dissimilar in this matter. Some do not comprehend what the question means, and shrink from it, as from an indication of insanity. Others at once confess that such vague impressions have puzzled them from childhood. If not universal, they are at least peculiar to no age or nation. The Egyptians believed that men were spirits fallen from a brighter world; that a Genius stood at the entrance of mortal life, with a Lethean cup in his hand, and gave to every soul a deep oblivious draught, from which they awoke with recollections so confused, that they mistook gleams of the past for a light from the future, calling memory hope, and experience prophecy.

“Glimpses of glory ne’er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once has been, what now is not,
But, oh, what again shall brightly be.”

Plato considered the human soul as a wandering exile from the orb of light, and its infinite aspira-

tions as shadowy recollections of its radiant home. Through all succeeding time this idea has been re-uttered in poetry and allegory. Wordsworth says :

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.”

The author of Proverbial Philosophy asks :

“Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness strange and vague,
That ye have gone this way *before*, and walk *again* your daily life?
Tracking an *old* routine, and on some foreign strand,
Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own footsteps?
Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old familiar?
Some newest circumstance, or place, teemed as with ancient memories?
A startling sudden flash lighteth up all for an instant,
And then it is quenched in darkness, and leaveth the cold spirit trembling.”

Some people are vaguely impressed with the idea of having previously been some other individual, or of having formerly belonged to some peculiar nation, or era of the world. Mr. Borrow, in his interesting book called *The Zincali, or Gipseys of Spain*, tells us that he could remember no time when the mere mention of a gipsey did not awaken indescribably strange and pleasant feelings in his mind. This impulse led him to spend years with that singular people, and to identify himself completely with their feelings, tastes, and habits of life. The gipseys accounted for it, by the supposition that the soul which animated his body had, at some former time, tenanted that of one of their own tribe.

Perhaps this dim consciousness, impressed on the human mind in such various ways, is merely a result of the fact that every human being is a reproduction of all that has gone before him, and therefore his soul is filled with echoes from their multiplied voices. Or it may be that the spiritual world, in which we are all unconsciously living, while we abide in the material world, is more thinly veiled

from some souls than others. Perhaps some dwell habitually near the mysterious boundary-line of clairvoyance.

Whatever may be the explanation, I know full well that long before I heard of the Egyptian cup, or Plato's theory, I was often haunted with a bewildering consciousness of having lived somewhere before I lived here. After comparing notes on this subject with a friend, one evening, I wrote the following story, fantastic, but not without significance, and called it

THE REMEMBERED HOME.

A child lay sleeping by the sea-shore. The tide was coming in so fast, that the foam of the great waves already dashed near the feet of the sleeping one. A white gull came riding thither on the top of a huge wave. He flew high up in the air, and screamed as he flew.

Whereat the sleeper awoke, and looked around him. The place was wild and lonely; but the red, round sun was rising up out of the ocean, and as the sea-nymphs danced up to meet him, the points of their diamond crowns glittered among the green billows.

"Where am I?" said the child. He rubbed his eyes, and looked all around with wonder. "How came I here?" he said: "This is not my home!"

Suddenly, he heard soft sweet voices. They came from above his head, and the caves of the rocks echoed them.

Then he remembered that he was a King's son, and had once lived in a glorious palace. How had he wandered thence? Had gipseys stolen him, as he slept in his golden cradle? Those soft, sweet voices sounded like old times. "I heard them in my Father's house," said he; "oh, I wish they would sing to me again."

In the simplicity of his little heart, he thought some one among the rocks sung in reply to the voices in the air. He crept into a cave, and asked, "Where is my home? Ye that sing here so sweetly the song of my Father's house, can ye tell me where is my home?"

The waves dashed loud against the rocks, but there was no other sound; only, as he ceased to speak, echo, with hollow tones, answered, "Home."

"Where is my home?" he cried with passionate eagerness;—and echo again answered, "Home."

Afraid of the loneliness, and of the mocking sounds, the child crept out of the cave, and came into the morning sunshine.

He walked on and on, and it seemed to him as if the smooth, hard beach would have no end. The great waves, as they came tumbling and roaring to his feet, seemed to speak into his heart, with a deep loud voice, "Home! Home!"

Then the tears rolled down his cheeks; for he felt as if he were wandering alone in a strange place.

As he went along, crying bitterly, he met a lame old woman, who said to him sharply, "Well, John, where have you been? A fine piece of work is this, for you to walk in your sleep, and so be whimpering by the sea-shore at break of day! I must tie you to the bedstead; and then all the walking you do, you must do in your dreams."

The boy looked timidly at her, as she took him by the hand; and he wondered within himself if she were the gipsy that had stolen him. Then he remembered the melodious voices, and the echoes in the cave, and how the great thundering waves seemed to speak into his heart.

"Why don't you talk?" said the old woman; "I should think you would be glad to go home."

The boy answered, "It sometimes seems to me as if I once lived in a beautiful palace, and as if the hut where we are going were *not* my home."

“That comes of walking in your sleep,” said the old woman: “These are dreams. Come home, and go to work; for dreaming will get you no breakfast.”

So the little boy went to her hut; and when he had milked the cow, and drawn the water, and split wood for the oven, she made ready for him a nice breakfast. She was very good to him, according to her ways; and when he had done his work, she was always willing he should run in the fields to play with other children.

Gradually he forgot the voices in the air, and the echoes in the cave, until it seemed to him as if he had always lived in the old woman’s hut.

But, a long, long time after, it chanced that the cow rambled from her pasture, and John was sent to find her.

He wandered far, into a deep, thick wood; and there, by the side of a running brook, in the midst of white shining birch stems, that stood thick around, like slender columns of silver, the old cow was lying on the grass, with her feet folded under her, peacefully chewing her cud. The full, clear moon shone on the brook, and as the waters went rippling along over the stones, it seemed as if the moon were broken in pieces, and every little wavelet were scampering off with a silver fragment.

The thoughtful lad looked at the moon, fast tending to the West; he looked at her image in the brook; and he listened to the deep silence of the woods. The same sweet voices, that he had heard before, seemed to come from the brook; and the notes they sung were like snatches of an old familiar tune. Again, he remembered, but more dimly than before, that he had once lived in a glorious palace, full of light and music.

He stood leaning against a birch tree, and looked, with earnest thoughtful love, at a pale evening primrose, which grew by the brink of a rivulet.

By degrees the flower raised itself, and assumed

the look of a tall graceful girl, playfully dipping her feet in the water. Then the heart of the youth was right joyful! He sprang forward, exclaiming, "Oh, it is long, long years since we parted. Do you remember how I tried to kiss your image in the great crystal mirror in my father's palace? and how provoked I was, that ever, as I tried to kiss your image, I kissed myself? How glad I am to see you again! Will you lead me to our home!"

The tall primrose waved her yellow blossoms in the evening air, and made no answer. The youth stood amazed. Where had the maiden vanished? Whence did she come? What meant these recollections of a far-off home?

In the deep solitude around, it seemed as if all things tried to tell him, if he *could* but understand their language.

Slowly and sadly, he returned to his hut, driving the cow before him.

The night was beautiful, but solemn; for all was dusky light, and star-stillness. The lone traveller gazed at the silent sky with earnest glances, and still his busy heart repeated the question, "Where is my home? Where is the beautiful maiden?"

It seemed as if the stars might tell him, if they would; but the stars passed into his heart and found no voice.

For a long, long time, he remembered this scene with strange distinctness. At early dawn, at evening twilight, in the deep woods, and by the sounding shore, he thought of those soft, sweet voices, and the beautiful maiden. His heart desired to hear and see them again with inexpressible longings.

At last, after weary months, he met them thus: he rose before the sun, one bright May morning, and went forth to gather violets for the children. In the field before him, he saw a beautiful child, with white garments and golden hair. He called to her, "Little one, you will take cold in the damp grass, with that

thin dress!" But the child turned round laughing, and threw flowers at his head. As he came nearer to her, he perceived that she had thin, transparent wings of lovely purple; and sometimes she went skimming along the grass, and sometimes she sailed round his head, tossing flowers in his face, and singing,

“Follow, follow, follow me!
Follow me by rock and tree!
Ever toward the rising sun,
Follow, follow, lonely one!
Where thy home is thou shalt know—
But long the path, the journey slow.
Follow, follow, follow me!
Follow me by rock and tree!
Ever toward the rising sun,
Follow, follow, lonely one.”

Thus she went on singing and dancing, and sailing in the air. Sometimes she ran before him silently; but if he questioned her, she skimmed swiftly away, as if she were skating on ice; and he could only see the shining of her white garments among the trees in the distance. She would wait till he came near, and then begin to sing,

“Follow, follow, follow me!”

In this way she led him to the top of a high mountain, and then flew away far up into the sky, and so out of sight. The youth gazed upward till he could no longer see the waving of her garments, or the glittering of her wings. “Oh, would that I, too, could fly!” he exclaimed. He looked down upon the broad green fields and the winding river, that lay at his feet, like emeralds set in silver; and the world seemed more lonely than ever. He leaned his head upon his hand and sighed. Suddenly he heard a tuneful voice; and it sang the same notes that puzzled him on the sea-shore. He turned quickly round, and the beautiful maid of the primrose stood before him!

Blushing deeply, and trembling with delight, he arose and said, "A pleasant May morning to you, fair maiden! Will you tell me your name?" With modest and simple frankness, she replied, "Thanks, for this friendly greeting. My name is Mary; and my father is Joseph, the miller. You can see our mill, if you look where the brook goes rushing down the sides of the mountain."

"Now this is passing strange," thought he; "did I not see this very girl rise out of a primrose, by the side of the birchen brook? Is she not, moreover, the very one, whose image I tried to kiss in my father's mirror?" But he kept these thoughts to himself, fearing she would again disappear. He said aloud, "You are abroad early this morning, fair maiden."

She replied, "I came hither for a rare blue flower, that my little sister dearly loves. It grows only on the mountain top, as if it liked to live near the sky. See, my basket is nearly filled with flowers; but I have not found our favourite blue-eye yet."

The youth eagerly inquired of what flower she was in search; and never was he so pleased, as when he found a group of them nodding under the warm shelter of a rock. They rambled over the mountain, till the basket and the maiden's apron were filled with flowers; and then slowly they went down to the cottage by the mill. The good mother came to the door, with clean white cap, and silken kerchief folded over her bosom. The youth saluted her respectfully, and she, with warm, friendly heart, asked him to come in and share their breakfast. As he ate of their fresh honey and cakes of sweet meal, it seemed as if he had known them for years.

"I do not remember the faces of the old miller and his wife," said he within himself; "but as for that sweet Mary, with her large blue eyes and golden hair, I certainly saw *her* in my father's mirror."

From that day he went very often to the mill by the mountain stream. And as he and Mary stood

arm in arm, watching the pure white foam, as it went tumbling and sparkling over the wheels of the mill, or looking up, with large still thoughts, into the silent sky, he was often puzzled to know whether his companion was an earthly maiden, an angel, or a fairy. Her voice was so like the voices heard on the sea-shore; and she so often sung snatches of songs, that seemed like familiar music long forgotten. Still more remarkable was the deep expression of her gentle eyes, which he said looked like the tones of his father's voice. Then that marvellous vision of the primrose by the brook; and the fair child, with shining wings, who first guided him to his Mary. Even the blue flowers he gathered on the mountain top perplexed him, like things seen in a dream. And though the beautiful girl assured him she was Mary, the miller's daughter, she at times confessed that she, too, seemed to remember a far-off radiant home, and, in her dreams heard voices singing,

"Ever toward the rising sun,
Follow, follow, lonely one!"

Then, the maiden really seemed to have fairy gifts; for, in the darkest night and the cloudiest day, where-soever the youth saw her, a warm and mellow gleam, like sunlight, shone all round her. Ever since he had known her, the stars seemed to look, like mild eyes, into his heart; and when he was thinking of her, things inanimate found a voice, and spoke to him of that far-off glorious home. Once she plucked a rose, and gave it to him; and ever after, even when the leaves were withered, whenever he looked at it, a smiling face came out from the centre, with gentle, earnest eyes, and golden hair, and, in soft sweet tones, said, "Remember Mary!"

They often talked together of these things; and one day the youth said, "What hinders us, dear Mary, that we do not set out on a pilgrimage in search of our lost home?"

With a smile, she answered, "Perhaps it will be

our Father's will that I shall go before. If I do, will you not dream you hear my voice singing,

“Follow, follow, lonely one?”

Her words made the youth sad in his heart. “I should never find the way, without *you*,” he said; and, as he clasped her hand, the warm tears fell on it.

Seven days after that, he went to see his Mary; and the sorrowing mother told him the Angel of Death had been at the mill. Her darling one had gone to the spirit-land.

When that fair body was laid in the ground, John covered the place with the blue mountain flowers, and there he sat and wept. The good mother spoke words of comfort; but he heard her not. Soothing voices breathed in the evening air; but he arose and stamped on the ground, and tore his hair, and screamed, “Sing me these songs no longer! I have no home. They are all lies—lies that ye utter. Has not Mary gone away forever, even as the vision of the primrose vanished into thin air? Find some other dreaming fool to listen to your song!”

A grieved and moaning sound was heard, and died away slowly—slowly, in the distance.

The youth rushed down from the mountain, and roamed sullenly by the sea-shore. Although it was broad sunshine, the sky looked dark, and there was no light upon the earth. The pleasant birds were gone; crows cawed in the air; and the wagons creaked more harshly, since Mary died.

All at once, a tall figure, with a brass trumpet in his hand, walked up and blew a loud blast in his ear.

“In the name of the Furies, what did you that for?” exclaimed the angry youth.

“Pray excuse me, sir,” replied the figure, bowing low, “you seem to be creeping along in a gloomy way here. Men say you are in search of a lost home. Just see what a wondrous balloon I’ll prepare for you!”

He put his trumpet to the edge of the sea, and blowing strongly, a large, beautiful bubble sailed upward.

"There's a travelling equipage!" exclaimed the trumpeter. "Spring on that, and you may ride to Jupiter, or Saturn, if you choose."

The youth jumped astride the bubble. It went bobbing hither and thither, as the wind carried it; and if it seemed likely to fall, the stranger blew lustily on his trumpet, and sent it aloft again. It kept very near the earth; but the giddy youth thought he was high up in the blue; and he felt great contempt for the pigmies that walked on the ground.

By and bye, other figures came up beside him, riding on bubbles. This irritated him, and he tried to kick them out of the way.

At last, up came a monkey riding on a bubble, fiddling with all his might; and the trumpeter blew stoutly to keep him aloft.

Then came a Chinese juggler, dancing on a bubble, and tossing about five ivory balls the while.—The blasts from the brass trumpet came so thick and strong, that he and the monkey kept close alongside the youth.

At this, he exclaimed sharply, "A pretty sight are you two, jigging about on soap bubbles, in that ridiculous fashion! Is it possible you are such fools as to think you imitate me, sailing on a rainbow?"

"Is it a rainbow you call it, sir?" said the monkey, with a grin: "it's nothing on earth but a bubble!"

This made him so angry, that he tried to knock them both down; but the juggler hit him on the forehead with one of his ivory balls, and he tumbled down senseless on the beach.

When he came to himself, he was lying in a cave, on a bed of sea-weed. A beautiful airy figure stood before him, with a garment of transparent silver gauze, through which her graceful form was visible.

She held toward him a goblet of wine, and, twirling herself round like an opera dancer, began to sing:

“Follow me, follow me,
To the caves of the sea,
Where beauty is glowing,
And bright wine is flowing!
Follow me, follow me,
To the caves of the sea.”

“I will follow thee to the end of the world, beautiful stranger!” exclaimed the youth.

He tried to rise, but he grew dizzy, and leaned against a rock to recover his strength. As he leaned, a withered rose fell from his bosom. When he took it up, a lovely face, with golden locks, and sad earnest eyes, looked out from it, and said in low, plaintive tones, “Remember Mary!”

He kissed it devoutly, then turned to look at the gay, dancing stranger. But lo! her beautiful face was twisted into a resemblance of a monkey. She grinned, as she said, “It’s nothing but a bubble!” and so, with awkward hops, went tumbling down on four feet, into the hidden recesses of the cave.

The youth again kissed his precious rose. The mild, earnest eyes smiled upon him, and the lips said, “Why seek you not your Mary, and your home?”

“It is—it must be so!” he exclaimed. “I have a glorious home; and I will seek for it.”

He went forth from the cave. The landscape looked bright, the air was balmy, and in the never-ceasing song of the sea, had in it some bass notes of the old familiar tune.

The youth remembered how Mary had repeated to him,

“Ever toward the rising sun,
Follow, follow, lonely one!”

So he gathered his garments around him, and turned toward the East. But presently he heard a crack-

ed, shrill voice behind him, calling, "Halloo! halloo! there!"

Turning, he saw a thin, wrinkled old man with a sharp visage, and a tight little mouth. He stood in an enormously large nautilus shell, as big as a boat, and full of gold. He beckoned so earnestly, that the youth went back.

"Stranger, I want your help," said the little old man, in coaxing tones. "I know where are piles and piles of gold like this. If you will help me get it, you shall have half of it; and that will make you richer than a king's son, I can tell you."

The youth was tempted by the offer, and promised to enter the old man's service.

A moaning sound, like sad wind-music, was heard in the distance; but it passed away, and he heeded it not.

He went to work with the old man; and they dug in dark caves, month after month, and year after year. He had scarcely time to glance at the bright heavens and the flowery earth. His withered rose lay neglected in his chest, and all recollection of his home had passed away.

His chief amusement was to pile up golden coins. He said to himself, "When I have a hundred thousand piles, each six feet high, I will build a palace of ivory, and all the floors shall be of pearl, inlaid with gold doubloons. My twelve milk-white horses shall have harnesses of pure gold, covered with seed pearl. Oh, then I shall be perfectly happy!"

So he digged and heaped, and digged and heaped, till he had piled up a hundred thousand pillars, each six feet high.

He of the brass trumpet blew loud blasts, proclaiming to all wayfarers that here dwelt a man richer than Cræsus. All men touched their hats to him. Even the Chinese juggler laid his forehead to the ground as he passed.

But all at once, the coins behaved in the oddest

fashion. From many of them there suddenly grew out wings, so that they looked like golden beetles of a new and ungainly shape. They flew away, like a swarm of bees, and went skirling through the air, klip! klap! klip! klap! clickety, click!

Then the sharp-faced little old man, who first decoyed him into the boat, tittered and laughed to see folks run after the flying gold. The trumpeter laid down his trumpet; said he had a pain in his side, and should go into a consumption if he blew any more.

John resolved to lock up the rest of his coins, lest they, too, should fly away. But the piles all tumbled to ashes beneath his touch. The people round him all said they were certainly gold. He tried to believe them; but when he took up a coin, he saw nothing but ashes.

As he meditated on this, one of the flying pieces alighted on the table, and began to dance a rigadoon. It tumbled over and over, and presently sprang up in the form of a monkey, with a face like the wrinkled old man of the boat. He turned a somerset in the air, and then came up with a dollar on his nose, singing, with an ugly grin, "It's nothing on earth but a bubble!"

Provoked beyond endurance, he seized a large stick and would have killed the beast; but a venerable man, with silver-white hair and a bland countenance, held back his arm, and said, "Harm not the poor animal; but rather do him good."

John covered his face and wept, as he said, "All things are bubbles! They told me I should be like a king's son, if I heaped up this accursed gold, that now gibes, and gibbers, and mocks at me!"

And wast thou not a king's son in the beginning?" said the old man, with solemn tenderness. "What could the caves of the earth add to wealth like thine?"

Then was the wanderer strangely moved, and his thoughts were perplexed within him; for there was

something in that old man's clear, mild eye, that reminded him of his beloved Mary, and the blue flowers on the mountain top.

With a troubled voice he murmured, "The sea and the earth, the mountains and the stars all lie to me."

"Not the mountains and the stars, my son," replied the old man. "But look! thy enemy is hungry."

The rich man turned, and saw the Chinese juggler in rags, leading a half starved monkey. His heart was softened, and he took gold and gave him, and said, "Buy food for him and thee, and come to me again." But the gold that he gave returned into his own hand, though *they* carried it away with thankful hearts; and as he laid it upon the table, he found that that, and that only, changed not to ashes; it remained pure, solid gold.

The white-haired old man smiled, and said, "All is not a bubble.

That thou keepest thou lovest,
That thou givest thou hast.

Wilt thou follow me to thy Father's house?"

He said this persuadingly; and he that heard, again believed, and turned his face toward the East. "Shall I carry nothing with me?" he inquired. "Thy withered rose, and the gold thou gavest to thy enemy," replied the venerable guide.

Before they had proceeded far, the trumpeter and the old man in the boat hallooed after them, and the siren of the cave sang her song.

But they kept bravely on, ever toward the mountain in the East. The flowers grew thicker in their path, and sent up their fragrant breath, an offering of love. In the trees seemed to be a multitude of harps; and unseen hands played the old familiar tunes.

When they reached the top of the mountain, John turned to speak to that kind old man, with solemn,

friendly voice; but the child with white raiment and shining wings stood before him. She carried in her arms long wreaths of the most beautiful flowers; and as she danced round and round him, she twined them playfully about his limbs, singing,

“Ever toward the rising sun,
Follow, follow, lonely one.
Loud sound the notes of lofty cheer,
Be strong of heart—thy Home is near!”

But presently, when a broad river came across their path, the man stepped shuddering back, saying the waters looked cold and deep, and he could not wade through them.

The child dipped her wreath in the water, and straightway a glorious rainbow spanned the river.

On the opposite side appeared Mary, with a rose upon her bosom, and a bright revolving star on her forehead. She too began to sing,

‘Loud sound the notes of lofty cheer,
Be strong of heart—thy Home is near!’

Then a bright smile lighted up the face of the wearied traveller. He folded his arms, and the shining child guided him across the rainbow with her wreath of flowers.

On the other side, stood a stately palace of gold and pearl; and when he entered, he beheld the self-same crystal mirror, where he, in the far olden time, had tried to kiss the image of his Mary.

The coins he had given his enemy changed to golden harps, and made heavenly music. The withered rose bloomed again in more glorious beauty, and the whole air was filled with its fragrant breath, as it waved gracefully in the gentle breeze.

Then John fell on the neck of his beloved, and said, “We have found our Father’s house. This is our Home.”

LETTER V.

January, 20, 1844.

INQUIRING one day for a washerwoman, I was referred to a coloured woman, in Lispenard street, by the name of Charity Bowery. I found her a person of uncommon intelligence, and great earnestness of manner.

In answer to my inquiries, she told me her history, which I will endeavour to relate precisely in her own words. Unfortunately, I cannot give the highly dramatic effect it received from her expressive intonations, and rapid variations of countenance.

With the exception of some changes of names, I repeat, with perfect accuracy, what she said, as follows :

“ I am about sixty-five years old. I was born near Edenton, North Carolina. My master was very kind to his slaves. If an overseer whipped them, he turned him away. He used to whip them himself sometimes, with hickory switches as large as my little finger. My mother nursed all his children. She was reckoned a very good servant; and our mistress made it a point to give one of my mother’s children to each of her own. I fell to the lot of Elizabeth, her second daughter. It was my business to wait upon her. Oh, my old mistress was a kind woman. She was all the same as a mother to poor Charity. If Charity wanted to learn to spin, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to knit, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to weave, she let her learn. I had a wedding when I was married; for mistress didn’t like to have *her* people take up with one another, without any minister to marry them. When my dear good mistress died, she charged her children never to separate me and my husband; ‘For,’ said she, ‘if ever there was a match made in heaven, it was Charity

and her husband.' My husband was a nice good man; and mistress knew we set stores by one another. Her children promised they never would separate me from my husband and children. Indeed, they used to tell me they would never sell me at all; and I am sure they meant what they said. But my young master got into trouble. He used to come home and sit leaning his head on his hand by the hour together, without speaking to any body. I see something was the matter; and I begged of him to tell me what made him look so worried. He told me he owed seventeen hundred dollars, that he could not pay; and he was afraid he should have to go to prison. I *begged* him to sell me and my children, rather than to go to jail. I see the tears come into his eyes. 'I don't know, Charity,' said he; 'I'll see what can be done. One thing you may feel easy about; I will never separate you from your husband and children, let what will come.'

"Two or three days after, he come to me, and says he; 'Charity, how should you like to be sold to Mr. Kinmore?' I told him I would rather be sold to him than to any body else, because my husband belonged to him. My husband was a nice good man, and we set stores by one another. Mr. Kinmore agreed to buy us; and so I and my children went there to live. He was a kind master; but as for mistress Kinmore,—she was a divil! Mr. Kinmore died a few years after he bought us; and in his Will he give me and my husband free; but I never knowed anything about it, for years afterward. I don't know how they managed it. My poor husband died, and *never* knowed that he was free. But it's all the same now. He's among the ransomed. He used to say, 'Thank God, it's only a little way home; I shall soon be with Jesus.' Oh, he had a fine old Christian heart."

Here the old woman sighed deeply, and remained silent for a moment, while her right hand slowly rose

and fell upon her lap, as if her thoughts were mournfully busy. At last she resumed.

“Sixteen children I’ve had, first and last; and twelve I’ve nursed for my mistress. From the time my first baby was born, I always set my heart upon buying freedom for some of my children. I thought it was of more consequence to them, than to me; for I was old, and used to being a slave. But mistress Kinmore would n’t let me have my children. One after another—one after another—she sold ’em away from me. Oh, how *many* times that woman’s broke my heart!”

Here her voice choaked, and the tears began to flow. She wiped them quickly with the corner of her apron, and continued: “I tried every way I could, to lay up a copper to buy my children; but I found it pretty hard; for mistress kept me at work all the time. It was ‘Charity! Charity! Charity!’ from morning till night. ‘Charity, do this,’ and ‘Charity, do that.’

“I used to do the washings of the family; and large washings they were. The public road run right by my little hut; and I thought to myself, while I stood there at the wash-tub, I might, just as well as not, be earning something to buy my children. So I set up a little oyster-board; and when anybody come along, that wanted a few oysters and a cracker, I left my wash-tub and waited upon him. When I got a little money laid up, I went to my mistress and tried to buy one of my children. She knew how long my heart had been set upon it, and how hard I had worked for it. But she wouldn’t let me have one!—She *wouldn’t* let me have one! So, I went to work again; and set up late o’ nights, in hopes I could earn enough to tempt her. When I had two hundred dollars, I went to her again; but she thought she could find a better market, and she wouldn’t let me have one. At last, what do you think that woman did? She sold me and five of my children to the speculators! Oh,

how I *did* feel, when I heard my children was sold to the speculators!"

I knew very well that by speculators the poor mother meant men whose trade it is to buy up coffles of slaves, as they buy cattle for the market.

After a short pause, her face brightened up, and her voice suddenly changed to a gay and sprightly tone.

"Surely, ma'am, there's always some good comes of being kind to folks. While I kept my oyster-board, there was a thin, peaked-looking man, used to come and buy of me. Sometimes he would say, 'Aunt Charity, (he always called me *Aunt* Charity,) you must fix me up a nice little mess, for I feel poorly to-day.' I always made something good for him; and if he didn't happen to have any change, I always trusted him. He liked my messes mighty well.—Now, who do you think that should turn out to be, but the very speculator that bought me! He come to me, and says he, 'Aunt Charity (he always called me *Aunt* Charity,) you've been very good to me, and fixed me up many a nice little mess, when I've been poorly; and now you shall have your freedom for it, and I'll give you your youngest child.'"

"That was very kind," said I; "but I wish he had given you all of them."

With a look of great simplicity, and in tones of expostulation, the slave-mother replied, "Oh, he couldn't afford *that*, you know."

"Well," continued she, "after that, I concluded I'd come to the Free States. But mistress had one child of mine; a boy about twelve years old. I had always set my heart upon buying Richard. H was the image of his father; and my husband was a nice good man; and we set stores by one another. Besides, I was always uneasy in my mind about Richard. He was a spirity lad; and I knew it was very hard for him to be a slave. Many a time, I

have said to him, 'Richard, let what will happen, never lift your hand against your master.'

"But I knew it would always be hard work for him to be a slave. I carried all my money to my mistress, and told her I had more due to me; and if all of it wasn't enough to buy my poor boy, I'd work hard and send her all my earnings, till she said I *had* paid enough. She *knew* she could trust me. She *knew* Charity always kept her word. But she was a hard-hearted woman. She would n't let me have my boy. With a heavy heart, I went to work to earn more, in hopes I might one day be able to buy him. To be sure, I did n't get much more time, than I did when I was a slave; for mistress was always calling upon me; and I did n't like to disoblige her. I wanted to keep the right side of her, in hopes she'd let me have my boy. One day, she sent me of an errand. I had to wait some time. When I come back, mistress was counting a heap of bills in her lap. She was a rich woman,—she rolled in gold. My little girl stood behind her chair; and as mistress counted the money,—ten dollars,—twenty dollars,—fifty dollars,—I see that she kept crying. I thought may be mistress had struck her. But when I see the tears keep rolling down her cheeks all the time, I went up to her, and whispered, 'What's the matter?' She pointed to mistress's lap and said, 'Broder's money! Broder's money!' Oh, then I understood it all! I said to mistress Kinmore, '*Have* you sold my boy?' Without looking up from counting her money, she drawled out, 'Yes, Charity; and I got a great price for him!'" [Here the coloured woman imitated to perfection the languid, indolent tone of Southern ladies.]

"Oh, my heart was too full! She had sent me away of an errand, because she didn't want to be troubled with our cries. I hadn't any chance to see my poor boy. I shall *never* see him again in this world. My heart felt as if it was under a great load

of lead. I couldn't speak my feelings. I never spoke them to her, from that day to this. As I went out of the room, I lifted up my hands, and all I could say was, 'Mistress, how *could* you do it?'"

The poor creature's voice had grown more and more tremulous, as she proceeded, and was at length stifled with sobs.

After some time, she resumed her story; "When my boy was gone, I thought I might sure enough as well go to the Free States. But mistress had a little grandchild of mine. His mother died when he was born. I thought it would be some comfort to me, if I could buy little orphan Sammy. So I carried all the money I had to my mistress again, and asked her if she would let me buy my grandson. But she wouldn't let me have him. Then I had nothing more to wait for; so I come on to the Free States. Here I have taken in washing; and my daughter is smart at her needle; and we get a very comfortable living."

"Do you ever hear from any of your children?" said I.

"Yes, ma'am, I hear from *one* of them. Mistress Kinmore sold one to a lady, that comes to the North every summer; and she brings my daughter with her."

"Don't she know that it is a good chance to take her freedom, when she is brought to the North?" said I.

"To be sure she knows *that*," replied Charity, with significant emphasis. "But my daughter is pious. She's member of a church. Her mistress knows she wouldn't tell a lie for her right hand. She makes her promise on the Bible, that she won't try to run away, and that she will go back to the South with her; and so, ma'am, for her honour and her Christianity's sake, she goes back into slavery."

"Is her mistress kind to her?"

"Yes, ma'am; but then every body likes to be

free. Her mistress is *very* kind. She says I may buy her for four hundred dollars; and that's a low price for her, - two hundred paid down, and the rest as we can earn it. Kitty and I are trying to lay up enough to buy her."

"What has become of your mistress Kinmore? Do you ever hear from her?"

"Yes, ma'am, I often hear from her; and summer before last, as I was walking up Broadway, with a basket of clean clothes, who should I meet but my old mistress Kinmore! She gave a sort of a start, and said, in her drawling way, 'O, Charity, is it *you*?' Her voice sounded deep and hollow, as if it come from under the ground; for she was far gone in a consumption. If I wasn't mistaken, there was a something about *here*, (laying her hand on her heart,) that made her feel strangely when she met poor Charity. Says I, 'How do you do, mistress Kinmore? How does little Sammy do?' (That was my little grandson, you know, that she wouldn't let me buy.")

"'I'm poorly, Charity,' says she; 'very poorly. Sammy's a smart boy. He's grown tall, and tends table nicely. Every night I teach him his prayers.'"

The indignant grandmother drawled out the last word in a tone, which Fanny Kemble herself could not have surpassed. Then suddenly changing both voice and manner, she added, in tones of earnest dignity, "Och! I could n't stand *that*! Good morning, ma'am!" said I.

I smiled, as I inquired whether she had heard from Mrs. Kinmore, since.

"Yes, ma'am. The lady that brings my daughter to the North every summer, told me last Fall she didn't think Mistress Kinmore could live long. When she went home, she asked me if I had any message to send to my old mistress. I told her I *had* a message to send. Tell her, says I, to prepare to meet poor Charity at the judgment seat."

I asked Charity if she had heard any further tidings of her scattered children. The tears came to her eyes. "I found out that my poor Richard was sold to a man in Alabama. A white gentleman, who has been very kind to me, here in New-York, went to them parts lately, and brought me back news of Richard. His master ordered him to be flogged, and he wouldn't come up to be tied. 'If you don't come up, you black rascal, I'll shoot you,' said his master. 'Shoot away,' said Richard; 'I won't come to be flogged.' His master pointed a pistol at him,—and,—in two hours my poor boy was dead! Richard was a spirity lad. I always knew it was hard for him to be a slave. Well, he's free now. God be praised, he's free now; and I shall soon be with him." * * * * *

In the course of my conversations with this interesting woman, she told me much about the patrols, who, armed with arbitrary power, and frequently intoxicated, break into the houses of the coloured people at the south, and subject them to all manner of outrages. But nothing seemed to have excited her imagination so much as the insurrection of Nat Turner. The panic that prevailed throughout the Slave States on that occasion, of course reached her ear in repeated echoes; and the reasons are obvious why it should have awakened intense interest. It was in fact a sort of Hegira to her mind, from which she was prone to date all important events in the history of her limited world.

"On Sundays," said she, "I have seen the negroes up in the country going away under large oaks, and in secret places, sitting in the woods, with spelling books. The brightest and best men were killed in Nat's time. Such ones are always suspected. All the coloured folks were afraid to pray, in the time of the old Prophet Nat. There was no law about it; but the whites reported it round among themselves, that if a note was heard, we should have some dread-

ful punishment. After that, the low whites would fall upon any slaves they heard praying, or singing a hymn; and they often killed them, before their masters or mistresses could get to them."

I asked Charity to give me a specimen of their slave hymns. In a voice cracked with age, but still retaining considerable sweetness, she sang:

"A few more beatings of the wind and rain,
Ere the winter will be over—

Glory, Hallelujah!

Some friends has gone before me,—
I must try to go and meet them—

Glory, Hallelujah!

A few more risings and settings of the sun,
Ere the winter will be over—

Glory, Hallelujah!

There's a better day a coming—
There's a better day a coming—

Oh, Glory, Hallelujah!"

With a very arch expression, she looked up, as she concluded, and said, "They would n't let us sing that. They would n't let us sing that. They thought we was going to *rise*, because we sung 'better days are coming.'"

I shall never forget poor Charity's natural eloquence, or the spirit of Christian meekness and forbearance, which so beautifully characterized her expressions. She has now gone where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

LETTER VI.

January 26, 1844.

I WENT, a few days ago, to hear Professor Gouraud's introductory lecture on Phreno-Mnemonotechny; a new system of Mnemonics, which promises to form a memory of incalculable powers of retention, in ten lessons, of an hour each. The Tabernacle was crowded; for men are always desirous to find some rail-road to learning, some machine for the manufacture of intellect.

The lecturer having been much incommoded by a defective memory in early life, and having for years given his attention almost exclusively to this subject, very naturally exaggerates its importance. Valuable as memory is, it could not, even in the highest state of cultivation, ever be what he styled it: "the lever of Archimedes in science, literature, and art;" "the supreme power of the mind;" "the source from which Phidias, Michael Angelo, Mozart, &c., mainly derived their immortal fame."

I believe he brought forward everything that *could* be brought, to exalt the praises of memory, except the testimony of mythology. But if he had recollected to state that the Nine Muses had for their mother, Mnemosyne, Goddess of Memory, he probably would have forgotten to state that they likewise had Jupiter for their father. For though he would doubtless acknowledge that there is a transcendent power in the mind, which uses memory merely to give form to its divinity, yet, in the zeal of his theory, he seems to lose sight of the fact. He has the outward world safely and systematically packed in his Mnemonic warehouse, and rejoices over it, as a merchant does over the gold in his iron safe. They are both in danger of forgetting that their treasures are not wealth, but only the representatives of wealth

Among the examples of extraordinary natural memory, the lecturer first cited Adam; because he remembered the names of "all the beasts of the field, and all the fowls of the air." But how this could be an act of memory, I could not imagine; for, according to the account, Adam *gave* the names, which of course had no existence till they fell from his own lips.

Every outward form has a correspondence with some variation of thought or feeling in the soul of man, and from that, thought or affection derives its existence. This science of correspondence is no freak of imagination; it is governed by laws as fixed and universal as the laws of chemistry or mathematics. At the present period of the world, men preserve a glimmering recollection of this science in mere fragments of metaphor, from which we may imagine somewhat of the beauty of the harmonious whole, as the Elgin marbles indicate the perfection of the Parthenon. But Adam doubtless saw himself in Nature, as we see our faces in a mirror. Therefore, when the animals passed before him, he at once recognized the idea or feeling, of which they were the outward form; and the idea or feeling vibrated as its image passed, and thus gave birth to language. Thus do the little points on the barrel of a music-box touch their appropriate keys, and speak in melody. This universal and intimate relation of the spiritual with the natural world, from which language flows, with "its *Æolian-harp accompaniment of tones*," was pre-arranged by the Infinite Mind, as the tune of the music-box, was arranged by the composer. When Adam named the things of earth, I apprehend he made no more effort of memory, than do the points on the barrel of a music-box.

Among the examples of wonderful natural memory, the lecturer cited Cyrus, who knew the name of every soldier in his army; Themistocles, who could call every citizen of Athens by name; Cæsar,

who could dictate to six secretaries at once, in as many different languages; Cleopatra, who could converse with ease in thirty or forty dialects of the East; Hortensius, the orator, who could go to an auction-room, listen to the day's sales, and the next day repeat the price and purchaser of every article; and Crebillon, who composed all his works in his mind, without the aid of pen and ink. But of all the characters he mentioned, none so much excited my pity, as the Roman, who remembered, word for word, all the public discourses he had ever heard. I felt for him the most profound compassion; somewhat alleviated by the idea that he was not born in this republic, and carried no Fourth of July orations with him to another world.

Professor Gouraud related an anecdote of Voltaire, which may be new to some readers. While he was at the court of Prussia, he announced his intention to read a new poem in the presence of Frederick and his courtiers. The time arrived, and preparations for the recital were made with much pomp and circumstance. Voltaire came in full dress, with his precious MS. written on vellum, and tied with rose-coloured ribbon. He read it in his best style, and waited for the expected applause. Frederick very coolly remarked that the poet had been playing them a trick: that the poem had been read to him months ago, by an officer of his army, who had been so unfortunate as to lose the MS. Voltaire, mortified and indignant, denied the possibility of such a thing. The officer was accordingly called, and being asked whether he had yet found his MS., he answered, no. When asked to recite such portions of it as he could recollect, he repeated, word for word, from beginning to end, the poem which had just been read. Overwhelmed with vexation and shame, Voltaire was about to rush from the room; but Frederick recalled him, saying, "Excuse me, my friend, this is all a hoax. I heard that an officer of my army boasted he could remem-

ber a book, by hearing it once read. In order to test his powers, I placed him behind a curtain while you recited your poem, and he has recollected every syllable." The explanation was of course satisfactory, and the poet cordially shook hands with his daguerreotype. The lecturer regretted that the name of this prodigy of memory had not been preserved. But what would his name express to us? It would say no more than a row of nails from his boot. He would be merely a ghost *with* a shadow, instead of without one.

The lecturer told us that Pope Clement VI. being knocked down in a riot in the streets of Rome, and taken up senseless, recovered with miraculous powers of memory; insomuch, that he remembered all he heard or read, without being able to comprehend how he did it. This singular effect of disease reminded me of the well-known case, related by Coleridge, of a very ignorant servant girl, who, in the paroxysms of fever, recited page after page of Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, &c., with great fluency and correctness. A close investigation into the phenomenon led to the discovery that she had, in her childhood, lived with a learned old clergyman, who was in the daily habit of reading Greek and Latin authors aloud, as he passed and repassed the room where she was at work. The words, altogether unassociated with ideas, had impressed themselves upon her mind, and sickness by some unknown agency, made them visible. Coleridge suggests that it is thus every word will be brought to judgment hereafter.

Drunkenness plays strange pranks with the memory. With all its beastliness, there is something transcendental about it. It rends away the veil in which men walk disguised, and compels them to speak *in vino veritas*. It likewise removes one curtain from the memory, while it draws another. The sot forgets what he did when he was sober, but when drunk again, he recollects all that occurred in previous

drunkenness. If he loses a package while intoxicated, the only way to gain knowledge of it is to get him drunk again. Some of the phenomena of animal magnetism are strikingly similar to this. In fact, disease is not unfrequently the cause of wonderful manifestations of memory, though sometimes merely of words, and sometimes merely of figures.

Printed programs were handed to the audience, containing chronological tables, diameters and distances of the planets, tables of latitude and longitude, and miscellaneous facts, many of them apparently chosen merely for their oddity, as the most unlikely things to be remembered by the natural process. The simultaneous opening of thousands of these papers sounded like a driving shower among the leaves of a forest; and appealing thus to my imagination, it afforded momentary relief to the stifling atmosphere of the crowded room. From these papers, the audience selected questions at will, which were answered by the professor's pupils, with wonderful rapidity. One young lady filled a large blackboard with arithmetical figures, as fast as her hand could move; and had there been time enough, she might, apparently, have gone on to cover the walls of the entire room with her interminable rows; yet when these figures were compared with those printed in the program, not one of them was out of place. A little boy and girl, about eight years old, answered, very promptly, a great variety of puzzling questions, about the diameter and distances of the planets, and the date of remarkable events. These questions were chosen indiscriminately, and answered accurately, though the children had had but few hours instruction. One young man seemed able to repeat all dates. He could tell when Jacob dreamed his dream, when the whale swallowed Jonah, when Samuel hewed Agag to pieces, when Zimri began to reign, when Tobit was persecuted by his ill-tempered wife, and many other things, equally important and interesting, set

forth in the program. Professor Gouraud assured his audience that all this volume of dates, facts, and figures, might be learned, as if by magic, by any one who would join his classes: that by spending on them about as much time as it would take to read them once, we should wake up in the morning, and find them all in our heads. This suggestion made my brow begin to ache. I found something extremely uncomfortable in the idea of having my intellectual apartments cluttered up with ghosts of Agag, Zimri, Jehoiakim, Tobit's quarrelsome wife, and the like. I felt something of the spirit of Bettina, when she said, "I would not ask my teacher who Nimrod was, for fear he should tell me; and it would be so useless to know."

You will readily imagine that I am not fitted to be an enthusiast in Mnemonics. In the first place, I never could *help* remembering all I wanted to remember, and a great deal more; and in the next place, the outward interests me but little, except so far as I perceive its inward significance. If I could ascertain, or even imagine, what place Mrs. Tobit's scolding has among the great powers of Nature, or what link it supplies in the chain of causation, I should feel interested in her. But why should I care to know the day and the year when a shadow from a magic lanthorn danced on the wall?

Do not understand me as underrating the importance of statistics, or the exceeding usefulness of memory. As the greatest soul cannot perform its functions well, except through the medium of a healthy body, so the inspiration which teaches all discoveries and inventions in science, art, and literature, needs the medium of a well arranged memory. But memory is only a vessel into which the inspiration is poured; merely a cup to contain the glowing wine.

Professor Gouraud's attention was originally drawn to the subject by the deficiency of his own memory. When young, he had the strongest desire for knowl-

edge, but could not possibly retain what he learned. His parents, of course, would not venture to knock him on the head, like Pope Clement VI, for fear they should not happen to hit the right place; so they endeavoured to help him with such systems of Mnemonics as were then known. One of these, called the System of Localities, consists in associating the fact, or date, with some article of furniture in the house, as a chair, or a picture. This process fills up the mind like an auction room, and seems somewhat similar to that of the woman, who caused her stairs to be pulled down and re-built, to make the figure of her carpet come in the right place. A man once prepared, after this fashion, a speech he was about to deliver; but the building marked with his localities burned down the night before, and his memory was gone. The next system proposed was that of Animalization, by which historical facts were associated with animals. Thus events in the life of Solomon would be recalled by previous associations with various parts of an elephant; the elephant being the wisest of animals. The history of Athens would be associated with an owl, the sacred bird of Athens; that of Rome with the eagle, which was her national emblem, &c. This menagerie in the head took up more room than the ideas they were intended to fasten, and the system was soon dismissed, as useless to mankind. The German, Feinagle, invented a new art of memory, which was afterward improved upon by Dr. Gray. In his "*Memoria Technica*" he proposes to make certain changes in the names of persons, places, &c., in such a way that the *words* shall signify also certain *numbers*, according to tables previously drawn up.

Professor Gouraud does not explain what his system is; but he says the principle on which it is based was suggested to his mind by the theory of Feinagle and Gray. He did not take their system, and remove obstructions from its application; he merely received

a suggestion from it. The light they afforded was to him as the drifting sea-weed to Columbus; not a thing to land upon, but showing the vicinity of land. He has been labouring upon it four years, and thinks he has now brought it to absolute perfection.

The results, as exhibited to the public, are certainly surprising; especially on his own once defective memory, which now seems to be an encyclopedia of science and art.

He asserts that the system can be successfully applied to every branch of human knowledge, even to the acquisition of languages. He believes it was pre-arranged by God, and that He intended man should remember all things by just this process; but we, in our blundering stupidity, have been nearly six thousand years finding it out.

As Phrenology is the democracy of metaphysics, and Daguerreotype, the democracy of drawing, so Mnemonics appears to be, emphatically, the democracy of learning. It levels all distinctions. The ignorant slave, or the child of eight years old, can tell all about the planets, as accurately as the best astronomer and mathematician; though they know nothing of the laws by which the answer was obtained.

The Professor urged, as a recommendation of the system, that the acquisition of learning by this process required no serious effort of the mind. But this seemed to me a very grave objection to it. Knowledge of external things is doubtless extremely valuable; and strictly speaking, no fact is unimportant. But, compared with the strength of mind gained in acquiring them, the facts themselves dwindle into insignificance. The soul is invigorated by effort, as the muscles of a gold-beater's arm grow strong by exertion.

Memory which develops itself by natural and healthy growth, is formed by associating a fact with

other facts, and all facts with ideas and principles; and to such a mind, facts always *suggest* ideas and principles. Thus a philosophic memory is formed, while imagination is stimulated, and the reflective powers invigorated. The very best system of artificial memory must be wanting in this principle of flexibility and growth. So far as it enables the mind to dispense with labour, it is a serious injury. The process may, however, be very convenient in the details of business; though Raphaels, Mozarts, and Newtons, cannot grow by steam, even of forty-horse power.

P. S. Speaking of memory, reminds me of Dickens's new story, *The Christmas Carol*. The newspapers announce it merely as "a ghost story," and scarcely utter a word in its praise. If it had been published before the author wounded our national vanity so deeply, it would have met quite a different reception; for in fact it is a most genial production, one of the sunniest bubbles that ever floated on the stream of light literature. The ghost is nothing more or less than memory.

About this Carol, I will tell you "a merry toy," as Jeremy Taylor was wont to say. Two friends of mine proposed to give me a New-Year's present, and asked me to choose what it should be. I had certain projects in my head for the benefit of another person, and I answered that the most acceptable gift would be a donation to carry out my plans. One of the friends, whom I addressed, was ill pleased with my request. She either did not like the object, or she thought I had no right thus to change the appropriation of their intended bounty. She at once said, in a manner extremely laconic and decided, "I won't give one cent." Her sister remonstrated, and represented that the person in question had been very unfortunate. "There is no use in talking to me," she replied: "I won't give one cent."

Soon after, a neighbour sent in Dickens's Christmas Carol, saying it was a new work, and perhaps the ladies would like to read it. When the story was carried home, the neighbour asked, "How did you like it?" "I have not much reason to thank you for it," said she; "for it has cost me three dollars." "And pray how is that?" "I was called upon to contribute toward a charitable object, which did not in all respects meet my approbation. I said I wouldn't give one cent. Sister tried to coax me; but I told her it was of no use, for I wouldn't give one cent. But I have read the Christmas Carol, and now I am *obliged* to give three dollars."

It is indeed a blessed mission to write books which abate prejudices, unlock the human heart, and make the kindly sympathies flow freely.

LETTER VII.

February 14, 1844.

TO-DAY is St. Valentine's day, the observance of which is said to have originated among the Romans, who, on a festival of Juno, on the 14th of February, put into a box the names of young women to be drawn out by young men. The Roman Catholics, according to their usual policy of transferring to their church festivals endeared to the populace by long usage, gave the day to St. Valentine, instead of Juno. This saint was a Roman bishop, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Claudius II., and was afterward canonized. How he came to be the peculiar patron of love-tokens, it is not easy to ascertain. It probably was an accident that the day set apart for him in the Catholic calendar happened to come on the 14th of February. Whatever gave him this distinc-

tion, his name is now associated with love and courtship throughout christendom; and very curious are some of the old customs observed in honour of St. Valentine.

Within the few last years, the observance of this festival has been extending in New-York, and it has now become quite a showy affair. Valentines, engraved for the occasion, are displayed in the shop windows in great profusion. The styles are various; from the most beautiful and tasteful devices, valued at seven or eight dollars, down to the most comic and grotesque, for fifty, or twenty-five cents. In some, the paper is edged with an exquisite imitation of the finest Brabant lace; and in the corner, a smiling Cupid rides on a butterfly, or lies partially concealed in a richly-coloured rose. Others are edged with arabesques of gold, on an ultra-marine ground; and the letters of the amorous epistle are variously coloured, like the gorgeous old illuminated MSS. In some, the image of Cupid sleeps on delicate white satin; in others, he is hidden under a network of silvered or gilded paper, cut so fine, that when raised up, the little god seems enclosed in a cage of cobwebs. Among the comic ones, I noticed a very fat man, with a blowsy-faced Cupid shooting roast-beef into his mouth. To-day, there is a strong reinforcement of carriers, and a great crowd round the post-office. Forty thousand valentines, it is said, pass through in the course of the day. To-night, a club of bachelors, according to annual custom, give the ladies a brilliant ball, at the Astor House.

“Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine!” says Charles Lamb. “Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? Or wert thou indeed a

mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! Like unto thee assuredly there is no other mitred father in the calendar. Thou comest attended with thousands and tens of thousands of little Loves, and the air is "brushed with the hiss of rustling wings;" singing Cupids are thy choristers; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee."

In London, it is said that two hundred thousand letters, beyond the usual daily average, annually pass through the post-office on St. Valentine's day. "Two hundred thousand pence paid for foolery!" exclaims an old gentleman. To which the daughter replies, "Why then just two hundred thousand people must be in love with each other." "Ah child, thou art a foolish reckoner. All Valentines are not in love. Instead of bleeding hearts transfixed with arrows, many of them would do well to choose for their emblem a fox eating a silly goose, or a puppy munching the butterfly that sails into his open mouth."

The cynical old gentleman is right; painful as it is to oppose his bitter sarcasm to the rose-coloured dreams of unsuspecting youth. Those gaily-dressed Valentines in our windows, will, many of them, be sent on evil errands. To-day will commence some private tragedies, on which the curtain is to fall at the mad-house, or on Blackwell's Island.

Alas, society is like an inverted pyramid, and that which should point to the heavens, is buried in the mud. The highest fact in man's mysterious existence, the holiest emblem of the union of divine with human, the mediation between matter and spirit, by which the former *should* become glorified and god-like, and thus ascend unto the bosom of the FATHER—this sacred gift is trampled under the feet of men, and changed into a stinging serpent, which carries its foul slime over the roses of life.

Moore beautifully describes the contest between two principles which, in a right order of things, would never be antagonistical, but only beautiful and harmonious qualities of one law of our being. He thus describes a festival in the Epicurean gardens : "Over the lake of the Temple were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre. Between two of these boats a mock combat was perpetually carried on ; their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros ; the former the CELESTIAL LOVE of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit, which usurps the name of LOVE among the Epicureans. Throughout the whole evening, their conflict was maintained with various success. The timid distance at which Eros kept aloof from his lively antagonist, being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other assailed him, but which falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the few flowers on which they fell, and were extinguished."

I have wandered from the shop windows of New-York, to Grecian gardens, in the ancient time. My mind has a troublesome habit, which compels it to fly high above the surface of things, or dive into the hidden caves beneath. To atone for my mystical vagaries, I will tell a true story, not without significance at this season of Valentines.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived, long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was as ignorant of the dangers of a city, as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle, beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course, she knew that she was beautiful ; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, "How handsome she is !" And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She

was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by "that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union."

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella-girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game, for temporary excitement; she, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens, on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation, with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a

moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance; but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly, and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," replied she, with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me." "What *could* I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?" Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her, the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber, she went, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air-castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a

thief? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested, on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted Friend immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is none to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for a daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he; "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honoured woman. I will see that thou art paid for

the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, had he known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldest have inquired into the merits of the case, my friend," replied Isaac. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The kind-hearted man then went to the hotel and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visiter took the opportunity to "bear a testimony," as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for *his* sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure; he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered it to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied Isaac: "Though much to blame in this affair, thou too hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, when arrested; by which means her true name was kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked, as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room, for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be, if it had not been for you!"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a

Senator of his native state. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city, without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at that gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite toward teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty, by the voice of the Angel Love.

LETTER VIII.

February, 21, 1844.

My imagination has lately been much excited by a vivid account of Mammoth Cave, from a young friend who spent several days there. I will try to transfer to your mind, as well as I can, the picture he gave me,

"Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven."

Mammoth Cave is situated in the southwest part of Kentucky, about a hundred miles from Louisville, and sixty from the famous Harrodsburg Springs.

The word *cave* is ill calculated to impress the imagination with an idea of its surpassing grandeur. It is in fact a subterranean world; containing within itself territories extensive enough for half a score of German principalities. It should be named 'Titans' Palace, or Cyclops' Grotto.

It lies among the Knobs, a range of hills, which border an extent of country, like highland prairies, called the Barrens. The surrounding scenery is lovely. Fine woods of oak, hickory, and chesnut, clear of underbrush, with smooth, verdant openings, like the parks of English noblemen.

The cave was purchased by Dr. John Croghan, for \$10,000. To prevent a disputed title, in case any new and distant opening should be discovered, he has likewise bought a wide circuit of adjoining land. His enthusiasm concerning it is unbounded. It is in fact his world; and every newly-discovered chamber fills him with pride and joy, like that felt by Columbus, when he first kissed his hand to the fair Queen of the Antilles. He has built a commodious hotel near the entrance, in a style well suited to the place. It is made of logs, filled in with lime; with a fine large porch, in front of which is a beautiful verdant lawn. Near by, is a funnel-shaped hollow of 300 acres; probably a cave fallen in. It is called Deer Park, because when those animals run into it, they cannot escape. There are troops of wild deer in the immediate vicinity of the hotel; bear-hunts are frequent, and game of all kinds abounds.

Walking along the verge of this hollow, you come to a ravine, leading to Green River, whence you command a view of what is supposed to be the main entrance to the cave. It is a huge cavernous arch, filled in with immense stones, as if giants had piled them there, to imprison a conquered demon. No opening has ever been effected here, nor is it easy to imagine that it could be done by the strength of man.

In rear of the hotel is a deep ravine, densely wooded, and covered with luxuriant vegetable growth. It leads to Green River, and was probably once a water course. A narrow ravine, diverging from this, leads by a winding path, to the entrance of the cave. It is a high arch of rocks, rudely piled, and richly covered with ivy and tangled vines. At the top, is a perennial fountain of sweet and cool water, which trickles down continually from the centre of the arch, through the pendant foliage, and is caught in a vessel below. The entrance of this wide arch is somewhat obstructed by a large mound of saltpetre, thrown up by workmen engaged in its manufactory, during the last war. In the course of their excavations, they dug up the bones of a gigantic man; but, unfortunately, they buried them again, without any memorial to mark the spot. They have been sought for by the curious and scientific, but are not yet found.

As you come opposite the entrance of the cave, in summer, the temperature changes instantaneously, from about 85° to below 60° , and you feel chilled as if by the presence of an iceberg. In winter, the effect is reversed. The scientific have indulged in various speculations concerning the air of this cave. It is supposed to get completely filled with cold winds during the long blasts of winter, and as there is no outlet, they remain pent up till the atmosphere without becomes warmer than that within; when there is, of course, a continual effort toward equilibrium. Why the air within the cave should be so fresh, pure, and equable, all the year round, even in its deepest recesses, is not so easily explained. Some have suggested that it is continually modified by the presence of chemical agents. Whatever may be the cause, its agreeable salubrity is observed by every visiter, and it is said to have great healing power in diseases of the lungs.

The amount of exertion which can be performed

here without fatigue, is astonishing. The superabundance of oxygen in the atmosphere operates like moderate doses of exhilarating gas. The traveller feels a buoyant sensation, which tempts him to run and jump, and leap from crag to crag, and bound over the stones in his path, like a fawn at play. The mind, moreover, sustains the body, being kept in a state of delightful activity, by continual new discoveries and startling revelations. This excitement continues after they return to the hotel. No one feels the need of cards, or politics. The conversation is all about *the cave!* *The cave!* And *What shall we see to-morrow?*

The wide entrance to the cavern soon contracts, so that but two can pass abreast. At this place, called the Narrows, the air from dark depths beyond blows out fiercely, as if the spirits of the cave had mustered there, to drive intruders back to the realms of day. This path continues about fourteen or fifteen rods, and emerges into a wider avenue, floored with saltpetre earth, from which the stones have been removed. This leads directly into the Rotunda, a vast hall, comprising a surface of eight acres, arched with a dome 100 feet high, without a single pillar to support it. It rests on irregular ribs of dark gray rock, in massive oval rings, smaller and smaller, one seen within another, till they terminate at the top. Perhaps this apartment impresses the traveller as much as any portion of the cave; because from it he receives his first idea of its gigantic proportions. The vastness, the gloom, the impossibility of taking in the boundaries by the light of lamps—all these produce a deep sensation of awe and wonder.

From the Rotunda, you pass into Audubon's Avenue, from 80 to 100 feet high, with galleries of rock on each side, jutting out farther and farther, till they nearly meet at top. This avenue branches out into a vast half-oval hall, called the Church. This con-

tains several projecting galleries, one of them resembling a cathedral choir. There is a gap in the gallery; and at the point of interruption, immediately above, is a rostrum, or pulpit, the rocky canopy of which juts over. The guide leaps up from the adjoining galleries, and places a lamp each side of the pulpit, on flat rocks, which seem made for the purpose. There has been preaching from this pulpit; but unless it was superior to most theological teaching, it must have been pitifully discordant with the sublimity of the place. Five thousand people could stand in this subterranean temple with ease.

So far, all is irregular, jagged rocks, thrown together in fantastic masses, without any particular style; but now begins a series of imitations, which grow more and more perfect, in gradual progression, till you arrive at the end. From the Church you pass into what is called the Gothic Gallery, from its obvious resemblance to that style of architecture. Here is Mummy Hall; so called because several mummies have been found seated in recesses of the rock. Without any process of embalming, they were in as perfect a state of preservation, as the mummies of Egypt; for the air of the cave is so dry and unchangeable, and so strongly impregnated with nitre, that decomposition cannot take place. A mummy found here in 1813, was the body of a woman five feet ten inches high, wrapped in half-dressed deer skins, on which were rudely drawn white veins and leaves. At the feet, lay a pair of moccasins, and a handsome knapsack, made of bark: containing strings of small shining seeds; necklaces of bear's teeth, eagle's claws, and fawn's red hoofs; whistles made of cane; two rattlesnake's skins, one having on it fourteen rattles; coronets for the head, made of erect feathers of rooks and eagles; smooth needles of horn and bone, some of them crooked like sail-needles; deer's sinews, for sewing, and a parcel of three-corded thread, resembling twine.

I believe one of these mummies is now in the British Museum.

From Mummy Hall, you pass into Gothic Avenue, where the resemblance to Gothic architecture very perceptibly increases. The wall juts out in pointed arches, and pillars, on the sides of which are various grotesque combinations of rock. One is an elephant's head. The tusks and sleepy eyes are quite perfect; the trunk, at first very distinct, gradually recedes, and is lost in the rock. On another pillar is a lion's head; on another, a human head with a wig, called Lord Lyndhurst, from its resemblance to that dignitary.

From this gallery you can step into a side cave, in which is an immense pit, called the Lover's Leap. A huge rock, fourteen or fifteen feet long, like an elongated sugar-loaf running to a sharp point, projects half way over this abyss. It makes one shudder to see the guide walk almost to the end of this projectile bridge, over such an awful chasm.

As you pass along, the Gothic Avenue narrows, until you come to a porch composed of the first separate columns in the cave. The stalactite and stalagmite formations unite in these irregular masses of brownish yellow, which, when the light shines through them, look like transparent amber. They are sonorous as a clear-toned bell. A pendant mass, called the Bell, has been unfortunately broken, by being struck too powerfully.

The porch of columns leads to the Gothic Chapel, which has the circular form appropriate to a true church. A number of pure stalactite columns fill the nave with arches, which in many places form a perfect Gothic roof. The stalactites fall in rich festoons, strikingly similar to the highly ornamented chapel of Henry VII. Four columns in the centre form a separate arch by themselves, like trees twisted into a grotto, in all irregular and grotesque shapes. Under this arch stands Wilkins' arm-chair, a stalac-

tite formation, well adapted to the human figure. The chapel is the most beautiful specimen of Gothic in the cave. Two or three of the columns have richly foliated capitals, like the Corinthian.

If you turn back to the main avenue, and strike off in another direction, you enter a vast room, with several projecting galleries, called the Ball Room: here the proprietor intends to assemble a brilliant dancing party this season. In close vicinity, as if arranged by the severer school of theologians, is a large amphitheatre called Satan's Council Chamber. From the centre rises a mountain of big stones, rudely piled one above another, in a gradual slope, nearly one hundred feet high. On the top rests a huge rock, big as a house, called Satan's Throne. The vastness, the gloom, partially illuminated by the glare of lamps, forcibly remind one of Lucifer on his throne, as represented by Martin in his illustrations of Milton. It requires little imagination to transform the uncouth rocks all round the throne, into attendant demons. Indeed, throughout the cave, Martin's pictures are continually brought to mind, by the unearthly effect of intense gleams of light on black masses of shadow. In this Council Chamber, the rocks, with singular appropriateness, change from an imitation of Gothic architecture, to that of the Egyptian. The dark, massive walls resemble a series of Egyptian tombs, in dull and heavy outline. In this place is an angle, which forms the meeting point of several caves, and is therefore considered one of the finest points of view. Here parties usually stop and make arrangements to kindle the Bengal Lights, which travellers always carry with them. It has a strange and picturesque effect to see groups of people dotted about, at different points of view, their lamps hidden behind stones, and the light streaming into the thick darkness, through chinks in the rocks. When the Bengal Lights begin to burn, their intense radiance casts a strong

glare on Satan's Throne; the whole of the vast amphitheatre is revealed to view, and you can peer into the deep recesses of two other caves beyond. For a few moments, gigantic proportions and uncouth forms stand out in the clear, strong gush of brilliant light! and then—all is darkness. The effect is so like magic, that one almost expects to see towering genii striding down the deep declivities, or startled by the brilliant flare, shake off their long sleep among the dense black shadows.

If you enter one of the caves revealed in the distance, you find yourself in a deep ravine, with huge piles of gray rock jutting out more and more, till they nearly meet at top. Looking upward, through this narrow aperture, you see, high, high above you, a vaulted roof of *black* rock, studded with brilliant spar, like constellations in the sky, seen at midnight, from the deep clefts of a mountain. This is called the Star Chamber. It makes one think of Schiller's grand description of William Tell sternly waiting for Gessler, among the shadows of the Alps, and of Wordsworth's picture of

“Yorkshire dales

Among the rocks and winding scars;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie,
Beneath their little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars.”

In this neighbourhood is a vast, dreary chamber, which Stephen, the guide, called Bandit's Hall, the first moment his eye rested on it; and the name is singularly expressive of its character. Its ragged roughness and sullen gloom are indescribable. The floor is a mountainous heap of loose stones, and not an inch of even surface could be found on roof or walls. Imagine two or three travellers, with their lamps, passing through this place of evil aspect. The deep, suspicious-looking recesses and frightful crags are but partially revealed in the feeble light.

All at once, a Bengal Light blazes up, and every black rock and frowning cliff stands out in the brilliant glare! The contrast is sublime beyond imagination. It is as if a man had seen the hills and trees of this earth only in the dim outline of a moonless night, and they should, for the first time, be revealed to him in the gushing glory of the morning sun.

But the greatest wonder in this region of the cave, is Mammoth Dome—a giant among giants. It is so immensely high and vast, that three of the most powerful Bengal Lights illuminate it very imperfectly. That portion of the ceiling which becomes visible, is 300 feet above your head, and remarkably resembles the aisles of Westminster Abbey. It is supposed that the top of this dome is near the surface of the ground.

Another route from the Devil's Council Chamber conducts you to a smooth, level path, called Pensacola Avenue. Here are numerous formations of crystalized gypsum, but not as beautiful or as various as are found farther on. From various slopes and openings, caves above and below are visible. The Mecca's shrine of this pilgrimage is Angelica's Grotto, completely lined and covered with the largest and richest dog's tooth spar. A person, who visited the place, a few years since, laid his sacrilegious hands upon it, while the guide's back was turned towards him. He coolly demolished a magnificent mass of spar, sparkling most conspicuously on the very centre of the arch, and wrote his own insignificant name in its place. This was *his* fashion of securing immortality! It is well that fairies and giants are powerless in the nineteenth century, else had the indignant genii of the cave crushed his bones to impalpable powder.

If you pass behind Satan's Throne, by a narrow ascending path, you come into a vast hall where there is nothing but naked rock. This empty,

dreary place is appropriately called the Deserted Chamber. Walking along the verge, you arrive at another avenue, enclosing sulphur springs. Here the guide warns you of the vicinity of a pit, 120 feet deep, in the shape of a saddle. Stooping over it, and looking upward, you see an abyss of precisely the same shape over your head; a fact which indicates that it began in the upper region, and was merely interrupted by this chamber.

From this, you may enter a narrow and very tortuous path, called the Labyrinth, which leads to an immense split, or chasm, in the rocks. Here is placed a ladder, down which you descend twenty-five or thirty feet, and enter a narrow cave below, which brings you to a combination of rock called the Gothic Window. You stand in this recess, while the guide ascends huge cliffs overhead, and kindles Bengal Lights, by the help of which you see, 200 feet above you, a Gothic dome of one solid rock, perfectly over-awing in its vastness and height. Below, is an abyss of darkness, which no eye but the Eternal can fathom.

If, instead of descending the ladder, you pass straight alongside the chasm, you arrive at the Bottomless Pit, beyond which no one ever ventured to proceed till 1838. To this fact we probably owe the meagre account given by Lieber, in his *Encyclopædia Americana*. He says, "This cave is more remarkable for extent, than the variety or beauty of its productions; having none of the beautiful stalactites found in many other caves."

For a long period, this pit was considered bottomless, because, when stones were thrown into it, they reverberated, and reverberated, along the sides, till lost to the ear, but seemed to find no resting-place. It has since been sounded, and found to be 140 feet deep, with a soft muddy bottom, which returns no noise when a stone strikes upon it. In 1838, the adventurous Stephen threw a ladder across the chasm,

and passed over. There is now a narrow bridge of two planks, with a little railing on each side; but as it is impossible to sustain it by piers, travellers must pass over in the centre, one by one, and not touch the railing, lest they disturb the balance, and overturn the bridge.

This walk brings you into Pensico Avenue. Hitherto, the path has been rugged, wild, and rough, interrupted by steep acclivities, rocks, and big stones; but this avenue has a smooth and level floor, as if the sand had been spread out by gently flowing waters. Through this, descending more and more, you come to a deep arch, by which you enter the Winding Way; a strangely irregular and zig-zag path, so narrow that a very stout man could not squeeze through. In some places, the rocks at the sides are on a line with your shoulders, then piled high over your head; and then again you rise above, and overlook them all, and see them heaped behind you, like the mighty waves of the Red Sea, parted for the Israelites to pass through. This toilsome path was evidently made by a rushing, winding torrent. Toward the close, the water not having force enough to make a smooth bed, has bored a tunnel. This is so low and narrow, that the traveller is obliged to stoop and squeeze himself through. Suddenly he passes into a vast hall, called the Great Relief; and a relief it is to stretch one's cramped and weary limbs.

This leads into the River Hall, at the side of which you have a glimpse of a small cave, called the Smoke House, because it is hung with rocks perfectly in the shape of hams. The River Hall descends like the slope of a mountain. The ceiling stretches away—away—before you, vast and grand as the firmament at midnight. No one, who has never seen this cave, can imagine the feelings of strong excitement, and deep awe, with which the traveller keeps his eye fixed on the rocky ceiling, which, gradually revealed

in the passing light, continually exhibits some new and unexpected feature of sublimity or beauty.

One of the most picturesque sights in the world, is to see a file of men and women passing along these wild and scraggy paths, moving slowly—slowly—that their lamps may have time to illuminate the sky-like ceiling, and gigantic walls; disappearing behind the high cliffs, sinking into ravines, their lights shining upward through fissures in the rocks; then suddenly emerging from some abrupt angle, standing in the bright gleam of their lamps, relieved against the towering black masses around them. He who could paint the infinite variety of creation, can alone give an adequate description of this marvellous region.

At one side of River Hall is a steep precipice, over which you can look down, by aid of blazing missiles, upon a broad, black sheet of water, eighty feet below, called the Dead Sea. This is an awfully impressive place, the sights and sounds of which do not easily pass from memory. He who has seen it will have it vividly brought before him by Alfieri's description of Filippo: "Only a transient word or act gives us a short and dubious glimmer, that reveals to us the abysses of his being; dark, lurid, and terrific, as the throat of the infernal pool."

As you pass along, you hear the roar of invisible water-falls, and at the foot of the slope, the River Styx lies before you, deep and black, over-arched with rock. The first glimpse of it brings to mind the descent of Ulysses into hell.

"Where the dark rock o'erhangs the infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make."

Across these unearthly waters, the guide can convey but two passengers at once; and these sit motionless in the canoe, with feet turned apart, so as not to disturb the balance. Three lamps are fast-

ened to the prow, the images of which are reflected in the dismal pool.

If you are impatient of delay, or eager for new adventures, you can leave your companions lingering about the shore, and cross the Styx by a dangerous bridge of precipices overhead. In order to do this, you must ascend a steep cliff and enter a cave above, from an egress of which you find yourself on the bank of the river, eighty feet above its surface, commanding a view of those passing in the boat, and those waiting on the shore. Seen from this height, the lamps in the canoe glare like fiery eyeballs; and the passengers sitting there, so hushed and motionless, look like shadows. The scene is so strangely funereal and spectral, that it seems as if the Greeks must have witnessed it, before they imagined Charon conveying ghosts to the dim regions of Pluto. Your companions, thus seen, do indeed,

“ Skim along the dusky glades,
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.”

If you turn your eye from the canoe, to the parties of men and women, whom you left waiting on the shore, you will see them, by the gleam of their lamps, scattered in picturesque groups, looming out in bold relief from the dense darkness around them.

When you have passed the Styx, you soon meet another stream, appropriately called Lethe. The echoes here are absolutely stunning. A single voice sounds like a powerful choir; and could an organ be played, it would deprive the hearer of his senses. When you have crossed, you enter a high level hall named the Great Walk, half a mile of which bring you to another river, called the Jordan. In crossing this, the rocks, in one place, descend so low, as to leave only eighteen inches for the boat to pass through. Passengers are obliged to double up, and lie on each other's shoulders, till this gap is passed. This uncomfortable position is, however, of short

duration, and you suddenly emerge to where the vault of the cave is more than a hundred feet high. In the fall of the year, this river often rises, almost instantaneously, over fifty feet above low water mark; a phenomenon supposed to be caused by heavy rains from the upper earth. On this account, autumn is an unfavourable season for those who wish to explore the cave throughout. If parties happen to be caught on the other side of Jordan, when the sudden rise takes place, a boat conveys them, on the swollen waters, to the level of an upper cave, so low that they are obliged to enter on hands and knees, and crawl through. This place is called Purgatory. People on the other side, aware of their danger, have a boat in readiness to receive them.

The guide usually sings while crossing the Jordan, and his voice is reverberated by a choir of sweet echoes. The only animals ever found in the cave are fish, with which this stream abounds. They are perfectly white, and without eyes; at least, they have been subjected to a careful scientific examination, and no organ similar to an eye can be discovered. It would indeed be a useless appendage to creatures that dwell forever in Cimmerian darkness. But, as usual, the acuteness of one sense is increased by the absence of another. These fish are undisturbed by the most powerful glare of light, but they are alarmed at the slightest agitation of the water; and it is therefore exceedingly difficult to catch them.

The rivers of Mammoth Cave were never crossed till 1840. Great efforts have been made to discover whence they come, and whither they go. But though the courageous Stephen has floated for hours up to his chin, and forced his way through the narrowest apertures under the dark waves, so as to leave merely his head a breathing space, yet they still remain as much a mystery as ever—without beginning or end, like eternity. They disappear

under arches, which, even at the lowest stage of the water, are under the surface of it.

From some unknown cause, it sometimes happens in the neighbourhood of these streams, that the figure of a distant companion will apparently loom up, to the height of ten or twelve feet, as he approaches you. This occasional phenomenon is somewhat frightful, even to the most rational observer, occurring as it does in a region so naturally associated with giants and genii.

From the Jordan, through Silliman's Avenue, you enter a high, narrow defile, or pass, in a portion of which, called the Hanging Rocks, huge masses of stone hang suspended over your head. At the side of this defile, is a recess, called the Devil's Blacksmith's Shop. It contains a rock shaped like an anvil, with a small inky current running near it, and quantities of coarse stalagmite scattered about, precisely like blacksmith's cinders, called slag. In another place, you pass a square rock, covered with beautiful dog's tooth spar, called the Mile Stone.

This pass brings you into Wellington's Gallery, which tapers off to a narrow point, apparently the end of the cave in this direction. But a ladder is placed on one side by which you ascend to a small cleft in the rock, through which you are at once ushered into a vast apartment, discovered about two years ago. This is the commencement of Cleveland's Avenue, the crowning wonder and glory of this subterranean world! At the head of the ladder, you find yourself surrounded by overhanging stalactites, in the form of rich clusters of grapes, transparent to the light, hard as marble, and round and polished, as if done by a sculptor's hand. This is called Mary's Vineyard.

From the Vineyard, an entrance to the right brings you into a perfectly naked cave, whence you suddenly pass into a large hall, with magnificent columns, and rich festoons of stalactite, in various

forms of beautiful combination. In the centre of this chamber, between columns of stalactite, stands a mass of stalagmite, shaped like a sarcophagus, in which is an opening like a grave. A Roman Catholic priest first discovered this, about a year ago, and with fervent enthusiasm exclaimed, "The Holy Sepulchre!" a name which it has since borne.

To the left of Mary's Vineyard, is an enclosure like an arbour, the ceiling and sides of which are studded with snow-white crystalized gypsum, in the form of all sorts of flowers. It is impossible to convey an idea of the exquisite beauty and infinite variety of these delicate formations. In some places, roses and lilies seem cut on the rock, in bas-relief; in others, a graceful bell rises on a long stalk, so slender that it bends at a breath. One is an admirable imitation of Indian corn in tassel, the silky fibres as fine and flexile as can be imagined; another is a group of ostrich plumes, so downy that a zephyr waves it. In some nooks were little parks of trees, in others, gracefully curled leaves like the Acanthus, rose from the very bosom of the rock. Near this room is the Snow Chamber, the roof and sides of which are covered with particles of brilliant white gypsum, as if snow-balls had been dashed all over the walls. In another apartment the crystals are all in the form of rosettes. In another, called Rebecca's Garland, the flowers have all arranged themselves into wreaths. Each seems to have a style of formations peculiar to itself, though of infinite variety. Days might be spent in these superb grottoes, without becoming familiar with half their hidden glories. One could imagine that some antediluvian giant had here imprisoned some fair daughter of earth, and then in pity for her loneliness, had employed fairies to deck her bowers with all the splendour of earth and ocean. Like poor Amy Robsart, in the solitary halls of Cumnor. Bengal Lights, kindled in these beautiful retreats, produce an effect

more gorgeous than any theatrical representation of fairy-land; but they smoke the pure white incrustations, and the guide is therefore very properly reluctant to have them used. The reflection from the shining walls is so strong, that lamplight is quite sufficient. Moreover, these wonderful formations need to be examined slowly, and in detail. The universal glitter of Bengal Lights is worthless in comparison.

From Rebecca's Garland you come into a vast hall, of great height, covered with shining drops of gypsum, like oozing water petrified. In the centre is a large rock, four feet high, and level a top, round which several hundred people can sit conveniently. This is called Cornelia's Table, and is frequently used for parties to dine upon. In this hall, and in Wellington's Gallery, are deposits of fibrous gypsum, snow-white, dry, and resembling asbestos. Geologists, who sometimes take up their abode in the cave for weeks, and other travellers who choose to remain over night, find this a very pleasant and comfortable bed.

Cornelia's Table is a safe centre, from which individuals may diverge on little exploring expeditions; for the paths here are not labyrinthine, and the hall is conspicuous from various neighbouring points of view. In most regions of the cave, it is hazardous to lose sight of the guide. If you think to walk straight ahead, even for a few rods, and then turn short round and return to him, you will find it next to impossible to do so. So many paths come in at acute angles; they look so much alike; and the light of a lamp reveals them so imperfectly, that none but the practised eye of a guide can disentangle their windings. A gentleman who retraced a few steps, near the entrance of the cave, to find his hat, lost his way so completely, that he was not found for forty-eight hours, though twenty or thirty people were in search of him. Parties are

occasionally mustered and counted, to see that none are missing. Should such an accident happen, there is no danger, if the wanderer will remain stationary; for he will soon be missed, and a guide sent after him.

From the hall of congealed drops, you may branch off into a succession of small caves, called Cecilia's Grottoes. Here nearly all the beautiful formations of the surrounding caves, such as grapes, flowers, stars, leaves, coral, &c., may be found so low, that you can conveniently examine their minutest features.—One of these little recesses, covered with sparkling spar, set in silvery gypsum, is called Diamond Grotto. Alma's Bower closes this series of wonderful formations. As a whole, they are called Cleveland's Cabinet, in honour of Professor Cleveland, of Bowdoin College.

Silliman, in his *American Journal of Science and Art*, calls this admirable series, the Alabaster Caves. He says: "I was at first at a loss to account for such beautiful formations, and especially for the elegance of the curves exhibited. It is however evident that the substances have grown from the rocks, by increments or additions to the base; the solid parts already formed being continually pushed forward. If the growth be a little more rapid on one side than on the other, a well-proportioned curve will be the result; should the increased action on one side diminish or increase, then all the beauties of the conic and mixed curves would be produced. The masses are often evenly and longitudinally striated by a kind of columnar structure, exhibiting a fascicle of small prisms; and some of these prisms ending sooner than others, give a broken termination of great beauty, similar to our form of the emblem of 'the order of the star.' The rosettes formed by a mammillary disk surrounded by a circle of leaves, rolled elegantly outward, are from four inches to a foot in diameter. Tortuous vines, throwing off curled leaves at every flexure, like the

branches of a chandelier, running more than a foot in length, and not thicker than the finger, are among the varied frost-work of these grottoes; common stalactites of carbonate of lime, although beautiful objects, lose by contrast with these ornaments, and dwindle into mere clumsy, awkward icicles. Besides these, there are tufts of 'hair salt,' native sulphate of magnesia, depending like adhering snowballs from the roof, and periodically detaching themselves by their own increasing weight. Indeed, the more solid alabaster ornaments become at last overgrown, and fall upon the floor of the grotto, which was found covered with numbers quite entire, besides fragments of others broken by the fall."

A distinguished geologist has said that he believed Cleveland's Avenue, two miles in length, contained a petrified form of every vegetable production on earth. If this be too large a statement, it is at least safe to say that its variety is almost infinite. Amongst its other productions, are large piles of Epsom salts, beautifully crystalized. Travellers have shown such wanton destructiveness in this great temple of Nature—mutilating beautiful columns, knocking off spar, and crushing delicate flowers—that the rules are now very strict. It is allowable to touch nothing except the ornaments which have loosened and dropped by their own weight. These are often hard enough to bear transportation.

After you leave Alma's Bower, the cave again becomes very rugged. Beautiful combinations of gypsum and spar may still be seen occasionally overhead; but all round you rocks and stones are piled up in the wildest manner. Through such scraggy scenery, you come to the Rocky Mountains, an irregular pile of massive rocks, from 100 to 150 feet high. From these you can look down into Dismal Hollow—deep below deep—the most frightful looking place in the whole cave. On the top of the mountain is a beautiful rotunda, called Croghan Hall, in honour of

the proprietor. Stalactites surround this in the richest fringe of icicles, and lie scattered about the walls in all shapes, as if arranged for a museum. On one side is a stalagmite formation like a pine-tree, about five feet high, with regular leaves and branches; another is in a pyramidal form, like a cypress.

If you wind down the mountains on the side opposite from that which you ascended, you will come to Serena's Arbour, which is thirteen miles from the entrance of the cave, and the end of this avenue. A most beautiful termination it is! In a semicircle of stalactite columns is a fountain of pure water spouting up from a rock. This fluid is as transparent as air; all the earthy particles it ever held in suspension, having been long since precipitated.—The stalactite formations in this arbour are remarkably beautiful.

One hundred and sixty-five avenues have been discovered in Mammoth Cave, the walk through which is estimated at about three hundred miles. In some places, you descend more than a mile into the bowels of the earth. The poetic-minded traveller, after he has traced all the labyrinths, departs with lingering reluctance. As he approaches the entrance, daylight greets him with new and startling beauty. If the sun shines on the verdant sloping hill, and the waving trees, seen through the arch, they seem like fluid gold; if mere daylight rests upon them, they resemble molten silver. This remarkable richness of appearance is doubtless owing to the contrast with the thick darkness, to which the eye has been so long accustomed.

As you come out of the cave the temperature of the air rises thirty degrees instantly, (if the season is summer,) and you feel as if plunged in a hot vapour bath; but the effects of this are salutary and not unpleasant.

Nature never seems so miraculous as it does when you emerge from this hidden realm of marvellous

imitations. The "dear goddess" is so serene in her resplendent and more harmonious beauty ! The gorgeous amphitheatre of trees, the hills, the sky, and the air, all seem to wear a veil of transfigured glory. The traveller feels that he was never before conscious how beautiful a phenomenon is the sunlight, how magnificent the blue arch of heaven !

There are three guides at the service of travellers, all well versed in the intricate paths of this nether world. Stephen, the presiding genius of Mammoth Cave, is a mulatto, and a slave. He has lived in this strange region from boyhood, and a large proportion of the discoveries are the result of his courage, intelligence, and untiring zeal. His vocation has brought him into contact with many intellectual and scientific men, and as he has great quickness of perception, and a prodigious memory, he has profited much by intercourse with superior minds. He can recollect every body that ever visited the cave, and all the terms of geology and mineralogy are at his tongue's end. He is extremely attentive, and peculiarly polite to ladies. Like most of his race, he is fond of grandiloquent language, and his rapturous expressions, as he lights up some fine point of view, are at times fine specimens of glorification. His knowledge of the place is ample and accurate, and he is altogether an extremely useful and agreeable guide. May his last breath be a free one !

LETTER IX.

March 15, 1844.

MARCH is playing its usual tricks. For the first fortnight, we had such genial, brilliant weather, that June seemed to have come to us by mistake. This early spring influence always fills me with gladness. A buoyant principle of life leaps up in my soul, like sap in the trees. I feel the greatest desire of "dancing with the whole world," as Frederika Bremer says. To be sure, these bright, sunny days do make me feel a little impatient with bricks and paving stones. Now and then, there comes over me a yearning vision of Mary Howitt's wood-mouse, eating his chestnut under the canopy of a mushroom; and I wish that the world would give me as fair a life-lease of food and shelter in the green fields. But—

"Out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay,
Because it is n't clover.

Give to me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something good and something kind,
All the wide world over."

Why need I sigh for green fields? Does not Broadway superabound with beauty? Forth went I into the sunshine. The doves were careering about the liberty-poles, showing the silver lining of their breasts and wings to the morning light. The little Canary birds sang so joyously, that one forgot, for the moment, that they were confined in cages. Young girls were out in the morning breeze, making the side-walk like a hedge of blush-roses. In the magnificent stores of Broadway, rich ribbons and silks shone like a parterre of tulips in the Netherlands.

Through the large windows, beautiful candelabras gracefully held out their lily-cups of frosted silver, and prismatic showers of cut glass were upborne by Grecian sylphs, or knights of the middle ages, in golden armour. I often gaze at the rich array, delighting in beauty for its own sake. I look at them, as I do at the stars and the forests, without the slightest wish to appropriate them, and with the feeling that every human being ought to enjoy the fairest creations of Art, as freely as the sunlight and the star-glory, which our Father gives to all.

Thinking thus, I came in sight of the Park Fountain, leaping up joyously into the morning air. The sun, climbing over the roofs, had just touched it, and completely covered it with a mantle of rainbows. It was so gloriously beautiful, that I involuntarily uttered a cry of joy. And this, thought I, is a universal gift. Prismatic chandeliers and flowers of frosted silver may be shut up in princely saloons, guarded by sheriff and police; but what jeweller can produce anything so superbly beautiful as this silvery spray, and these glancing rainbows? For the labourer returning from daily toil to his narrow and crowded home, here is a wayside vision of freedom, of beauty, and of joy. Who can calculate how much it cools and refreshes his fevered and fettered soul? There are those who inquire what was the use of expending so much money for something to look at? Alas for them! for they know not that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Some speak disparagingly of this superb *jet d'eau*, because there are no water-nymphs, or marble urns. They mistake the usual accessories of a fountain for the thing itself, as they do not recognise a man, unless he stands in a stylish coat. But for myself, I like the simplicity of the greensward, and the water in its own unadorned gracefulness. If I must live in a city, the fountains alone would determine my choice in favour of New-York.

I found the Battery unoccupied, save by children, whom the weather made as merry as birds. Everything seemed moving to the vernal tune of

“ Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green.”

To one who was chasing her hoop, I said, smiling, “ You are a nice little girl.” She stopped, looked up in my face, so rosy and happy, and laying her hand on her brother’s shoulder, exclaimed earnestly, “ And *he* is a nice little boy, too !” It was a simple, child-like act, but it brought a warm gush into my heart. Blessings on all unselfishness ! On all that leads us in love to prefer one another. Here lies the secret of universal harmony ; this is the diapason, which would bring us all into tune. Only by losing ourselves can we find ourselves. How clearly does the divine voice within us proclaim this, by the hymn of joy it sings, whenever we witness an unselfish deed, or hear an unselfish thought. Blessings on that loving little one ! She made the city seem a garden to me. I kissed my hand to her, as I turned off in quest of the Brooklyn ferry. The sparkling waters, swarmed with boats, some of which had taken a big ship by the hand, and were leading her out to sea, as the prattle of childhood often guides wisdom into the deepest and broadest thought.

A few moments of bounding, billowy motion, and the ferry-boat touched the Brooklyn pier. This place is a pleasant contrast to the swarming hive of New-York ; for though laid out in streets, and calling itself a city, there are open spaces, and breezy heights, and pasture land, and cows.

In a conservatory here, I found a teacher, who said more to me than sermons often do. It was a luxuriant rhododendron, covered with blossoms. When some one, in passing, shook it roughly, it scattered a shower of honey-dew from its roseate cups, and immediately began to fill its chalices anew with trans-

parent ambrosia. For a few days past, I had been a little vexed with the world for its rude thoughtlessness; but I took a lesson of the rhododendron, to shower sweetness on hands that disturbed me, and to fill anew with pure honey-drops the chalices of my inward thought.

Before I returned to the city, capricious March had taken the sulks, and whistled through me, as if it came from a thousand ice-bergs. But though the troop of children had all scampered from the Battery, and the waters looked turbid and cold, the joyous little hoop-driver had left in my memory her sunny face and loving tones.

LETTER X.

March 29, 1844.

My friend, why do you write so despondingly? Is it a wise, a beautiful, or a useful mission, to throw a wet blanket on all enthusiasm and hope? The influences of the age do this more than enough to preserve the balance of things. Let us be of the few, who diligently keep the sacred fire from going out on the altar.

There have always been a large class of thinkers who deny that the world makes any progress. They say we move in a circle; that evils are never conquered, but only change their forms. In proof of this doctrine, they remind us that the many are now as effectually kept in subjection to the few, by commercial fraud and diplomatic cunning, as they once were by sword and battle-axe. This class of reasoners are uncomfortable to the hopeful soul; the more so, because they can easily bring forward an array

of facts, from which, in the very nature of the case, it is impossible to evolve the good and evil separately, to weigh them accurately, and justly determine the results of each on the whole destiny of man. These unbelievers point to the past, whose records are deeply graven, and seen of all men, though they relate only to the externals of human history; while those who believe in perpetual progress found their faith mainly on the inward growth and unwritten history of the soul. They see within all events a spiritual essence, subtle, expansive, and noiseless as light; and from the roseate gleam resting on the horizon's edge, they predict that the sun will rise to its zenith, and veil the whole earth in transfigured glory.

It is the mission of the prophet to announce, rather than to prove; yet facts are not wanting to *prove* that mankind have made progress. Experience is not always at discord with hope; perhaps it is never so, if we could read history as the Omniscient reads it. Doubtless the world does move in circles, and good and evil, reproduced in new forms, bear a continual check-and-balance relation to each other. But the circles in which we move rise in a perpetually ascending series, and evil will finally be overcome with good. The very fierceness of the conflict shows that this consummation is approaching. There never was a time when good and evil, truth and falsehood, were at work with such miraculous activity. To those who look on the surface, it may seem as if the evil and the false were gaining the victory, because the evil and the false are always more violent and tumultuous than the good and the true. The tornado blusters, and the atmosphere is still; but the atmosphere produces and sustains a thousand-fold more than the tornado destroys. The good and the true work for eternity in a golden silence.

The very uproar of evil, at the present time, is full of promise; for all evil must be made *manifest*, that

it may be cured. To this end Divine Providence is continually exerted both in the material and the spiritual world. If the right proportions of the atmosphere are disturbed, the discord manifests itself in thunder and lightning, and thus is harmony restored. To the superstitious it sounds like the voice of wrath, but it is only Universal Love restoring order to the elements.

Behind the cause lies the end; and that is, evil in the soul of man. He it is who disturbs the balance of the elements, and his sins are uttered in thunder and storm. But the *manifestation* is ever healthy, and the precursor of restored harmony. Welcome, then, to such books as *Oliver Twist* and the *Mysteries of Paris*; welcome to all the painful unfoldings of Anti-slavery, Temperance, and Prison Associations; to all that, in a spirit friendly to man, lays open the crimes, the vices, and the harshness of society. I hail this universal tendency to manifestation as a joyful omen.

Dost thou ask, oh, unbelieving reader, for proof that the world *has* made progress? Consider well the great fact of British emancipation in the West Indies. Show me another instance in the world's history, where the heart of a whole nation was kindled, as it were, by a divine flame, to right the wrongs of a distant and helpless people. A people too poor to repay their benefactors; nay, for whose sake the benefactors taxed themselves heavily. A people too low and vulgar, in their utter degradation, to cast the faintest gleam of romance over the sympathy which came to their rescue. Could this deed have been done under the influence of any other religion, than the Christian? Was anything done in the preceding ages, to be compared to it for moral grandeur? Great and glorious actions were doubtless performed by those old Greeks and Romans, and knights of the Middle Ages; but show me one so transcendently unselfish—one in which a nation acted from so pure

a sentiment of justice, untarnished by the acquisition of wealth, or fame, or power. It has been well said, that, "We seek history in vain for the results of honesty, justice, and kindness, as exemplified in the dealings of nation toward nation; or in the conduct of the mighty and powerful toward the defenceless and the weak. It was reserved for England to furnish this missing chapter in the history of the world—this unlimned picture in the Gallery of Time."

It has been asserted that the British government did this as a skilful move in the game of nations. I wish I could believe such speech had no worse origin than ignorance of facts. The British government *finds* an increase of power in the grand moral position it has taken on the subject of slavery; but they had no faith that such *would* be the result. "Honesty is the best policy, but policy without honesty never finds that out." Therefore, the application of great moral truths to the condition of man is never discovered by governments. Such perceptions come in the stillness to individual souls, and thence glide through the social fabric. At last a nation hails them as holy, and the moral power of a people compels government to adopt them, though with a growling disbelief in their efficacy. The good done by diplomatists and politicians is effected by the constraining force of public opinion: the bad they do is their own. This is the history of all amelioration in law; and it is eminently true with regard to British emancipation. The ruling powers resisted it as long as they could; but the fire kindled in the heart and conscience of the nation grew hotter and hotter. Government had sufficient sagacity to foresee that the boilers would burst, unless a safety-valve were supplied. When petitions grew so bulky that it required six men to carry them into Parliament, legislators began to say, "It is not safe for us to procrastinate longer. When 800,000 even of the *women* of England are knocking at our door, there is no

more time for delay." Thus it was that government yielded up its cold and selfish policy, a sacrifice on the altar of a nation's heart.

Do you remind me of slavery in other parts of the British empire? Of slavery in her own factories and mines? I tell you the divine fire, which burnt off the fetters of the negro slave, cast its light clearly and strongly on other wrongs. The deepest corner of those dark and dismal mines stands fully revealed to the public gaze in the gleam of that holy flame; and it has already consumed the cord which bound the East Indian in British slavery.

If you are ignorant of these facts, thank the jealousy and conscious guilt of the American press. Our editors have carefully concealed the progress of emancipation, and its blessed results, while they have diligently sought for stories of insurrection, to sustain the detestable theory that God *made* one-half of his children to be slaves to the other half. The much-desired insurrections never occurred. The negroes were too grateful and too docile to realize our republican hopes; and in lieu of fire and blood, our editors are constrained to make the most they can of the diminished production of sugar. As if the eternal truths contained in our own Declaration of Independence could be changed, or modified, by the sweetening of our tea!

Few facts are more disgraceful to the American press than the manner in which West India emancipation has been treated. Deep indeed must this country have been sunk in prejudice and sin, to have received these glad tidings of regenerated humanity, with such obvious coldness and aversion. Had we been sincere in our professed love of freedom, instead of jealous inuendoes and evil auguries, we should have sung to England a chorus of joy and praise, such as angels utter over a sinner that repenteth.

But let us turn again to proofs of the world's progress. Look at the glorious position of Ireland!

Where can you find moral grandeur to be compared to it, in the history of nations? A people trampled on for generations, and therefore ignorant and violent—a people proverbially impulsive, bold, and reckless, stand before the imposing array of British power, and say, as William Penn did, when threatened with imprisonment in the Tower, “Well, friend, thy strength shall never equal my patience.” Their oppressors, learned in the operations of brute force, arrest the Irish Liberator on the day of a great Repeal gathering, when the populace are out in masses, and under the influence of strong excitement. Having cannon and troops in readiness, they seize O’Connell, nothing doubting that a storm of stones and shillelahs will give them a specious pretext for placing Ireland under military control. But lo! neither heads nor laws are broken! The British government stands check-mated by the simple principle of peace. O’Connell has assured the Irish people that moral power is mightier than physical force; and they, with their strong hands, and hearts burning with a sense of accumulated wrongs, believe the words he has so wisely uttered. Here is a knot for diplomatists, a puzzle for politicians! Swords will not cut it, cannon cannot shatter it, fire will not burn it. It is a power that transcends governments, and governments must surrender before its unconquered majesty.

Perhaps you will say that O’Connell acts only from policy, as statesmen and generals have done before him. But does it mark no progress, that a man, who sways millions to his will, perceives this to be the best policy? Is there no encouragement in the fact that the most excitable and turbulent of people believe the word he has spoken? Could the Irish have attained to this wonderful self-command, if Father Mathew had not prepared them for the work? The Law of Temperance has made a pathway in the desert for the Law of Love, and the forces of the

millenium are marching in, bearing on their banners, "Friends, thy strength shall never equal my patience."

Duelling, strongly sustained as it has been, and still is, by the pride and passions of men, is gradually passing into disrepute. More and more, men dare to brand him as the real coward, who yields the good instincts of his heart, and the honest convictions of his own soul, to an erroneous popular opinion. Even South Carolina, the land of pistol chivalry, is beginning to rebuke the bloody folly. In this, too, O'Connell's example is great, though not blameless. The force of public opinion, and the persevering insolence of political opponents once drove him into a duel. He shot the man who had long boasted that he would rid the country of him. But his noble nature rose against the murderous deed, and he dared to obey its dictates. He settled a generous pension on the widow of his enemy, and took a solemn oath, which he caused to be recorded, that he would never again fight a duel, under any provocation. Repeated efforts have been made to provoke him into a violation of his promise; but in answer to all challenges, he calmly returns a record of his oath. Assuredly, the good seed scattered by the preaching of George Fox, and the courageous meekness of his disciples, have brought forth fruit an hundred fold.

Those must be blind indeed who see no signs of moral and intellectual growth in the extended sphere of woman's usefulness, and the high standard of female character. A woman as well educated as half the mechanics' daughters in our country, would have been pointed at as a prodigy, a century ago. It is astonishing what a moderate knowledge of science or literature, then passed for prodigious learning. A woman who had written a book was wondered at, and feared; and judicious mothers cautioned their daughters not to follow such an eccentric example, lest they should lose all chance of getting husbands.

Now, books from the pens of women, and some of them excellent books too, are poured forth by hundreds, and no one considers the fact a remarkable one. Nor have women lost in refinement and usefulness what they have gained in knowledge and power. In the transition state of society, it is true that learned women generally became awkward pedants; but at the present time, women of the deepest philosophical insight, and the most varied learning, are eminently characterized by practical usefulness, and the domestic virtues.

Observe the fast increasing odium attached to capital punishment. Even its defenders argue for it, as men do for slavery and war, with the plea of *necessity*, and with an ill-concealed consciousness that their utterance is at discord with the maxims of Christ. The governor of Vermont lately recommended the legislature of that state to repeal the law, which ordained that no man should be hung till a year after being sentenced; but instead of following his advice, they prolonged the term to fifteen months. Maine has passed a similar law.

Some years ago, in a small work on education, called "The Mother's Book," I recommended that a child should never be whipt in anger. A relative said to me, "I should be ashamed of myself if I *could* whip my child when I was *not* angry." At the time, I thought the remark a foolish one; for I had then some faith in physical coercion to effect moral good; but I now see that the mother's instincts were wiser than mine, though they did not lead her to wise conclusions. Few parents could whip a child a week after the offence was committed; and states will find it difficult to hang criminals, a year after the excitement of the trial has passed away. In process of time, the prisons themselves will furnish no one hardened enough to perform the office of a hangman; and no clergyman will be found so blinded to the true mission of Christian-

ity, as to pray on a drum head for success in blowing the souls of human brethren out of their bodies, with bomb-shells; or to stand under the gallows and pray for beneficial effects from legalized murder.

“Thank God that I have lived to see the time,
When the great truth begins at last to find
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that *all revenge is crime!*
That *man* is holier than a *creed*; that all
Restraint upon him must consult his *good*;
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
And *Love* look in upon his solitude.
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught,
Through long dark centuries its way hath wrought,
Into the common mind and popular thought;
And words to which, by Galilee's lake shore,
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,
Have found an echo in the general heart,
And of the public faith become a living part.”

It is true that, in this age of intellectual analysis, cunning has, in a great measure, taken the place of force, and with disastrous results. Still, the society that is governed by intellect, however much perverted from its true use, is in advance of society governed by club and battle axe. But from the present state of things men are obviously passing into better order. The transition is certainly a restless and painful one; but there is everything to hope from the fact that the secrets of fraud and cunning are so universally laid open, and that men are calling more and more loudly for something better to supersede them. Not in vain did Fourier patiently investigate, for thirty years, the causes of social evils and their remedy. Not in vain are communities starting up all around us, varied in plan, but all born of one idea. Do you say they will never be able to realize their aspirations? Away with your scepticism! I tell you that, if they all die, they will not perish without

leaving the seed of great social truths scattered on the hill-sides and in the valleys; and the seed will spring up and wave in a golden harvest. God does not thus mock with false hopes the beings He has made in his own image. He has taught us to pray that his kingdom may come on earth, as it is in heaven; and He will answer the prayer in glorious fulfilment.

LETTER XI.

April 7th, 1844.

It is curious to observe the number of things continually crowding on the over-taxed attention of a large city: the efforts of the individual to be seen above the mass; to be acknowledged as an entity in the human ocean. In Broadway, there walks here and there an ultraist of fashion, of whom one is tempted to ask, as did Jane Taylor's simple little girl:—

“What naughty tricks pray has she done,
That they have put a fool's cap on?”

Another segment of the social circle presents men preaching vociferously from cart-wheels, at the corners of the streets; men in dust-coloured garments, with beards descending to their girdles; here an individual with a large glittering breastplate, inscribed with texts of Scripture; and there another, with shirt worn outward, like a frock, and a large cross blazoned thereon.

These eccentric characters, which abound in our time, are among the many curious indications of rapid changes going over the old prejudices and opinions of society. When the pressure of the atmos-

phere, to which we have been accustomed, either materially or spiritually, is partially removed, none but the strongest can stand on their feet; the weaker and more susceptible totter and reel about, in the strangest style. But even this staggering and spasmodic life is far better than the inertia of the worldling and the epicure. As I walk the streets, I often meet men coming out of princely houses, and obscure grog-shops, whose souls are buried and sealed up in the sepulchre of their bodies, with no indication that a spirit once lived there, except the epitaph of a fretful and dissatisfied expression. They remind me of Driesbach's animals, leading a life of gluttony, sleep, and mechanical evolution. The Fourierites, with significant irony, would call them both the ultimate products of civilization.

The menagerie attracts crowds daily. It is certainly exciting to see Driesbach dash across the area in his chariot drawn by lions; or sleep on a bed of living leopards, with a crouching tiger for his pillow; or offering his hand to the mouth of a panther, as he would to the caresses of a kitten. But I could not help questioning whether it were right for a man to risk so much, or for animals to suffer so much, for the purposes of amusement and pecuniary profit. I pitied the poor beasts; for they seemed very sad, and their passive obedience was evidently the result of terror. Seeing plainly, as I do, that coercion, with all its discords, is a complete reversal of the divine law of attraction, and the harmonies it evolves, this caravan, with its wonderful exhibition of subdued ferocity and imitated intelligence, appeared to me like a small apartment of the infernal regions. Again and again, I returned to be soothed by the gentle Llama. I almost fancied that a human soul had passed into it, and was gazing sadly, through the large brilliant eyes, on this forced subjection of the free creatures of God.

The Llama has always interested me strongly, and

this was a beautiful specimen of its kind. It is, I believe, the only animal which man has never been able to subdue by blows. When beaten, it weeps and dies, but will not obey. Its extreme susceptibility to music, shows that it embodies some of the gentler affections. Its countenance and motions vary incessantly with the changing tune, and when the strain is plaintive, it stands motionless and listening, till the beautiful eyes are suffused with tears. I wish it could have known the love it excited in my heart. I felt melancholy to leave it thus alone, away from all its kind, compelled to watch the perpetual drill service of animals huge and small. But through this feeling arose the clear voice of Hope, proclaiming that the tigers and snakes *within* man would finally be subdued. When this process is completed, man, being at peace with himself, will be in harmony with Nature, and the obedience of inferior creatures will become freedom and joy, through the divine law of attraction.

Among the invasions on the rights of animals is the Eccaleobion, a machine for hatching eggs by artificial warmth. This idea of substituting machinery for mothers excites in me some resistance. I should suppose the intelligent hens would get up a protest against being thus thrust aside from the uses of creation. The Eccaleobion is an ultimate form of the mechanical spirit of this age, wherein men construct artificial memories, and teach grammar by a machine, in which the active verb is a little hammer pounding on the objective case.

An egg broken on the third day of this artificial hatching was shown to me, and I was extremely interested in watching the first pulsations of the chicken's heart. Though no bigger than a pin's head, it worked with the regularity and precision of a steam-engine.

There have lately been several courses of lectures on Anatomy, adapted to popular comprehension. I

rejoice at this ; for it has long been a cherished wish with me that a knowledge of the structure of our bodies, and the laws which govern it, should extend from the scientific few into the common education of the people. I know of nothing so well calculated to diminish vice and vulgarity, as universal and rational information. But the impure state of society has so perverted nature, and blinded common sense, that intelligent women, though eagerly studying the structure of the earth, the attraction of the planets, and the reproduction of plants, seem ashamed to know anything of the structure of the human body, and of those physiological facts most intimately connected with their own health, and that of their children. I often hear remarks, which tempt me to exclaim, as Sir Charles Grandison did, to a lady who held her fan before her face, in the presence of a marble statue: "Wottest thou not, my dear, how much *indelicacy* there is in thy delicacy."

The Manikin, or Artificial Anatomy, used in illustrating these popular lectures, is an extremely curious machine, invented by a French physician. It is made of *papier maché*, and represents the human body with admirable perfection, in the shape, colouring, and arrangement, even of the minutest fibres. By the removal of wires, it can be completely dissected, so as to show the locality and functions of the various organs, the interior of the heart, lungs, &c. I was struck with the perpetual presence of the red artery and the blue vein, side by side, in the minutest subdivisions of the frame ; the arteries conveying healthy, vigorous blood from the heart, to pervade and nourish the whole system ; the veins returning the exhausted and impure blood to the lungs, there to be purified by atmospheric action, and again return into the arteries. Is it not so with the progressive annunciation of truth, by the circulation of which the social body has attained its present growth ? Does not every truth come to us from the central

heart of things, to be carried, with earnest, self-forgetting zeal, into the very fingers and toes of society? And when it becomes a dogma and a creed, learned only by tradition, must it not go back to God's free atmosphere, to be purified for newer and higher manifestations?

But as every drop of blood, while it nourishes the body, likewise changes it, so that no particle of bone, muscle, or flesh, is ever to-day precisely as it was yesterday—so the circulation of truth through the world gradually changes the whole social fabric, and the new truth comes into a social frame, different from the preceding, even in the minutest muscles of its extremities.

Christianity has degenerated into sectarianism, and is now returning, through innumerable veins, to be purified for healthy arterial action from the central heart. Yet had it not run an earnest life, and been returned through dogmas to be revived, could there have been a social body fit to receive the high truths which will roll the world forward into its millenium? Of what use, for instance, would it be to preach pure, spiritual doctrines concerning marriage, to a social organization based on Mahometanism? Disorderly as society now appears, it is nevertheless true that the smallest fibre of the toe in our social frame, is in more harmonious relation to the universe, than it would have been had we not descended from nations possessing a knowledge of Christianity.

The same thing is true of fragmentary portions of Christianity. Anti-slavery, temperance, and peace, may degenerate into sects, and thus cease to promote growth; but the fact, that they once circulated with a true life, has prepared every fibre of the social organization for the appropriation of higher and more universal truths. Thus does the world grow from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood.

And *after* manhood—what *then* comes to society? Must it reproduce itself through another infancy and

youth? Or, being spiritual in its *essence*, will it, like the soul of man, finally wear a spiritual *body*, to live and move freely, in harmony with the universe?

Here I pause; and looking thoughtfully from my window, a peaceful cemetery lies before me, with its grassy mounds and evergreen shrubbery. Busy thought has projected its lines far into the infinite, and through that sleeping-place only, can it ever see the return of the curve. Ah, how much I shall then know! Magazines would pay a hundred guineas a page for my information, if they could only be *sure* that the author was where she dated from. I will come in the deep stillness of the starry midnight, and whisper it to gentle, child-like souls; and they will utter it, not knowing whence it came. But the periodicals will call it mysticism and trash, not worth half a dollar a page, and far less important than the price of cotton. Nevertheless, the mystical word will pass from God's free atmosphere into the lungs of society, and renovate the spiritual blood, which, having completed its course, will return again to the centre. And day by day the whole body will be slowly changed, so that no little veinlet or bone will remain as it was, before the despised mystical word was uttered. The angels will watch all this in its hourly progress, while they take no note of presidential elections, or the price of cotton.

LETTER XII.

April 15, 1844.

You remind me that I often allude to correspondences between things natural and spiritual, and ask how I can call it a science, since it is altogether arbi-

trary and imaginary. It is doubtless true that theories of correspondence may be invented, which are unlike, and even contradictory; but this does not alter the fact that there is a real harmonious relation between all things natural and all things spiritual, descending from generals into the minutest particulars, and governed by laws as unchangeable as any of the outward sciences. This was first revealed to me, in early life, in the writings of Swedenborg. The subject took strong hold of my mind, and has ever since deeply and vividly coloured the whole fabric of my thought.

Minds accustomed to observe the relation between the inward and the outward, are struck, first of all, with the duality that prevails everywhere; the universal presence of a masculine and a feminine principle. For instance, understanding and will, or thought and affection; light and heat; time and space; words and tones. That tones indicate the affections, or feelings, needs no proof; for every body knows that the meaning of a word may be entirely changed by the tone in which it is uttered. In proportion as the sentiments are refined and cultivated, musical inflexions run through the voice, and perchance are heard by the angels as a harp accompaniment to speech.

In written language, the duality is again observable; for vowels are feminine and consonants masculine. Hence music flows more easily into languages abounding with vowels. These sounds glide and mingle, like all expressions of the affections; but consonants are hard and distinct, like things of truth.

Love, or Good, is the inmost universal essence of all things. Music, being disembodied tone, is the expression of love, or the affections, in a general sense. Hence, it glides, like a pervading soul, into all things of literature and art; giving painting its tone, architecture its harmony, and poetry its rhythm. It has been beautifully said, that "Music is the *voice* of God and poetry his *language*."

Words being of truth, are divided into many dialects, and nations cannot understand each other's speech; and so it is with the opinions and doctrines of mankind. But the affections are everywhere the same; and music, being their voice, is a universal medium between human hearts, exciting the same emotions in the Italian and the Swede.

Everywhere, down to the minutest details, the duality recurs. In written music, there are signs for intonation, and signs for duration; intonation relating to space, or the affections, and duration to time, or truth. Soprano is feminine, and bass is masculine; but take woman's voice alone, and it divides into soprano and contralto; and man's voice divides into tenor and bass. Soprano is the voice of woman's affections, and contralto of woman's intellect. Tenor is the voice of man's affections, and bass of his intellect. Soprano is an octave higher than tenor, and contralto an octave higher than bass; for the feminine principle, which represents the affections and moral sentiments, is always *higher* than the masculine or intellectual principle, which is characterized by *breadth*. Every class of instruments has representatives of the masculine and feminine principle; thus, the trumpet is the soprano of the horns, and the bassoon, or fagotto, is the bass of the oboes. The Air in music relates to the affections or sentiments, and the accompaniments to truth. Hence the Air is the soul, or pervading essence of every musical composition. If you analyze the mind, genius represents the transcending, infusing power, and skill the ultimate form or foundation. Skill may produce agreeable accords, but it requires genius to compose an expressive air. The human voice, in relation to instrumental music, represents the affections, and the instruments the intellect, or thought. Hence the air is intrusted to the voice.

Among instruments, the violin represents the human voice, which, of all instruments, it most nearly

resembles, in the infinite variety of its intonations. In purely instrumental music, therefore, the air is composed on the violin, and passes into the contralto and bass instruments, as the moral sentiments pass into all things of intellect and science, modulating their whole expression. The bass sometimes leads the Air temporarily, as a man of intellect preaches for doctrine what somebody else has loved and lived; but in both these cases, the bass, or the scientific plane, originally received the Air from something of higher tone than itself.

Eastern nations do not understand harmony, and they believe that women are without souls, made to be the slaves of men. When women are their companions and friends, harmony will come into their music, and their grotesque and distorted forms of art will acquire symmetry and grace. In the Persian music it is said that a European ear can distinguish nothing like an Air; and that fact alone would of itself sufficiently indicate the absence of an elevated pervading moral sentiment, gradually bringing science and social life into harmony with itself, as we see in Christian countries.

All nations of Caucasian origin have an alphabet that represents *sounds*; but those descended from the Malay race have never attained to alphabetic writing. The Chinese, who are the most civilized of them, use an alphabet of *words*, or signs of *things*, not of separate *sounds*. There is the same complication in their musical signs. They express collections of sound by a single sign, instead of separating them into their simple elements. This indicates the absence of analysis, and of course no progress in art or science.

One cannot easily define the relation between political and social changes, and the character of music: yet whoever observes them well, will see that they always bear most expressive relation to each other. In Gothic times arose the Fugue, a musical

composition which has been thus described: "It goes circling upward, like a many-tongued flame, always aspiring, never finished, telling of more and more that it would be. There are innumerable voices and airs winding and blending into one another, and leading you into the depths and mysterious mazes of a vast animated whole." How strikingly is this in keeping with the architecture of those times, and how expressive are both of the dim, superstitious, mystical sentiment of the age.

Before the Protestant reformation, music, as well as literature, was mostly shut up in the church, and masses and anthems, like monkish books, were elaborately learned and artificial. But before the beginning of the seventeenth century, popular airs, which people sang at their work, and by the wayside, the melodies of a nation's heart, began to be arranged and harmonized. Music glided out of church and monastery into the free air of social life, and became the opera. Literature did the same, and took form in drama and novel; which, like the opera, are idealisations of the joys, sorrows, and passions of private life.

Who does not hear, in the Marseilles Hymn, the voice of a whole nation on the eve of revolution?

"When civic renovation

Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best *eloquence* avails not, inspiration
Mounts with a *tune*, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the sluggard—pleased to meet
That voice of freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet."

Formerly the Air reigned absolute, and the accompaniments were trifling and altogether subordinate appendages; but in modern times, the orchestra has been constantly increasing in importance. Now, every instrument is an individual character, every

one has its say, each one attracts attention in turn, and according as it is more or less prominent, the whole expression of the piece is changed. It could not be otherwise with music in this age, which has been most significantly called All Souls' Day; when men no longer receive from reverence or authority, but each one judges of truth for himself, and speaks of it for himself.

That which orchestral music is aiming at, and approaching nearer and nearer to, is to combine infinite variety into perfect unity; to have each class of instruments distinct, yet so to mingle and work together, by harmony or contrast, that one soul shall pervade the whole. Believers in human progress will need no interpretation of the prophecy contained in this. They will see that music, too, is praying for "the kingdom to come on earth, as it is in heaven."

It would be easy to follow out these resemblances to a great length. To some minds they would seem mere idle and absurd fancies; to others, they would be full of beauty and truth. Those who do not perceive the intimate relation between the sentiments of a nation, or a sect, and the expression of its music, would perhaps be convinced if they were to listen to Catholic chants and chorusses, and then to the tunes in a Universalist place of worship.

Swedenborg says that the number seven contains the whole, in a universal sense; and musicians have agreed that beyond seven sounds, arranged in particular order, either ascending or descending, the rest are merely reproduced in the same order. The eighth, or octave, begins again, and repeats the same sounds, with merely the difference that there is between a high and low voice. If we could disentangle the infinite complexities of creation, I believe we should find that each subdivision of nature contains the whole, repeated by the others in higher or lower keys. Of course, all these ascending and descending circles would chord at intervals.

Between music and painting, the connexion is so obvious, that the terms of the two arts are full of it. Men talk of the tone and harmony of a picture, and of light and shade in the sounds of an instrument. The chromatic scale derives its name from the Greek word *chroma*, which signifies colour; and the sounds of a good orchestra might easily suggest harmony of colours, even to a mind not very imaginative.

In printed music, observe the predominance of the waving line of sound; it is the undulating line of grace and beauty in architecture and sculpture. If we could trace the analogy distinctly and clearly, as superior intelligences can, we should perhaps perceive that Moorish architecture was composed in E major, as plainly as any of Haydn's music; and that the architecture of the 15th century was, like its prevailing music, in the key of F and D minor.

Not between the arts alone is there this repetition of the same sounds on higher and lower keys. It pervades all creation, from the highest to the lowest, and fills every detail of nature and science with living significance. Thus mathematical proportions express the intervals of music, and precisely the same figures mark the distances of the planets.

"The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves *appear* to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist.
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist.
Thy pinions, universal air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the seasons in their round."

And all this complexity of creation, this infinite variety flowing from unity, is in the soul of man;

and if it were *not* there, it could not be in creation. If there were not hope and memory in the human soul, there would be no Major and Minor mode in music; for the Major and Minor modes are the Hope and Memory of sound.

Pardon me that I draw my illustrations so largely from music. I am prone to write of whatever my mind is full; and for three or four years past, everything has spoken to me of music, and music has spoken to me of everything. The phenomena of light and optics likewise abound with significant illustrations of spiritual correspondence. That light represents the universal influx of truth, is so plain, that in all languages, and from time immemorial, it has been spoken in metaphor. "To see the truth," "to receive *light* on a subject," are common expressions. Light is dual; for it is always accompanied with warmth, which is of the affections; and therefore it vivifies and produces growth, as well as makes growth visible. In its origin, too, we find the feminine producing principle; for

"A voice to light gave being."

Whoever can wisely trace spiritual analogies through optics and colours, will find themselves in a mansion of glories, where all manner of beautiful forms are outlined with rainbows. I will allude but to one analogy, as I pass along. Light is one and unchangeable, but the objects on which it shines absorb and reflect its rays so variously, that modifications of colour therefrom are infinite. It is precisely so with truth, in its action on human souls. Truth is one and unchangeable, but no two minds receive it alike; hence the innumerable colourings and shadings of human opinion. They might all be as harmonious as the instruments of a good orchestra; but terrible discord arises from the supposition of each one that it engrosses truth to itself, and a consequent desire to drown or overtop other voices.

When metaphors in language are particularly impressive in their beauty, it is an indication that they are founded in the real relation between things natural and spiritual. When I read, in some of Margaret Fuller's writings, "Wine is earth's answer to the sun," I smiled with pleasure, as I would at the sight of a beautiful flower, or gem. I saw that the analogy lay deeper than fancy. To speak in musical phrase, I heard a harmonious chord in this comparison. Wine, as *drink*, represents truth, as the sun does by its light; but its liquid warmth is like the heat of the sun. Its colour and its glow indicate the predominance of the sentiments, affections, or passions. Hence, wine kindles the imagination, excites and elevates the feelings, and throws off all caution and disguise. Hence, too, its excess is inflaming and unhealthy.

Water so obviously represents truth, that men have always talked of streams of knowledge, and fountains of wisdom; but it is plainly a type of truth in a less universal sense than light. As light imparts colour according to the quality of the thing that receives it, so water takes its form from whatever contains it. Like the spiritual idea they signify, they cannot be monopolized by men, but must forever remain universal gifts. It is true that water is sometimes sold by the gallon, in cities, and theological sects and teachers sell doctrines to some minds. But these are local deviations from a universal law. Neither truth nor water are changed by the limited and temporary monopoly; though unless the vessels are kept very clean, the purchasers will buy disease with their draught.

Water rises and expands under the action of heat, as truth does under the influence of the moral sentiments. Perhaps steam could not have been used to diminish the obstructions of space and time, as it now does, had not an increasing feeling of the brotherhood of man entered into the philosophy, literature, and politics of the age, elevating and enlarging

theories, opinions, and laws, and diminishing the spiritual distances between men.

As water cannot be forced above its level, so the opinions and laws of a people never rise above their idea of God; but whatever is the real internal idea of the Divine Being, to that level, literature, education, and law, will rise through all obstructions.

Swedenborg defines the correspondence of oil, as "the holy principle of the Good of Love." Such a type we should of course expect to be smooth and gliding, inflammable, and always rising above water. Its tendency to abate the raging of the waves is well known; and whoever tries the spiritual principle it represents, will find that it has the same power to calm the tempestuous soul of an angry man. That all truths, above the merely natural and scientific, are seen more and more clearly in proportion to the pure state of the affections, will be readily admitted by all observers of the inward growth of the soul. It is likewise a fact that oil poured upon water, makes it lucid to its remotest depths, so that all substances in it can be distinctly seen. A traveller in Turkey writes thus: "I was aware that oil would calm the surface of the sea; but I did not know, until recently, that it rendered objects more distinct beneath the surface. A trinket of some value had been dropped out of the upper windows of our palace into the Bosphorus; which at this place was ten or twelve feet deep. It was so small, that dragging for it would have been perfectly fruitless; it was accordingly given up for lost, when one of the servants proposed to drop a little oil on the surface. This was acceded to, though with faint hopes of success. To our astonishment, the trinket immediately appeared in sight, and was eventually recovered."

Priceless, altogether infinite in value, are the spiritual jewels that might be restored to the world, by pouring oil upon the troubled waves.

Garments represent truth; and the "philosophy of

clothes" is therefore not without meaning. In Eastern nations, where despotic government, and theological belief in fatalism, stop the progress of human thought, opinions change not, and the fashion of garments is unvarying. But in France, where churches and governments are demolished and rebuilt in three days, the modes of dress are always changing. In America, we borrow our fashions from older nations, and mostly do the same with our thoughts.

I have spoken of the constant recurrence of duality; but it is equally true, though not equally obvious in all particulars, that where there are two, there occurs a third, the ultimate plane of both. Thus in man, love, wisdom, and life; or will, understanding, and action. There are three primal colours, red, blue, and yellow. In music the perfect chord is composed of three notes. Animals, vegetables, and minerals, are the primaries, mediates, and ultimates, of things on the earth. Fountain, river, and sea, bear the same relation to each other. The rivers are mediates to convey spiritual truth, from the divine fountain, into natural and scientific truth. The sea is, in this relation, what bass is in music; the ultimate form, or scientific basis. Among minerals, iron is the ultimate; and the amount used by a nation indicates very truly their cultivation in sciences and mechanical arts.

I have told you that I long ago found in the writings of Swedenborg the golden key that unlocks these mysteries, and that my mind has been more or less busy with it ever since. Very often, when I had no recollection what his definition was, I have, by reflecting on the uses and properties of some natural substance, conjectured what its spiritual signification *must* be; and upon examination, I have usually found that my conjecture was the same as his statement. I never but once successfully reversed the process. Once, I began with a remote spiritual correspondence, and descended from it into an ultimate

scientific law in music, the existence of which I had not previously known. By following space and time through several windings of spiritual analogy, I came to the conclusion that the tone of a note must depend on its place in the staff; that mere points would answer as well as anything else for this purpose, and therefore the different shape of the notes must be to mark duration, or time. I examined the rules of notation in music, and found that it was so; but I was peculiarly delighted with this small addition to knowledge, because I arrived at it from the upper road.

I need not inform you that glimpses of the relation between natural and spiritual things have been seen by reflecting and poetic souls, in all ages. It runs a bright thread of metaphor through the web of all languages, and sparkles like sun-points in the poetry of all times. The Pythagoreans said that "the One, from which all things flow, and to which all things ultimately tend, is Good." Plato says, "What light and sight are in the visible world, truth and knowledge are in the world of intelligences." Again he says, "God is truth, and light is his shadow."

You will see that I have made no attempt to give a comprehensive view of correspondence. In stating my conviction that it is a genuine, though almost unknown science, I have written without effort, as I would have talked. From the fragments which thus glanced upon my mind, you may judge what shining gems, and rich veins of ore, might be found by souls that have capacity to see the whole in every part. That there must be immense complication in the science, you will perceive if you reflect that the good and the true mirror themselves in all the varieties of creation, and all have a reversed image in the evil and the false.

LETTER XIII.

April 24th, 1844.

You ask me what is transcendentalism, and what do transcendentalists believe? It is a question difficult, nay, impossible, to answer; for the minds so classified are incongruous individuals, without any creed. The name is in fact applied to everything new, strange, and unaccountable. If a man is a non-conformist to established creeds and opinions, and expresses his dissent in a manner ever so slightly peculiar, he is called a transcendentalist. It is indeed amusing to see how easily one may acquire this title. A southern lady lately said to a friend of mine, "I knew you were a transcendentalist the first half hour I heard you talk." "How so?" inquired my friend. "Oh, it is easy enough to be seen by your peculiar phrases." "Indeed! I had thought my language was very plain and natural. Pray what transcendental phrase have I used?" "The first time I ever saw you, you spoke of a person at the North as unusually *gifted*; and I have often since heard you use other transcendental expressions."

If you wish to know the origin of the word transcendentalism, I will explain it, briefly and simply, as I understand it.

All, who know anything of the different schools of metaphysics, are aware that the philosophy of John Locke was based on the proposition that *all* knowledge is received into the soul through the medium of the senses; and thence passes to be judged of and analyzed by the understanding.

The German school of metaphysics, with the celebrated Kant at its head, rejects this proposition as false; it denies that all knowledge is received through the senses, and maintains that the highest, and therefore most universal truths, are revealed within the

soul, to a faculty *transcending* the understanding. This faculty they call pure Reason; it being peculiar to them to use that word in contradistinction to the Understanding. To this pure Reason, which some of their writers call "The God within," they believe that all perceptions of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, are revealed, in its unconscious quietude; and that the province of the Understanding, with its five handmaids, the Senses, is confined merely to external things, such as facts, scientific laws, &c.

This idea of an inwardly revealing faculty, *transcending* mere intellectual perception, will naturally remind many of the "inward voice," believed in by the Society of Friends. In fact, the two phrases are different aspects of the same idea. The Quakers saw it through a religious medium, Kant in a light purely philosophic.—Closely connected with this idea is the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures; a doctrine concerning which the most confused and unsettled notions prevail, even among those who would be most shocked at being charged with any doubts upon the subject. It is this idea, which leads some to inquire, "Did Paul mean the same thing as the Transcendentalists, or the Quakers, when he made a distinction between what he wrote of *himself*, and what was *given* him to write?"

Unitarianism does not involve transcendentalism: on the contrary, it often cherishes an extreme aversion to it. But, generally speaking, minds inclined to transcendentalism are of Unitarian habits of thought. The cause is obvious enough. Both judge the recorded facts of Revelation by the light of Reason; and in no case acknowledge the authority of Revelation over Reason; believing, only when Reason and Revelation seem to them coincident.

The more popular and common forms of theology have a natural affinity with the metaphysics of Locke.—That is, certain things witnessed by the senses, and recorded as miraculous facts, are consid-

ered sufficient reasons for believing everything uttered by those who performed the miracles. Those who presume to judge of Revelation by Reason may, and generally do, believe the miracles of Christ, as recorded facts; but they could not believe in the doctrines of Christ *because* he worked miracles.

There is slight resemblance between Quakers and Transcendentalists. The former abjure imagination and the Arts, and love to enclose everything within prescribed rules and regulations. The latter luxuriate in the beautiful, and their theories are so expansive and indefinite, that they remind one of the old story of transmigration, in which a philosopher, being asked what form he would like to have his disembodied soul enter, answered, "Form in general; no form in particular."

But the doctrine of perpetual revelation, heard in the quietude of the soul, produces one similar result in both. Neither of them favour the activity of reforms. The Quaker wishes "Israel to remain in his tents;" his cure for evils is to "keep in the quiet." The transcendentalist phrases it otherwise; he advises "to lie still in the spiritual sunshine, and grow." Neither are fond of the maxim, that "action strikes fiery *light* from the rocks it has to hew through."

The style of writing characteristic of Transcendentalists has excited much merriment, and more wonder. That which is *really* uttered has deeper significance, than is usually apprehended by intelligent minds unaccustomed to similar habits of thought; but it has an oracular and mystical sound, because they rather *announce*, than *argue*, what seems to them truth. This comes of their doctrine of intuitive perception. It is the business of the understanding, they say, to analyze, compare, and prove; but reason reveals. Therefore, there is about their writings "a tone and colour *sui generis*; something of the clear and the mysterious, like the sea in a beautiful day in summer. A light, cold and colourless, pierces the

liquid mass, giving it a certain transparency that captivates the eye, but which imports that there is always, at the bottom, a mystery unexplained."

Imitations of Transcendentalism are unquestionably the most contemptible form of affectation and sham. Parrots laying claim to Edward Irving's inspired gift of tongues, would be wisdom compared with it. This class of superficial and artificial writers are best described by Daniel O'Connell's witty remark concerning certain public speakers: "They are men who aim at nothing, and hit it."

It is true that some of the profoundest of the transcendentalists are a little too fond of the impersonal abstraction *it*. This *it* often seems to be something "without form and void, and darkness on the face of it." Not long ago, one of this fraternity said to me, "Why do we rummage about with memory in the past, to find out our whereabouts and our whatabout? It is because we are not true to ourselves, is it not? If we *were* true to ourselves, we should have no need to rummage about with memory in the past, to find out our whereabouts, and our whatabout; for it would be with us, we should be *it*."

However, this obscurity with regard to the "whereabout and whatabout," is not an exclusive peculiarity of the modern school. Old Dr. Bentley, formerly of Salem, Mass., once took for his text, "It is his spirit;" and began his sermon thus: "The sympathy of our loves is the ideal presence; and this with full consent in its best effects."

New-York is in too much of a hurry scurry all the time, to "lie still in the sunshine" and ripen such fruit as either transcendental philosophy, or its poverty-stricken imitations. It never enters into the head of a Wall-street merchant, that he is, as a friend of ours asserts, "personally responsible for the obliquity of the earth's axis."

"Transcendental muslins" I have often seen advertised in the Bowery; but I have rarely met with

transcendentalism in any other form, in this city. I did once, out of pure mischief, send a politician and an active man of business to a house, where I knew they would encounter three or four of these disciples, who occasionally ride a pretty high horse. When they came back, I asked with a sober face, what they had talked about. They said they did not know; but being unmercifully urged to tell something that was said, the politician at last answered: "One of them divided man into three states; the disconscious, the conscious, and the unconscious. The *disconscious* is the state of a pig; the conscious is the baptism by water; and the *unconscious* is the baptism by fire." "How did the conversation impress your mind?" said I, restraining a smile. "Why, after I had heard them talk a few minutes," replied he, "I'll be hanged if I knew whether I *had* any mind."

I then asked the man of business how he had been edified. "My head aches," said he; "they have put my mind and body both in a confounded muss."

You must know that "muss" is a favourite phrase with New-Yorkers, to express everything that is in a state of confusion. Not only mountains, but mole-hills, here bring forth a "*ridiculus mus*."

Being in a tormenting mood, I insisted that my friend should give some account of the conversation.

Thus urged, he at last replied, "Why, one of them seemed to think there *was* some connection between mind and body; but as for the rest, so far as I could understand them, they all seemed to think the body was nothing but a sham."

I am sometimes called a transcendentalist myself, perhaps because I use the phrase "highly gifted." But I acknowledged considerable sympathy with the perplexed politician and man of business. For there are people, very intellectual ones too, who mystify me in the strangest fashion. After talking with them, my spirit always has to bite its finger, to know whether it exists or not; and even then, the question

arises whether a sensation *is* a sensation. As for the received axiom that “a thing cannot *be* and *not* be, at the same time,” they always set it twirling.

If asked to explain themselves, they answer with Jean Paul, “probably God knows what I meant, but I have forgotten.”

LETTER XIV.

May 15, 1844.

WANDERING over the fields between Hoboken and Weehawken, I came upon the loveliest little clump of violets, nestling in the hollow of an old moss-grown stump. The joy they gave me, you could not imagine unless you had long been shut up in a city. Their fragrance and beauty, the genial air, the open sunlight, the little zephyrs playing at shuttlecock with the dried leaves about my feet, all greeted me like the smile of a friend. And the little cluster of violets had many pleasant things to say to me, too. They spoke of an unknown friend, who sends from Cambridge, Massachusetts, the very earliest flowers of spring, and the very latest of autumn, directed “To the Author of Letters from N. York.” It is the most tasteful compliment I ever received; except once, when I was visiting in a town where I was a stranger, some children brought a basket of flowers, “for the lady who writes stories for us.” I hope I am a better woman, for the offering of those innocent little ones, and for the flowers that come and speak to me so kindly of my own distant and beloved New-England. If you can find the giver of the graceful offering, tell him the bouquet of Gentians came to me as fresh as young affections; and for a fortnight they continued to open their beau-

tiful blue eyes to the sunshine, and close their long graceful fringes in evening sleep.

The first flowers and the last indicate just the mission I should like to perform. I would offer Flowers for Children at the outset of life, and wreath a bright crown of Immortelles for the Cross at its close. To the young I would speak joyfully, to the old cheerfully, to all hopefully. Would that I could drop lilies and roses along the path of every human brother and sister.

Those violets by the mossy stump reminded me of one who was, as I should like to be, as truly a child when she returned to the bosom of her Father, as when he first sent her forth to make the pilgrimage of time. I allude to Hannah Adams, the simple-hearted old lady, so well remembered as the earliest writer among the women of New-England. The last time I called upon her, I carried her a bunch of fresh violets; and I well remember the eager pleasure with which she received them. I was a young girl, and she was aged; but her joy was as vivid as mine, and her face mantled with smiles, as she greeted the beloved flowers. "Oh, this reminds me of my visit to the country, last spring," said she. "Everything looked so beautiful! It seemed to me as if the world was just created."

I never saw an old person, the expression of whose face was so innocent and infantine as hers. Any cosmetic that could produce this effect would sell high in the market. But the spirit never yields its beautiful gifts to any such process of jugglery. They who would retain a fresh old age, must love nature with a genuine love, and be simple, cheerful, and kindly, even as little children.

Hannah Adams struggled with poverty in her youth, and being feeble in health, and of a sensitive temperament, she hid herself in life's shadiest coverts, and held communion only with nature and with books. This gave a timid constraint to her manner, which she could not overcome in later life, when she

was accustomed to attention from the wealthy and distinguished; but in this there was a certain something not altogether ungraceful, like the awkwardness of a child.

Her uncommon learning, her diffidence, and occasional abstraction of mind, gave rise to innumerable anecdotes. These stories sometimes returned to her, and increased the constraint of her manner, by inducing a troublesome consciousness of being unlike other people. Once, when she was going on a short excursion, in her old age, she was repeatedly charged to count the articles of her baggage, and by no means to forget that she carried three. A gentleman in the stage, when he saw the learned Hannah Adams enter, expected a rich treat in her conversation; but to his great disappointment, the only words she uttered during the whole ride, were "Basket, bundle, and box, basket, bundle, and box," frequently repeated. She attended Dr. Channing's church, and had great personal respect for him. Sometimes, when his sermons peculiarly interested her, she would become so absorbed in listening, that she unconsciously rose by degrees, and leaning forward over the pew, would gaze at the preacher with an expression of delight so intense, that it excited a smile in those who observed her. One day, she was seen knocking at the meeting-house door, and being asked why she did it, she replied that she wanted to see Dr. Channing. When informed that the church was closed on week-days, and that she would be more likely to find him at his house, she very quietly followed the direction, saying she wondered she had not thought of that before.

A friend was one day visiting at a house where some stranger guests expressed great curiosity to see Hannah Adams; and to gratify them she offered to go and invite her to tea. The old lady accepted the invitation with the simple gladness of a child, and was soon ready to accompany her kind guide. The wind was in rather an active mood, and nearly blew

off her bonnet. When they entered the house, they passed into a room, on one side of which were mirror-windows. The lady, perceiving that Miss Adams's cap was awry, led her up to the mirror to adjust it. But she was so little accustomed to view her own face, that she supposed a stranger stood before her, and bobbing a little child-like courtesy, she said, in all simplicity, "How do you do, ma'am?" "I want you to look and see if your cap is right," said her friend, smiling. But Miss Adams, supposing herself introduced again, dropped another courtesy, and repeated, "How do you do, ma'am?" It was some minutes before she was enabled clearly to comprehend that she stood before a mirror, and was courtesying to her own image.

Such indications of an absent mind, though they were not of frequent occurrence, were of course busily repeated and often exaggerated. For in those days, intellectual accomplishments were so rare, that a woman who had fitted several boys for college, was considered as great a prodigy as the learned pig, that could spell his own name. Even in our own day, a carpenter being informed that the model of the house he was building was planned by a woman, exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, I declare, she knows *e'en-a'-most* as much as some men!" Those who knew him and the highly cultivated and intellectual woman, who planned the building, found his condescending acknowledgment of an "*e'en-a'-most*" equality sufficiently comic.

The prejudice against literary women was then much stronger than now. Some one happened to remark that they wondered Hannah Adams had never been married, for she was really a very sensible and pleasant woman. "Marry Hannah Adams!" exclaimed a gentleman, who was present; "why I should as soon think of marrying my Greek Grammar." Yet the good lady was not at all like a Greek grammar. She was full of kindly thoughts

and gentle affections, innocent as a child, and truthful as the sun. That she felt constrained, and not at home in the world, was more the fault of society in being too artificial, than hers in being too natural and simple.

It is true, that circumstances in early life had too much fostered her love of seclusion, and of intellectual culture. Habits of practical skill, and convenient self-help, must be formed in early life, or they will never be thoroughly acquired. Stewart says truly that "the cultivation of any one part of our character, such as exclusive attention to the culture of taste, the argumentative powers, or even to the refinement of moral feeling, is always more or less hazardous." Bacon has the following fine passage on the same idea: "In forming the human character, we must not proceed as a sculptor does in forming a statue, who works sometimes on the face, sometimes on the limbs, and sometimes on the folds of the garments. But we must proceed, and it is in our power to proceed, as nature does in forming a flower, or any other of her productions. She throws out altogether, and at once, the whole system of being, and the rudiments of all the parts."

The want of self-reliance, and what in New-England is called "faculty" about common things, was partly to be attributed to Miss Adams's delicate health, and timid temperament, and partly to the ever-watchful care of an affectionate elder sister, who ministered to her wants, and supplied her deficiencies. Thus early accustomed to lean upon a stronger nature, she was like a vine deprived of its support, when this beloved relative passed into the world of spirits, and left her alone, at the age of thirty-five.

In the last interview I had with her, she spoke much of this sister. "Never," said she, "was there a stronger friendship than existed between us. Elizabeth was my guide, my friend, my earthly all. We shared the same apartment for years. I had no

thought concealed from her. The bond of affection was so strong, that to part with life seemed as nothing compared to parting with her."

"I have been told," said I, "that you think you once saw the spirit of this dear sister."

"I cannot say that I believe it," she replied. "I have no superstition about me, and I am very unwilling to believe marvellous things. But I have never felt quite clear about the circumstances of the case to which you allude. During my sister's illness, we talked much together of our approaching separation, and of the probable state of the soul hereafter. We enquired anxiously whether we should know each other in that spirit world? Would she be able to see what I was doing and thinking on earth? During these conversations, my sister said, with solemn earnestness, 'Dear Hannah, if spirits *are* permitted to visit those they have loved on earth, I will give you some visible token that I am near you. Would you be afraid of me?' I told her I could not be afraid of *her*, and that it would be most pleasant to me to have her come. I thought so then; but after my sister died, the recollection of what she had said produced an undefined feeling of fear, when I was in solitude and darkness. However, weeks and months passed, and my vague superstition grew weaker and weaker. At last, it occurred to my mind only in the form of wonder that I could ever have allowed myself to be thus excited.

"One night, I sat up, as I often did, reading until midnight. After I had extinguished my light and retired to rest, I remained wakeful for some time. My mind was serene and cheerful; and I do not recollect that my thoughts were in any way occupied with my sister. Presently, my attention was arrested by a dimly luminous cloud, not far from the bed. I looked out, to see whether a light from another chamber of the house was reflected on my window; but all was darkness. I again turned to my pillow, and

saw that the luminous appearance was brighter, and visibly increased in size. The shutters of our old-fashioned house had holes in the middle, in the shape of a heart. I thought it must be that the moonlight streamed through one of these, and perhaps shone on some white garment, hanging on the wall. I rose and felt of the wall, but there was nothing there. I looked out of the window, and saw only a cloudy midnight sky, with here and there a solitary star. When I returned to bed, and still saw the unaccountable column of light, then, for the first time, a feeling of awe came over me. I had hitherto thought only of natural causes; but now a vague idea of the supernatural began to oppress me. My sister's promise occurred to my mind, and made me afraid. A trembling came over me, as I watched the light, and saw it become more and more distinct. It was not like moonlight, or sunlight. I cannot describe it better than by comparing it to a brilliant lamp, shining through thin, clear, white muslin. It gradually assumed shape, and there slowly emerged from it the outlines of my sister's face and figure. The very strings of her cap, tied in a bow under her chin, were distinctly visible. A terrible fear weighed upon my heart, like the night-mare; and I screamed aloud. This brought some of the family to me, in great alarm; but before they entered, the light had vanished. When I told the story, they said I had been asleep and dreaming. I felt perfectly sure that I had been wide awake; but they said I was mistaken. Friends, to whom I mentioned it afterward, said that if I were indeed awake, it must have been a nervous delusion; and though I never had a nerve in my life, I supposed it must be so."

I remarked that physicians called all such phenomena nervous delusions; and that many seemed to accept the phrase as a satisfactory explanation; but that to my mind it did not in the least diminish the mystery. *How* was it that disordered nerves

produced visions? With what eyes did nervous persons see objects, that were invisible to the natural senses? Grant that it was an image from the mind, how did the nerves paint it on the air?

"I cannot tell," replied Miss Adams. "I do not think there is any use in puzzling ourselves with these questions. I was somewhat ashamed of my terror, and was willing enough to have the blame laid on my nerves. Still, I should have been glad to have found some white garment hanging on the wall, next morning, that my incredulity might have been satisfied with proof that the whole was an illusion of my natural senses, aided by imagination. They wished me to have some one sleep in my apartment; but I was indignant at being supposed the victim of childish fears. My courage returned. I said, 'If my good sister did come to me, her errand was surely a kind one, and why should I have been afraid?' After they left me for the night, I almost wished that the vision, if it were indeed my sister, would come again. I fell asleep, and dreamed of sweet intercourse with her; but the luminous shadow never came again. I cannot say whether it were dream or vision; the subject has always puzzled me."

I asked the old lady if she had never been sorry that fear prevented her from speaking to the appearance of her sister?

"Yes, I have been very sorry," she replied. "But had she appeared twenty times, perhaps I should never have mustered courage to speak first, which I understand is the established etiquette on such occasions."

I tell the story as she told it to me, without offering explanation. A singular mixture of belief and scepticism ran through her whole account; as if the fear of being deemed superstitious were continually with her, and mocked at the distinctness of her own impressions. Those familiar with the phenomena of animal magnetism will not dismiss the multitude of

stories of this kind as mere inventions of disordered brains. If they are wise, they will rather conclude that the relations between spirit and matter are governed by laws now mysterious, but which may hereafter be clear to the eye of reason. A few centuries ago, our most common experiments in science would have been deemed magical. And the present age, with all its self-conscious progress, is not half so wise as it deems itself.

Hannah Adams died at the age of seventy-six. She was the first person buried at Mount Auburn; where a very neat monument was erected to her memory, bearing the following inscription, as nearly as I recollect it: "Hannah Adams, the Historian of the Jews, the Biographer of the Christian Sects, and the First Tenant of Mount Auburn."

A Boston lawyer, noted for technical accuracy in his profession, remarked, as he read this epitaph, "She cannot properly be called a *tenant*."

LETTER XV.

May 22, 1844.

WEEHAWKEN is a fine place for early flowers. Brushing away last year's leaves, in search of these hidden treasures, I started a little mole, and was quick enough to catch him. I held him but a moment, to admire the rich glossy brown of his velvety fur; for the palpitating heart of the poor blind creature reproved my unkindness in keeping him prisoner. As soon as I let him go, he ploughed down into the earth with wonderful rapidity, and for some distance I could see a trembling furrow on the surface, as he hurried to his subterranean home. This incident led to many thoughts concerning the happy life

of animals alone with nature, and their wretched existence in cities. A painful vision of lean and lacerated omnibus-horses passed before me; and this is a subject so oppressive to my feelings, that I never enter an omnibus, unless driven in by stress of weather. With these, came recollections of dogs fighting in the streets, set on by thoughtless boys and hardened men.

In beautiful contrast with such scenes, I thought of the example of the Quakers. Blessed is the lot of animals that come under the care of that friendly sect. A Quaker meeting-house may be known at a glance, by the ample and comfortable provision made for horses. Their domestic animals usually fall into their own sleek, quiet, and regular ways. No bell indicates the hour for Quaker worship; but I have known their horses to walk off, of their own accord, when the family were detained at home by any unusual occurrence. They would go at exactly the right hour, stand at the meeting-house door a few minutes, and then leisurely walk into the adjoining shed. When the people came out, they would go up to the door, and stand awhile, with faces turned homeward; then would they quietly trot back to their barn, apparently well satisfied with the silent meeting.

This assimilation of dumb creatures to their masters is by no means uncommon. I have seen a horse, all life and spirit, carrying his head erect, and stepping freely, while he belonged to a dashing blade; but when he passed into the hands of a country clergyman, he soon become one of the most demure, jog-trotting creatures imaginable. There is a continual transmission from the spirit of man to all things beneath him. Glimpses of its effects are so far visible in this world, that an observing eye may perceive the prevailing character of a person in his house and equipage, the arrangements of his room, and still more in the appearance and deportment of chil-

dren and animals. In another world, correspondence between the outward and inward will doubtless be so perfect, that a man's character may be read at once, in the things around him. There, the pure only can wear pearls.

With regard to the treatment of animals, there is a most lamentable deficiency in education. It is not easy to estimate the effects, on church and state, of so simple a thing as allowing boys to encourage dog-fights. Here, again, the example of the Quakers is excellent. On all occasions, they inculcate the greatest possible tenderness toward the brute creation. No one can read the life of that gentle-hearted apostle, John Woolman, without being touched and softened by his contrition at having, in childhood, killed a robin that was tending her little ones.

I once asked John W. Edmonds, one of the inspectors at Sing Sing prison, how it was that a Wall-street lawyer, brought into sharp collisions with the world, had preserved so much tenderness of heart. "My mother was a Quaker," said he, "and a serious conversation she had with me, when I was four or five years old, has affected my whole life. I had joined some boys, who were tormenting a kitten. We chased her, and threw stones, till we killed her. When I came into the house, I told my mother what we had done. She took me on her lap, and talked to me in such moving style about my cruelty to the poor helpless little animal, that I sobbed as if my heart would break. Afterward, if I were tempted to do anything unkind, she would tell me to remember how sorry I was for having hurt the poor little kitten. I never forgot that circumstance. For a long time after, I could not think of it without tears. It impressed me so deeply, that when I became a man, I could never see a forlorn suffering wretch run down by his fellow-beings, without thinking of that hunted and pelted little beast. Even now, the ghost of that kitten, and the recollection of my dear mother's gen-

the lessons, come between me and the prisoners at Sing Sing, and forever admonish me to be humane and forbearing."

One of the most amusing stories I ever heard of animals, was lately told by a sober Quaker from New-Jersey, who said it was related to him by the eye-witness, himself a member of the same serious, unembellishing sect. He was one day in the fields, near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently, he observed one disappear under the water, with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for the man to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time, he was not so fortunate in his manœuvres. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling. The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance, to watch further proceedings. The sly thief was soon seen returning with another fox, that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips, in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves; but lo, his dinner had disappeared! He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance, that he more than mis-doubted whether any goose was ever there, as pre-

tended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His contemptuous expression was more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly very much against him; for his tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity, on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host, and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected, under the circumstances.

This story, which seems well authenticated as a fact, is almost as droll as the imaginary anecdote invented by the Ettrick Shepherd. He says that his dog Hector, by constant fellowship with him, had come to resemble him so much, that he sent him to church as his representative. Next day, the minister commended him, in the presence of the dog, for his grave and Christian-like deportment during sermon time. "Whereupon," says the shepherd, "Hector and I gave one another *such* a look!" He represents the dog as obliged to escape from the room, and scamper over a wall, where he could laugh without being disrespectful to the minister.

If human souls were in a pure and healthy state, I have no doubt the understanding between man and animals would improve to a degree that would now seem miraculous. Denham describes birds in the lonely interior of Africa, as flocking about him, and looking him in the face. The picture of this scene always seemed to me a true representation of man's natural relation to the animals. The disciples of Pythagoras have handed down to us anecdotes of him, which imply a prophetic consciousness

of the power man might obtain over the brute creation, if his own soul were developed according to the laws of divine order. They tell us that one day, having occasion for a pen, he called a white eagle from the clouds, who stooped to have a feather plucked from her wing, and then soared again. A wild boar that infested the neighbourhood, committed great ravages, and defied all the efforts of the hunters. Pythagoras went to the haunts frequented by the evil beast, reasoned with him upon the impropriety of such behaviour, and made him so thoroughly ashamed of himself, that he was guilty of no further depredations. These stories are beautiful, as types of the harmonious subordination of our animal passions to the pure dominion of reason; but they likewise indicate what changes might take place, if man were at one with God and nature.

Birds and beasts have in fact our own nature, flattened a semi-tone. Indications of this appear not only in their instinct, so nearly approaching to reason, but also in the striking resemblance between animals and human beings. Audubon has very remarkably the eye of a bird. Everybody has observed children that look like kittens and lambs; and whole classes of faces, that resemble horses, foxes, and baboons. In the great tune of creation, the same notes are ever recurring in different keys.

Mineral, vegetable, and animal, are the three notes that form the perfect chord of nature. First the ultimate plane was formed of earth and stones, then the mediate of vegetables, then the dominant of the animal kingdom. But man includes within himself all that is in the lower series; and living in a higher world while he lives in this, he constantly receives a spiritual influx, which he unconsciously transmits through the consecutive links of the chain. Hence the whole of creation is affected by the soul of man; but animals more especially, because they are nearest to him, and more closely allied to that portion of his nature which changes with spiritual growth. In

them, he may see himself, as in a mirror. It is therefore not merely a poetic dream that the lion and the lamb would actually lie down together, if man were holy. Order in the social state would soon be reflected in a perfectly beautiful and harmonious relation between ourselves and animals.

LETTER XVI.

June 10, 1844.

ON the Battery, the other day, I met an acquaintance from New-England. He was on his way from Virginia, where he had been making contracts for wood at a dollar an acre. In the true spirit of Yankee enterprise, he buys up the produce of waste lands, fells the trees, ships them to New-York and Boston, and finds the trade profitable.

A large emigration of substantial farmers from Orange, Dutchess, and Columbia counties, in this State, have, within a few years, emigrated to the counties of Loudon, Culpepper and Fairfax, in Virginia. They bought up the worn-out plantations for a mere song, and, by judicious application of free labour, they are "redeeming the waste places, and making the wilderness blossom as the rose." A traveller recently told me that the farms cultivated by Quakers, who employ no slaves, formed such a striking contrast to other portions of Virginia, that they seemed almost like oases in the desert.

What a lesson this teaches concerning the comparative effect of slave-labour and free labour, on the prosperity of a State! It seems strange, indeed, that enlightened self-interest does not banish the accursed system from the world; for political economists ought to see that "it is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," as Napoleon once said of some error in

state policy. But the fact is, self-interest never *can* be very much enlightened. All true vision derives its clearness from the heart.

If ever this truth were legibly written on the face of the earth, it is inscribed on Virginia. No State in the Union has superior natural advantages. Look at its spacious bays, its broad and beautiful rivers, traversing the country in every direction; its majestic forests, its grand and picturesque mountains, its lovely and fertile valleys, and the abundance of its mineral wealth. Words could hardly be found enthusiastic enough to express the admiration of Europeans, who first visited this magnificent region. Some say her name was given, "because the country seemed to retain the virgin plenty and purity of the first creation, and the people their primitive innocence of life and manners." Waller describes it thus:

"So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first."

Alas, that the shores of that beautiful State should become the Guinea coast of the New World!—our central station of slavery and the slave trade! Of the effects produced, we need not question abolitionists, for we learn them from the lips of her own sons. John Randolph said, years ago, that he "expected soon to see the slaves of Virginia advertising for runaway masters." Washington, in a letter to Sir John Sinclair, describes the land in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon as exhausted and miserable. He alludes to the fact, that the price of land in Pennsylvania and the free States, then averaged more than twice as much as land in Virginia: "because," says he, "there are in Pennsylvania laws for the gradual abolition of slavery; and because foreign emigrants are more inclined to settle in free States."

Mr. Custis says, "Of the multitude of foreigners, who daily seek an asylum and home in the empire of liberty, how many turn their steps to the region of the slave? None. There is a malaria in the atmosphere of those regions, which the new comer shuns, as being deleterious to his views and habits. See the wide-spreading ruin, which the avarice of our ancestral government has produced in the South, as witnessed in a sparse population of freemen, deserted habitations, and fields without culture. Strange to tell, even the wolf, which, driven back long since by the approach of man, now returns, after the lapse of a hundred years, to howl over the desolations of slavery."

The allusion to the wolf, is no figure of speech. Wild beasts have returned to extensive districts of Virginia, once inhabited and cultivated.

Some eighteen years ago, when I lived in the dream-land of romantic youth, and thought nothing of slavery, or any other evils that infest the social system, an intelligent young lady from the South told me an adventure, which made a strong impression on my imagination. She was travelling with her brother in the interior of eastern Virginia. Marks of diminishing prosperity everywhere met their view. One day, they entered upon a region which seemed entirely deserted. Here and there some elegant villa indicated the former presence of wealth; but piazzas had fallen, and front doors had either dropped, or hung suspended upon one hinge. Here and there a stray garden-flower peeped forth, amid the choking wilderness of weeds; and vines, once carefully trained on lattices, spread over the ground in tangled confusion. Nothing disturbed the silence, save the twittering of some startled bird, or the hoot and scream of gloomy wood creatures, scared by the unusual noise of travellers.

At last, they came to a church, through the roof of which a tree, rooted in the central aisle beneath,

sent up its verdant branches into the sunlight above. Leaving their horse to browse on the grass-grown road, they passed into the building, to examine the interior. Their entrance startled innumerable birds and bats, which flew circling round their heads, and through the broken windows. The pews had coats-of-arms blazoned on the door-panels, but birds had built their nests in the corners, and grass had grown up through the chinks of the floor. The handsome trimmings of the pulpit were so covered with dust, as to leave the original colour extremely doubtful. On the cushion lay a gilt-edged Bible, still open, probably at the place where religious lessons had last been read.

I have before my mind's eye a vivid picture of that lonely church, standing in the silence of the forest. In some moods of mind, how pleasant it would be to spend the Sabbath there alone, listening to the insects singing their prayers, or to the plaintive voice of the ring-dove, coming up from the inmost heart of the shaded forest,

“ Whose deep, low note, is like a gentle wife,
A poor, a pensive, yet a happy one,
Stealing, when daylight's common tasks are done,
An hour for mother's work ; * and singing low,
While her tired husband and her children sleep.”

In the stillness of Nature there is ever something sacred ; for she pleadeth tenderly with man that he will live no more at discord with her ; and, like the eloquent dumb boy, she ever carryeth “ great names for God in her heart.”

“ 'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.”

I can never forget that adventure in the wilderness. There is something sadly impressive in such

complete desolation, where life has once been busy and gay—and where human pride has inscribed its transient history with the mouldering insignia of rank and wealth.

The rapid ruin and the unbroken stillness seemed so much like a work of enchantment, that the travellers named the place The Hamlet of the Seven Sleepers. At the next inhabited village, they obtained a brief outline of its history. It had been originally settled by wealthy families, with large plantations and numerous slaves. They were Virginian gentlemen of the olden school, and would have felt themselves disgraced by the modern business of breeding slaves for market. In fact, strong family pride made them extremely averse to sell any slave that had belonged to their ancestors. So the slaves multiplied on their hands, and it soon took "all their corn to feed their hogs, and all their hogs to feed their negroes." Matters grew worse and worse with these old families. The strong soil was at last exhausted by the miserable system of slavery, and would no longer yield its increase. What could these aristocratic gentlemen do for their sons, under such circumstances? Plantations must be bought for them in the far Southwest, and they must disperse, with their trains of human cattle, to blight other new and fertile regions. There is an old superstition, that no grass grows where the devil has danced; and the effects of slavery show that this tradition, like most others, is born of truth. It is not, as some suppose, a special vengeance on the wicked system; it is a simple result of the universal and intimate relation between spirit and matter. Freedom writes itself on the earth in growth and beauty; oppression, in dreariness and decay. If we attempt to trace this effect analytically, we shall find that it originates in landholders too proud to work, in labourers deprived of healthful motive, in the inevitable intermediate class of overseers, who have no interest in the soil or

the labourers; but whose pay depends on the forced product they can extort from both. Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, has stated the case impressively: "Compare the condition of the slave-holding portion of this commonwealth, barren, desolate, and seared as it were by the avenging hand of Heaven, with the description which we have of this same country from those who first broke its soil. To what is this change ascribable? Alone to the blasting and withering effects of slavery. To that vice in the organization of society, by which one half its inhabitants are arrayed in interest and feeling against the other half; to that condition of things, in which half a million of your population can feel no sympathy with society, in the prosperity of which they are forbidden to participate, and no attachment to a government at whose hands they receive nothing but injustice."

Dr. Meade, of Virginia, in the records of an official tour through the State, speaks of great numbers of churches fallen absolutely into ruin, from the gradual impoverishment of surrounding estates, and the consequent dispersion of the population.

Pope's Creek Church, where General Washington was baptized, fell into such complete decay, that it was a resort for beasts and birds. It was set on fire a few years ago, lest the falling in of the roof should kill the cattle, accustomed to seek shade and shelter there.

Yet in view of these facts, statesmen, for temporary purposes, are willing to spread over the rich prairies of Texas, this devastating system, to devour, like the locusts of Egypt, every green thing in its path.

And while we are thus wilfully perpetuating and extending this terrible evil, priests and politicians are not ashamed to say that it must be so, because the system was entailed upon us by "the avarice of our ancestral government." Would any *other* evil, any evil which we ourselves did not choose, be tole-

rated among us, because it was a legacy from Great Britain? I never hear this weak apology offered, without thinking of the answer made to it by the eloquent George Thompson: "Yes, charge the guilt upon England; but, as you have copied England in her *sin*, copy her in her *repentance*."

LETTER XVII.

June 24, 1844.

At a second-hand book-stall, I picked up a volume of Tieck, and saw in it the name of Leopold Sturm-vogel. It excited deep melancholy within me, as it does to see a portrait in an auction room. I knew the hand-writing well; and a host of recollections, pleasant and painful, were twined round that name, which lay there, like obsolete hieroglyphics, among the literary rubbish. Leopold was from the Black Forest of Germany, and had a thoroughly German face. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew; remarkable for opposite qualities of almost equal strength. Unfortunately for him, they did not harmonize, as in some characters, but fought incessantly, and the victory was always alternating. His wife used to say that there was enough in him to make ten angels and ten devils; and all who knew him felt the truth of the remark.

At one period of his life, he was a thorough infidel; but reverence and love of the marvellous afterward swayed him to the opposite extreme, so that he had an almost oriental belief in omens. At the time he was most in the habit of visiting me, I had a black cat of great vivacity, with eyes that glowed like burning charcoal. One night, when he was at table with us, this cat sprung directly through the blaze

of the lamp, out of the open window. After that performance, he firmly believed her to be the embodiment of some evil spirit. If she were in the room when he entered, he left the house immediately; and if she crossed his path out of doors, he always turned back. In the midst of rational conversation, I have seen his large mouth begin to work in the strangest fashion, and after a few minutes, he would turn round with angry gestures, fiercely exclaiming, "Get thee gone, thou cursed spirit! Wherefore art thou tempting me?" If I asked an explanation, he would briefly reply, "The spirit knows what I mean, and that is sufficient." He would then resume his discourse, in the coolest and most philosophic manner imaginable. He came one day, when I was writing *Philothea*, and asked me if I had walked out to enjoy the genial atmosphere. I answered, "No; I have been all day in Athens; and so intently has my mind been occupied, that I almost feel as if I had actually talked with Plato." "And why should you not?" rejoined he: "I know not what should hinder Plato from coming to you, or you from going to Plato."

Many were the stories he told of witchcraft and second sight. One concerning an old Burgomaster of Stuttgart, with whose family he was well acquainted, I distinctly remember. The burgomaster was an honest, good man, who voluntarily resigned his office, because he thought a younger man could better fulfil its duties. In his retirement, he devoted himself to the cultivation of his garden. On one side, it was enclosed by the lofty city wall; on the other, by fences, which separated it from neighbouring gardens, and a spacious shooting ground. The old man was one day busily grafting a tree, when, raising his eyes suddenly, he saw an infant grandchild, of whom he was very fond, standing on the most dangerous part of the wall, smiling and beckoning with his finger. The city wall was forty or

fifty feet high; and as it was impossible to reach the child, he hastened through the garden gate to call some one to his assistance. Pale and agitated, he entered the house, and exclaimed reproachfully to the mother, "How *could* you let that little one go forth alone?" His daughter pointed to the child asleep in his cradle, and replied, "He has not been out of my sight, father." Much surprised, he returned to the garden. During his absence, a bullet from the neighbouring shooting ground had gone directly through the body of the tree he had been ingrafting. This circumstance made a strong impression on the family, and they often mentioned it before Leopold, who believed it to be an especial interposition of Providence. I said the child was his grandfather's schutzengel. Leopold smiled, and said, "I never knew you guilty of anything so wretchedly elaborate; you have made a pun composed of three languages. Schutzengel is the German for Guardian-angel. The first syllable *sounds* like the English word shoots, and in Swiss it *means* shot." His own wit was quick and glancing. One day, I showed him some flowers from a friend, saying they were gathered behind Trenton Falls. "Indeed," said he, "they are so beautiful, I should have supposed they were gathered *before* the fall."

A tendency to fill everything with spiritual life, showed itself continually in his most casual remarks. When I walked with him, I was much amused by this all-pervading vitality of his imagination. He talked of the stars winking at each other, of the waterfall roaring because it had a tumble, of the bees carrying messages between the flowers, and of rivulets hurrying home to their mothers. Never did any old Greek, with a dryad for every tree, and a nymph for every fountain, fill nature so full of life.

His genius would have produced great things in many departments, if he could but have concentrated its powers, and controlled the raging strife of his pas-

sions. He wrote in a strong German style, and with great poetic beauty. He would thunder forth Körner's war-songs, and Swabian drinking-songs, with a voice sufficiently deep and powerful to outroar the bass of the German Ocean in a storm. Yet his drawings were characterized by exquisite delicacy and grace, with here and there a fairy-like touch of the supernatural. At oil-painting, too, he tried his hand. His first picture of this kind was very beautiful in conception, though imperfectly executed. Under a venerable old oak, sat an aged man, leaning his hands upon a staff. His ear was raised, as if listening, and a smile gleamed all over his furrowed face; for between the parting clouds, over his head, appeared the angel figure of Hope, touching the strings of her golden harp.

Yet this poetic spiritualism was united with the strongest animal propensities. As he sang, so did he eat and drink; enough for six common men. Among the other contradictions of his nature was a blind superstitious submission, in some frames of mind, and, at others, a perfectly fierce and lawless will, that knocked down all regulations of order or custom. No mood was so permanent with him, as an extreme impatience and dislike of those forms of theology called rationalism. He said this class of thinkers reminded him of the immense round bonnets, worn by the women of Swabia. The wife of the burgomaster of his native city had one of such prodigious circumference, that she could not enter the doors of the Gothic church. A meeting was accordingly held, to decide whether Mrs. Burgomaster should abate her head-gear, or whether the doors of the church should be widened for her accommodation. "And so," said he, "these believers in the dignity of human nature must either doff their glory, or find the doors of religion too narrow for their entrance."

Sometimes he devoutly wished for a priest to whom

he could confess all his sins; such need had he of some outward representation of the divine, at whose feet he could humble himself in humility and faith. Yet nothing could exceed his strenuous resistance to all bounds and limits, and to all restraining influence. One day, I asked him to go with me to hear a very eloquent speaker. "I will not go," he bluntly replied: "I don't like eloquence. It interferes with my free-will." Once he happened to board with several gentlemen, who abjured animal food. They said nothing to him about his ravenous appetite; but their silent example made him uneasy. He fretted and fumed, as if they intended a personal insult by their abstinence. "They would have me live on Canary-seed," said he; "but I will let them see I am no bird. I can eat a vast deal from opposition."

Alas, he could drink a vast deal, too; and the admirable powers of his noble mind were wasted and ruined by the vicious practice. During the first years of our acquaintance, he was seldom intoxicated. When he was so, his drunkenness, like every thing else he did, had a touch of genius in it. He would say the wildest, the richest, the funniest, the most grotesque things. But his prevailing mood of mind, at such times, was religious. He would chant psalms and glorifications, by the hour together; and the tears would flow down his cheeks, as he repeated his mother's dying prayers, and her last words to him: "Leopold, my child, *try* to be good." With strange perversity, as if mocking the angel that never left his wayward heart, he would maintain that a man was never so spiritual-minded, as when he was drunk. He often gravely asserted, that his motive for drinking to excess, was to rise out of all duplicity and hypocrisy, and thus bring himself into closer relations with divine beings.

In personal appearance, he was unusually plain. His face was broad, his mouth immensely wide, his figure inelegant, and his motions awkward. He had

no skill in flattery, and was proverbially forgetful of the conventional courtesies of life; yet he had singular power over the hearts of women. I ascribed it to a magnetic influence from his electric genius and power of character. Whatever might be the cause, it was more easy for him to excite a strong interest, than it was for many handsomer and more graceful men.

The manner of his marriage was as eccentric as his other proceedings. A dark-eyed young lady called upon me one day, and introduced herself by saying she was the daughter of a widow, an intellectual and cultivated woman, once prosperous, but now in reduced circumstances. She said she thought I might induce the booksellers to employ her mother in translating foreign languages. As we talked together, my visitor took up a Catholic book, that lay on the table, and expressed a strong wish that she could believe in that religion. "I am so weary of controversy," said she; "I do so long for the quiet luxury of undoubting faith." My friend Leopold came in soon after she left, and I quite accidentally mentioned her remarks to him. His uncouth countenance absolutely shone, as he jumped up, and exclaimed eagerly, "Who is this? This is my wife. Now I know why doves flew before me, this morning, till I came to your door." I told him the name and residence, in a neighbouring town. "I will go this afternoon," said he: "I will carry a piece of linen, and ask them to make it up for me." "Perhaps they might be offended by such a request," replied I: "Having once been in prosperous circumstances, they may possibly be sensitive and proud; and then ten chances to one, the young lady's state of feeling may arise from being in love with a Catholic." To all my suggestions, he answered, "No matter; I will try. It was not without significance that the doves flew before me this morning." Away he went; and when evening was closing in, he came back covered with dust, but

full of animation. Before he took off his hat, he exclaimed, joyfully, "I have seen my wife. I walked out there, and knocked at the house you described. A dark-eyed girl opened the door. I told her I came from you, and that I wanted a piece of linen made up. She answered coldly that they did not take in sewing, and shut the door. I turned away much disappointed ; but presently I heard a soft footfall on the grass, and a sweet voice saying, 'Sir ! Sir !' I looked behind me, and saw a maiden with large, blue, tender eyes, who said, 'Sir, my sister was not in the right to turn you away so abruptly. Mother says she would be very glad to make the linen.' This was my wife."

A fortnight from that time they were engaged, and in a few months they were married. The widowed mother, being informed of Leopold's intemperate habits, intreated them to wait, at least a year. But remonstrances were useless. He made the most earnest promises of complete reformation, and the infatuated girl believed him. The mother urged another strong objection. "My daughter had a very severe fever a few years ago," said she ; "and it has left her in a very singular state of nervous disease. She is subject to occasional fits of total oblivion." "That is another proof that we were made for each other," replied the impatient lover ; "for I, too, have no memory."

It was a sad wedding to all but the parties themselves. They were in a state of ecstatic happiness, to which wealth could have added nothing. For a few months, the influence of domestic life seemed to quiet the turbid restlessness of Leopold's character, and his animal nature was brought into more harmonious subordination to his high and noble qualities. But the love of stimulating liquors soon returned upon him. One day, at twilight, I went to their humble apartments. The tea-kettle was singing before the fire, the table was spread for supper, and

books and drawings were carelessly scattered over the sofa. The young wife sat alone at the window, and there was an expression in her eye, which made me feel sad and fearful. It was as if she slept with her eyes open. When I spoke, she answered me coherently, but the next moment she evidently forgot what she had said. "Did Leopold go to church yesterday?" said I: "It stormed so, that I suppose you did not go." "I don't know," replied she; and looking out vaguely in the dim twilight, she added, in a low thrilling voice, "It seems to me that I remember being alone in a storm."

She was a pretty young creature, with a complexion like the Sweet Pea blossom, beautiful eyes, and a poetic expression. To see her in this strange trance, was exceedingly mournful. I waited, and waited, in hopes her husband would return; but he came not. At last, I was obliged to leave her. As I went out, I met Leopold, reeling as if he had laid a wager to walk on both sides of the way at once; a process which was in fact emblematical of his walk through life. In the evening, I sent a friend to ascertain whether they were safe. They were both asleep, and people in the house had taken care of light and fire.

Soon after the birth of their first child, I left that vicinity, and heard little of them for a year and a half. When I returned, my first inquiries were concerning their welfare. I heard dismal stories of extreme poverty, of desolate removes from one miserable place to another, of increasing tendency to oblivion in the wife, and drunkenness in the husband. Under the pressure of want and wretchedness, her mind wandered more wildly than ever. In states of mental aberration, she had attempted to cut her own throat, and to throw her child from the roof of the house. The good mother had exerted herself for them, with most disinterested patience, but he forbade her the house, and she was at last reluctantly driven away by his

drunken fury. Benevolent friends were not wanting; but their efforts were useless, because every thing they gave was sold for drink.

Having discovered their residence, I went to see them; and never shall I forget that visit. The pretty young wife opened the door. Her long fair hair was matted, like tangled tow. Her gown was covered with grease and dirt, and hung about her in flying tatters. In the middle of the room was a cooking stove, surrounded with spiders, skillets, and kettles, just as the process of cooking had left them. On the table, lay a hat, full of tipsey indentations, and crusted with mud. A pitcher without a nose, and a jug without a handle, stood near by, on a beautiful crayon drawing of the head of Plato. In one corner of the room, was a heap of chips and saw-dust, from which protruded an exquisitely graceful arm, the fragment of a small statue. Behind the chips, rose a battered plaster-cast of the God of Silence, with finger on his lip, and a dusty cobweb woven from hand to shoulder. On a broken stool, lay a handsome copy of Richter's *Titan*, a pair of compasses, and a sheet of soiled paper, which seemed to contain diagrams to illustrate the relation between music and colours.

I covered my eyes and wept. Never before had I seen genius in such ruin. Never had I witnessed the godlike and the bestial of our nature brought into such painful contrast. The poor young mother seemed to guess my feelings, for she wept, too; and taking my hand, she led me to a small adjoining room, where the babe slept, like a little angel in a den of animals.

Leopold was not at home; but he returned my visit that same day. The intellectual expression of his countenance was fast changing into the grossness of sensualism; but his conversation indicated the same strange mixture of high and low qualities. He spoke of his wife's oblivious state of mind as a great

mercy. "She would be much more unhappy, if it were not for this kind provision of our Heavenly Father," said he; "and this the Lord knew, when he led her to me." When I spoke of their little boy, his eyes filled with tears. "Ah! if you only knew that sweet little creature," said he. "It is very beautiful to see how Divine Providence watches over that child. Small as he is, he has learned to take care of himself; and however cold or hungry he may be, he never cries. He undresses himself at night, and creeps into his little bed alone. In the morning, if he finds that his mother is oblivious, and I am stupid, he speaks no more to us; but with his little fingers he contrives to pin his clothes, and get a porringer of water, to dip his crust in. It is very beautiful to see how Providence takes care of him."

I never heard a description of forlorn childhood, that so affected my imagination and my heart. I cannot even now recall it without tears. But the desolate little one, with his patient eyes and sad voice, made friends all round the neighbourhood. The roughest boys shared their bread and cake with him, and the Sunday School children joined together to knit stockings and make comfortable garments for him.

After a long separation from this unfortunate family, I heard that they had removed to New-York. Leopold's uncommon intellectual powers attracted the attention of a wealthy gentleman, much interested in the temperance cause. Over and over again, he paid his debts, and supplied his family with the necessaries of life, in hopes to obtain a salutary influence over him. At first, Leopold resisted this influence, as an interference with his free-will; but at last, kindness overcame him. He warmly pressed his benefactor's hand, and with a choked voice said, "Because you have not reproached me with my many faults, because you have not *required* me to sign the pledge, in return for your generosity and for-

bearance, therefore I *will* sign it." He did so, and remained perfectly temperate for about a year.

Rejoiced at these tidings, I sent for him soon after I arrived in New-York. But, alas! the change in him was not such as I hoped. His old habits had returned upon him with redoubled power. He had become bloated and pimpled, and his breath was redolent of gin. The story he told was a melancholy one. He had left his family, in order to provide a place for them in this city. At parting, he gave his wife three golden eagles, which he had earned by teaching German. He afterward had reason to conclude that in her oblivious states, she had spent them for quarters of dollars. When he had made the necessary arrangements, and wrote for her to come to him, he received no reply. He sent to a friend beseeching him to ascertain why she did not write. Upon inquiry, he found that she was gone, no one knew whither. The house was occupied, and the furniture gone. The delicate young creature was at last found with her three little ones, in an asylum for the poor. From her account, it seemed that they had been reduced to absolute starvation; that she had sold every thing for food, and then wandered away. Where she had been for three weeks, she never could tell. The veil of oblivion had fallen too heavily over her diseased memory.

There were kind hearted people, who would not have permitted all this, if they had known of it. But Leopold's inveterate habits of intoxication had exhausted the patience even of his best friends. His wife would not consent to leave him, and his waywardness and pride defeated all efforts to assist his family separate from himself. He repelled those who would have served him wisely, and persisted in considering himself the injured victim of an unjust world.

When he told me the story of his wife's destitution and wandering, two years after it occurred, he was in a state of such intoxicated excitement, that

he made the most wrathful gestures, and frequently thrust his clenched fist into my face. I had sometimes been afraid of him, in former years, when he was very much under the influence of strong drink ; but by preserving a calm exterior, and speaking to him gently, I had been able gradually to soothe him into a compliance with my advice. But I had no such influence now. I had always indulged the hope that patient friendship might help him to gain the victory over himself ; but I reluctantly yielded to the conviction that his case was a hopeless one. So many broken resolutions had seriously impaired his moral strength. His constitution was shattered, and his spirits intensely depressed. He thought nothing could cure him but the mineral springs of Germany. The cold water springs of any country would have renovated him, if he would but have tried them perseveringly. But he pined for his native land, and his countrymen assisted him to return thither. The last I heard of him, he was ill in a hospital there, and his children were near by, provided for by benevolent institutions. I never think of his gentle little boy, without an earnest wish that it was in my power to make his prospects in life more cheerful than their early promise.

LETTER XVIII.

July 5, 1844.

WERE you ever in Babylon on the Fourth of July? If you were not, and have ears as sensitive as mine are to sharp sounds, you may thank your stars. To all such it is a day to be endured. The big guns from the ships come booming through the air with a majestic sound ; but the crashing musketry, the snap-

ping pistols, and the spitfire crackers, are intolerable. From peep of dawn till midnight, this is like a city besieged. Muskets are fired from the front doors, and pistols from the windows. Rockets whiz into your bedchamber, blazing grasshoppers jump at you on the sidewalk, and fiery serpents chase you across the streets. From the alderman to the chimney-sweeper, every one lets off his patriotism in gunpowder. It is as if the infernal regions had been opened, and let up for a holiday; and more reasons than one would they have for making a jubilee of our glorious Fourth. The father of falsehood knows full well that "all lies come home to roost;" and thus he foresees rare sport in this republic. Well may he place finger on nose, and make significant gyrations, when he hears it pompously proclaimed to the world, that here all men are free.

There is an increasing under-current of feeling in the community, not manifesting itself in guns and banners, but nevertheless deep and strong. Mine are not the only ears that hear the sound of the whip-lash in exploding rockets; mine are not the only eyes that see behind the fluttering folds of our starry flag, the fettered slave, rising with a sad and warning gesture.

But with all the hurly-burly and the sham of our national festival, there is doubtless mixed a genuine reverence for man, and noble aspirations for a world-wide freedom. If the bells and the rockets, the guns and the orations, add one particle to the love of liberty, or a sincere appreciation of its blessings, they are not expended in vain.

It was an exciting page in the strange volume of human-nature, to see the city pouring itself into the country, and the country, led by the same restless love of change and excitement, pouring itself into the city. The boats, constantly going and returning, were freighted so deep with human beings, that they sunk to the water's edge. The farmers rushed in for

noise and fun, and the citizens rushed out for quiet and fresh air. All were running for feasting and glorification somewhere.

Though my ears were pained, my eyes received splendid compensation. It is difficult to conceive of any thing more gorgeously beautiful than the fire-works in the evening. They went up from every section of the city, and curtained it over with a tent of flame. The great number and variety made the spectacle absolutely sublime. Seen from a commanding height on the other side of the ferry, it was more beautiful than any thing I ever imagined of fairy-land. Rockets with twining serpents, rockets with glittering meteors, rockets with metallic, many-coloured stars, rockets with silver rain, rockets with golden rain, went up into the air incessantly, and played and mingled there, and sprinkled themselves out in a whirl of gems.

To increase the beauty of the scene, this dance of diamond sparkles was reflected from the bosom of the waters. The radiant stars shone calmly amid the fiery frolic, like poetic souls, high above the rush of things local and ephemeral, on the serene heights of solitary wisdom, brooding over primeval beauty and eternal truth. Their faces were sometimes hidden by the blaze and glitter of the fire-works; but the whizzing coruscations were soon scattered into darkness, while the silent stars shone forever.

The earth, too, had its fire-crown, as well as the regions of upper air. Roman candles lighted the shrubbery of our parks, like one of Martin's pictures. As they went out, trees came up, blossoming with roses of many-coloured flame. By their side, rose the Cross of Malta in silver fire, with a central cross of crimson and purple. Green Palm Trees rushed up, and anon changed into gay streamers. The Saxon Glory revolved its gorgeous wheel of ever-changing crimson, green, and purple. There was the Lone Star of Texas, and the Mexican Sun radiating golden

fire. The Temple of the Union, with the figures 1776 in silver lance-work, with a crown of twenty-six stars of silver fire, the whole seen on a background of revolving flames, like a curtain of resplendent gems.

The fireworks in the Park, and Washington Parade Ground, were at the expense of the city, which appropriated two thousand dollars for that purpose. From Niblo's and Castle Garden, the display was, as usual, extremely grand. Vauxhall, and other smaller parks and gardens, gave their share of dazzling beauty. From private dwellings, in every street, wheels, serpents and fountains went up from roofs and piazzas, so that the entire city seemed on fire. It was, in fact, on fire at twelve different places during the day. But what is independence good for, if we are not allowed to burn our neighbour's roofs over their heads? The entire expense of the day's fire-works, throughout the city, is estimated by those who know, at from thirty to fifty thousand dollars!

I was much amused by one use to which they were applied. A gentleman in the vicinity was invited to deliver a Fourth of July Address, on a bench in the open air. Probably his mother had never taught him the proverb, "It is a good thing to say nothing, when you have nothing to say." The sovereign people were impatient for fire; and not finding enough of it in his discourse, they began to let off squibs and crackers. This hint not being taken, flaming grasshoppers began to jump under his coat; rockets rushed over his head; wheels whirled round him; and fiery serpents twined about his feet; till he stood, like theatrical representations of Satan, in a sheet of fire. These finally overpowered his patriotic exertions, he leaped from his pedestal, and went off in a flame more brilliant than his eloquence.

Independent Day inspires a general magnificence of sentiment and expansion of soul. At night, I heard a merry son of Erin under my window, proclaiming

aloud, "Damn the Native American Party! I could whip 'em all; every mother's son of 'em." Unluckily, the watch-house was near. A Native American watchman overheard poor Patrick's glorification, and seized him. He, in the fulness of his overflowing good nature, began to apologize. "And indade," says he, "it was only a bugbear I wanted to whip. It was no mankind, at all, at all."

I was sorry to see that his explanation was not accepted. He did not seem really intoxicated, but only running over with victorious feeling. This may surely be forgiven, on a day whose moral teaching is, that it is glorious to whip the world, and crow over it forever afterward.

The ungenerous strife, which has of late been going on between natives and foreigners, has been painful to me. A spirit of clanship is opposed to the world-embracing love of the Christian religion, and is at variance with those free principles on which our government must stand, or it will fall to the ground. It is not *American* freedom for which our fathers struggled; but the *principle* of freedom.

The naturalization laws doubtless need amendment. Political demagogues have availed themselves of the influx of ignorant foreigners, to effect their own selfish purposes. As soon as an Irishman lands, they pounce upon him, and urge him into citizenship and political action, whether he wishes it or not. The Irish hold the balance of power in this city, and their favour being much courted, corruption is the inevitable result. I will not endeavour to distribute the blame where it belongs, or to measure the extent of the evil; but some of the means used to remove it are obviously neither liberal nor wise. Banners with provoking and contemptuous mottoes, have already given rise to a great deal of fighting and quarrelling. It is not easy to calculate the bad effect of these bitterly expressed prejudices on the education of the young.

“For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding;
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy.
Scratch the green rind of the sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come.”

If ever the evil days of civil strife come upon us, we shall find that these party processions and scornful banners have sown seed for a dangerous harvest.

Prejudice and passion on one side always excite it on the other. The assumption of superior purity or merit, on the part of native Americans, at once rouses a similar spirit in the foreign population, till they are all ready to drink the famous Hibernian toast, “One man is as good as another, and a — sight better.”

The drollest manifestation I have heard, was an anecdote of a young loafer, a native born, but of Irish parentage. Being out late in the evening, his father inquired where he had been. He replied, “To a Native American meeting;” and received a whipping for his impertinence. “I don’t care a copper for the flogging,” said the juvenile patriot; “but to be struck by a cursed foreigner is too bad.”

A very large proportion of our population is nearly in the same condition as the boy; for if our fathers were natives, very few of our grandfathers were. The introduction of Indians into these processions, seems to me a measure of very doubtful policy. They were the only real “native Americans;” and how have *they* been treated by foreigners, who overflowed the fair heritage of their fathers?

The effects of this popular excitement have met my view at every corner. In one place, I heard a Protestant lady sternly reproving an Irish woman, for selling apples on Sunday. “This will soon be put down,” said she. “You Catholics won’t be allowed to desecrate the Sabbath in this way much longer.” An observation which doubtless made the old woman resolve that she *would* sell apples on Sunday, whether it suited her own convenience, or not.

On another occasion, a man attempting to pass an old woman in a crowd, cried, "Get out of the way there, you old Paddy."

"And indade I won't get out of your way; I'll get right *in* your way," said she; and suiting the action to the word, she placed her feet apart, set her elbows akimbo, and stood as firmly as a provoked donkey. She continued to stand and speak thus, for some time after the offending native American had passed. A polite word from a friend of mine soon lowered her elbows. "Move?" said she; "To be sure I will, for a gentleman that speaks as pleasant as you do." This simple incident contains volumes of instruction, which might be very useful both in the home department and the foreign.

LETTER XVIII.

July 12, 1844.

I AM often asked, "How *can* you live contentedly in New-York? You who are so deeply enamoured of nature, and who love all forms of beauty, with such 'passionate intuition?'" The answer is in the question; for an earnest love of beauty always feeds itself. You know it is told of a rustic poet, in the ancient time, that his envious master shut him up in a chest; but the bees came to him, and fed him with the meal and dew of flowers, so that within the walls of his narrow prison he passed a pleasant time. Nature never forgets the soul that loves her, but ever sends winged missionaries, to feed it with the dew of flowers.

Instead of quarrelling with New-York for what it is not, I thankfully accept it for what it is; a beautiful city, every year increasing in beauty. Between

the North and the East rivers, twelve noble avenues already stretch out their long arms into the woods of Harlem and Bloomingdale. These avenues are spacious and airy, and large handsome houses shoot up on them, as if by the magic of Aladdin's lamp. It refreshes the eye to see an increasing taste for stone or lead colour, rather than the hateful red of bricks. Verandahs are likewise more and more in fashion, and have an exceedingly pleasant effect, with their light oriental open-work, like Valenciennes lace in cast iron. If you pass along one of these avenues, in the cool hours of the afternoon, you may see troops and troops of children, jumping rope, and chasing hoop round the fountain of Union Park; and if the sun is setting brilliantly, rainbows dodge about on the spray, as if playing bo-peep with the happy little ones.

On another of the avenues, dwells a lady, whom my heart blesses every time I pass her house. She has embowered it with vines, almost to the chimney-top; flowers peep through the open fence; and from the arches of the piazza she has suspended vases of Otaheitan geraniums, and other pendant vines. A person whose dwelling thus smiles upon the world, is a benefactor to the human race, and I feel grateful, as I do to one who wears a sunny face, and speaks in cheerful tones.

Among the many attractions of this handsome city, there are none so universally enjoyed as those furnished by Croton water. We not only have the three large fountains, to refresh us with their graceful motions and cooling sound, but in various gardens and inclosures, public and private, little marble nymphs, tritons, and dolphins, are playing prettily with finely spun showers. I have often thought whether or not the clepsydra of the ancient Greeks could be introduced, in which minutes were marked by falling water-drops, as by sand in the modern hour-glass. If the public could count time by these liquid dia-

monds, it would be a graceful invention. One thing, the people really need; and munificent Croton could give it as well as not. We have no free public baths. The wealthy can introduce water into their chambers, or float on the bosom of the tide, in the pleasant baths at the Battery; but for the innumerable poor, this is a luxury that can seldom, if ever, be enjoyed. Open bathing around the wharves is of course prohibited; and the labouring man has to walk three or four miles to obtain a privilege so necessary to health. If the city would provide a huge covered basin, with a sprinkling fountain in the centre, for a shower-bath, it would be a noble donation to the poor. True, the water-tax already falls heavily on the rich; but this would not greatly increase it. Luckily, our wealthy citizens did not foresee the expense of introducing Croton, or they would probably have been frightened from the undertaking. The highest estimate was four millions, and it has cost over fourteen millions. Voted for by thousands who have no property, and paid for by a tax on property, it is a pretty powerful application of practical democracy; but the blessings are so great to all classes, that there is very little murmuring among the capitalists.

To me, there is something extremely beautiful in the idea of that little river, lying so many years unnoticed among the hills; her great powers as little appreciated as Shakspeare's were by his contemporaries, and, like him, all unconscious of her future fame; and now, like his genius, brought to all the people, a perpetual fountain of refreshment. If ever man deserved a monument, it is he who first devised the plan of bringing Croton river into the city. His statue ought to be crowned with water-lilies, by Hygeia, and its feet be washed by the Naiades, from their flowing urns. But it so happens, that his name is as uncertain as the birth-place of Homer. No mat-

ter. If his soul is as large as his deed, he will care little for the credit of it.

The prettiest of the small fountains about the city, is at the Alhamra. This is a place for refreshment, in Broadway, gaily fitted up in the Moorish style, with lace-work lattices, gilded crescents, alcoves painted with hills and streams, and a tasteful collection of small statuary, among shrubs and vines. Under a canopy in the centre, Hebe pours water from her vase, into an open-work basket of gilded wire. A hollow gilded ball in the basket is kept in perpetual motion by the column of water, as if tossed by a Chinese juggler. The effect is very pleasing. A band of musicians play at the Alhamra, every summer evening. They must be difficult to please, who are not satisfied to eat delicious ice-cream, with so many agreeable accompaniments of sight and sound.

Facilities for hearing music constitute the greatest attraction of the city to me. The Philharmonic Society give four concerts a year; and even your Boston critics admit that some of the best productions of the art are brought forward with superior talent and skill. It is no business of mine to settle the claims of rival cities. I am satisfied to enjoy, without comparing. I have sometimes thought too restlessly of woods and fields, in the presence of bricks and pavement; but the brilliant warblings of Kyle's flute, has done much to reconcile me to the absence of the birds.

The Italian Opera is the most patrician of our places of amusement. It is an extremely pretty little building, elegantly fitted up with gilded ornaments, and gaily-coloured medallions. No degraded corner is reserved for unveiled vice, and the musical dramas are never adapted to a polluted imagination, or a vulgar taste. Of all desecration of outward symbols, nothing pains me more than winged melodies gliding through impure words, like angels among unclean beasts. Some of the best productions of modern genius, are brought out at the Opera, and the influ-

ence cannot be otherwise than favourable to the improvement of musical taste.

During all the summer evenings, the admirable brass band plays at Castle Garden. Its beautiful situation on the Battery, overhanging the bay, and commanding a view of the neighbouring islands, renders it peculiarly pleasant to sit there and listen to music;

“While the fair waters look as if they lay

Their cheek against the sound, and so went kissed away.”

However sultry the day may be, there is always a refreshing breeze on the Battery, in the evening. Indeed, this remark is true of the city in general, and is doubtless one great reason why there is so little sickness among such a dense population. The natural healthiness of New-York cannot be destroyed by the most negligent police. Thus the vigorous constitution of youth will throw off a great deal of disease; and the United States, strong in her extent of soil, and unbounded resources, has remained prosperous under an amount of corrupt government, which, in half the time, would have ruined the richest nation of Europe.

At Niblo's, too, there is always an excellent orchestra; and it is extremely agreeable to step out of the dusty streets, into its fairy-land garden, with brilliant lights, shell fountains, and oriental shrubbery.

Vauxhall is less artificial and showy, and being in the Bowery, it is out of the walk of fashionables, who probably ignore its existence, as they do most places for the entertainment of the people at large. They who think exclusive gentility worth the fetters it imposes, are welcome to wear them. I find quite enough of conventional shackles, that cannot be slipped off, without assuming any unnecessary ones. The child cares little where she gathers her flowers, or blows her rainbow bubbles. Every where, the smile of the sunshine makes them beautiful.

There are some noble old trees at Vauxhall, which rustle right pleasantly in the evening breeze. Col-

oured lamps, arranged in stars and circles, light up the shrubbery with a fairy glimmer, and harmonies come down from a band of musicians among the boughs. I love to sit on one of the rustic benches, and gaze up into the foliage of the tall trees, like the dome of a dimly lighted cathedral.

“It is a lofty feeling, yet a kind,
Thus to be topped with leaves. And kind and great
Are all the conquering wishes it inspires—
Love of things lasting, love of the tall woods,
Love of love’s self, and ardour for a state
Of natural good, befitting such desires ;
Towns without gain, and haunted solitudes.”

Zeal for horticulture was damped by the pecuniary embarrassments so universally felt a few years ago, but it is reviving. There are many pretty gardens in and about the city. I went to one of these last week, to see, for the first time, the Night-blooming Cereus, or Cactus Grandiflora. It was the most alive thing I ever saw. The vine from which it sprung seemed dry as an old rope, and the bud was like a little tuft of tow ; but the flower looked in my face, with such vigour and earnestness of expression, that I could hardly believe it to be a vegetable. It was as large as a pint bowl ; its calyx, or outer circle of leaves, of an orange brown tinge ; the petals double as a pond-lily, white as the drifted snow, and transparent as rice paper. The feathery tufted stamens were likewise of the purest white ; but deep down in its bosom was a delicate tinge of lively green, faint as the reflection of an emerald on a snow wreath. It is marvellous indeed, that such prodigality of beauty and vigour should be sent forth in the night time, and for a few hours only. Nature and genius are ever heedless of their jewels, and throw them forth in the very playfulness of profusion. This superb blossom happened to open on Sunday evening, and therefore some people lost the sight of it, from

conscientious scruples; but I thought if there was anything wrong in coming out on Sunday, the flower would have known about it.

Scruples of this kind by no means characterize the population of New-York. It differs very observably from New-England cities, in the universal loco-motion on Sundays. Being the only leisure day with labourers, the temptation is strong to take their families into the country, for fresh air, and a sight of green fields. The huge Harlem omnibusses, with upper and lower decks, like a steamboat, are loaded to overflowing. It is a cheerful sight to see them returning at sunset, with green boughs and boquets of flowers. To Hoboken, the boats are crowded all day. The average number that go over every pleasant Sunday, in summer, is over ten thousand; though this is only one of the numerous outlets from the great city. If the influence of groves and streams were all they sought, it would be well; but unfortunately, drink and cigars abound at Hoboken, and sounds are heard there, not at all resembling the worship of the heart in the stillness of nature. Indians have encamped there of late, and out of respect to the day, it was proposed that they should substitute some of their religious ceremonies, for the war-dancing, boat-racing, and arrow-shooting of week days. Whether this was productive of greater benefit to the populace, than would have been derived from some more civilized performances, I am unable to say. These Indians are on their way to Europe, for exhibition. The Ojibbeways, who lately went there to lay some grievances before the British government, prove a profitable speculation; and Barnham, of our American Museum, who is now in England, immediately sent over orders to catch the wildest specimens that could be found, and forward them by steam. So White Cloud, and Walk-in-the-Rain, and other chiefs from Iowa, are going to shoot pennies for Victoria's amusement. This Barnham is a gen-

uine Yankee, for contrivance and perseverance. He will circumnavigate the globe, to catch a monstrosity of any kind for his museum. Giants, dwarfs, double-headed calves, no matter what, so that it be something out of nature. He would mount Phæton's car to catch the comet with seven tails, plunge into Symmes's Hole for a dog with two heads, and go down the Maelstrom for a sea-serpent. Where on earth he picks up the "accomplished contortionist, with his learned dog Billy," and the "most astonishing dwarf in creation," and all the odd characters that walk like steam engines, and buzz like mosquitoes, and have mouths like a ribbon-loom, it is difficult to imagine. When one stops to reflect what an important part popular amusements perform in the education of the people, this ingenious prodigality of grotesqueness becomes somewhat serious.

The theatres, of which there are four, are obliged to resort to similar contrivances to keep from bankruptcy. None of them are fashionable, though Park theatre retains a sort of vanishing likeness of gentility. The Bowery lays itself out to gain the hearts of the million, by gorgeous decorations, fantastic tricks, terrific ascensions, and performances full of fire, blood, and thunder. The national feeling at the Bowery is prodigiously expansive. Some patriots presented a great, fierce, gilded eagle, that used to look as if he could clutch almost anything in his talons, from Indian babies to Mexican candlesticks. He was burnt, when the building took fire; but his spirit still speaks in vaunting drama, and boastful song, and works up the patriotism of the audience, till they feel a comfortable assurance that every American can "whip his weight in wild cats." If a philosopher wishes to observe the ultimate product of civilization, and has strong nerves, and senses not over-delicate, he may do well to take a seat in the pit of the Bowery, for once. It would be an excel-

lent place for the Texans to send to for recruits; though their emissaries might suffer some inconvenience from the fact that the police have two peeping-holes, from which they can reconnoitre the assemblage, revealed in the full blaze of the lamps. There are always plenty of idlers and loafing lads, who are ready for any sport. "Let us have fun to-night, come what may to-morrow," is their reckless maxim. These characters assist the play with a great deal of improvised merriment, and now and then get up a gratuitous battle, more lively than those on the stage. One of the stockholders of this theatre has made a fortune by furnishing excellent provisions at his victualling shop. Being present on one of these disturbed occasions, after trying every means he could think of to pacify the rioters, he called out, in despair, "Gentlemen, what *will* you have?" "Roast beef," cried one; "stewed oysters," shouted another. This facetiousness proved a safety-valve to their turbulent spirits. Their steam all went off in roars of laughter, and they broke no lamps or scenery that night. Plutarch gives similar specimens of Attic merriment. Demos is the same good-natured, harem-scarum creature, whether in the theatres of New-York or Athens.

I speak playfully, yet the low, unsatisfactory, and demoralizing character of popular amusements is painful to me. Only by cultivation of the higher qualities of our nature, can sensual stimulus and fierce excitement be rendered unattractive. What is society doing to kindle the divine spark, which lies smouldering in the breast of every little vagabond of this city? We have watch-houses and prisons, but where is our Redemption Institute, like that blessed asylum at Hamburg, of which Horace Mann tells us, in his admirable Report on Education?

In those places so appropriately called pits, there are terrible unwritten epics of sin and sorrow,—of sin and sorrow growing out of the very passions and

energies, which, in a right order of things, might have made those men kings and priests of humanity, by the only divine right, that of wisdom and holiness. The admitted truthfulness of Byron's jest, "What a pity is it, that sin is pleasure, and pleasure is a sin," betrays a state of society painfully unnatural and in-harmonious. Will there ever come a time, when all men shall be wisely cheerful, and innocently gay? A time when all the instincts, passions, and sentiments of our nature, shall find free, innocent, and healthy exercise?

If I were superstitious, I might think an answer was vouchsafed to me from the sky. As I write, the sun is setting. High houses between me and the west intercept his rays, so that only one bright gleam falls on the gilded cross of a neighbouring Catholic church, while the building is in the shadow of twilight. It stands there in beautiful distinctness, a radiant cross of fire, on a back-ground of dark and heavy cloud-masses. I gratefully accept the omen.

LETTER XX.

July 25, 1844.

MANY are the playful disputes we have had together about genius and talent, inspiration and skill; and always you were on the extreme right of the question, and I on the extreme left. I have lately written a short romance, or fairy legend, in which you will see plainly enough that I intend to represent mere skill trying to do what cannot be done without genius.

The story originated thus: The German friend, who visited Mammoth Cave, and gave me so vivid

a description of its wonders, was not satisfied with the account I wrote of it. "The fact is," said he, "such stupendous scenery as that needs the agency of the supernatural. Genii and spirits should be summoned to your aid." "Very well," I replied, "to please you, I will try to write a spirit-legend. I think it will not be difficult to fill the cave with supernatural presence; for such creations as abound there, seem like the appropriate work of powerful genii." "Yes," rejoined he, laughing, "and one thing I am certain of; you cannot connect *those* lifeless forms, with Ole Bul's music, as you do everything else in creation." He was himself an enthusiastic admirer of the Norwegian minstrel, and made the remark only in playful defiance. That which he sportively declared I could *not* do, straightway danced into my imagination as a thing to be done. When I read the romance to him, some time after, I saw by the smile in his eyes, that I had no occasion to inform him what child of music it was, whose birth was to bring genius and skill into harmony with each other.

I preferred the Northern mythology, as better suited to the wild and sublime scenery of the place. In that mythology, Thot is synonymous with Art, Science, or Skill. Freia is the goddess of Love, or Feeling; likewise of the Moon and of Spring; of course, she was enamoured of music. I chose her to represent inspiration, because genius resigns itself wholly to a *feeling* of the beautiful, while talent tries to *understand* the beautiful by rules, and thus to imitate it. Genius gives itself up to its demon, as the ancients phrased it. It trusts to its spirit, and follows where-soever it leads, nothing fearing. But talent, or skill, wants to make the spirit its servant, and bind it within prescribed rules and regulations.

Socrates speaks thus, using the word mania as we do inspiration: "A mania, descending from the Muses, into a soul tender and solitary, rouses and

agitates it with Bacchic fury. He who approaches the poetic gates without the mania of the Muses, persuading himself that he can become a poet by art alone, will be imperfect, both as regards his poetry and himself. All that can be produced by art vanishes before the offspring of mania."

Music and poetry, thus divinely uttered, flow into forms; the relations of which are studied, and become rules of art. Thus language is formed, and then grammar, which is a mere exposition of the relations of language. The most accurate knowledge of rules cannot make an eloquent writer, or even a good reader. It is a mere lifeless body, without a soul, if feeling, or expression, be wanting. And if it be true that the poet can produce no living beauty, without this subtle, indescribable essence, which we call inspiration, it is still more true of the musical composer, because his art soars higher into the region of pure and infinite expression.

But I will trouble you with no more explanations. Read and understand for yourself the romance of

THOT AND FREIA.

The earnest longing of man to understand the origin of nature and himself, his anxious questioning of the infinite, and fearful listening to echoes from the invisible, has, in all ages and portions of the world, "peopled space with life and mystical predominance."

In the cold regions of the north, instead of Grecian Nymphs and Naiades, this instinct has given birth to misty spectres and wandering giant ghosts. Instead of Arabian Fairies, they have filled the earth with subterranean dwarfs and goblins of uncouth shape. With them, the Peris of Persia have taken a wilder form in the Aasgaardsreja—spirits not good enough for heaven, or bad enough for hell, and so condemned to ride about, while the world lasts, on furious black horses with red hot bridles.

Of these, the proudest and sternest was Thot. In height and size, he towered a giant among the spirits around him. Strong and sinewy, like a man of iron, with an eye that looked as if he thought creation was his anvil, on which he could fashion all things. From the troop of the Aasgaardsreja he stood aloof, except when he needed them as slaves to do his bidding. In their restless wanderings and busy malice, he took no share, but ever dwelt apart, amid the cloud shadows of Niflheim, the world of mist. If he had ever inhabited a body on the earth, no tradition was left concerning it. The spirits from the most ancient world had been questioned, but none knew whence he came. A tradition had been handed down among them, that he had never been a mortal, but was one of the council of the eternal gods, cast out from the glorious valley of Ida, because he had sought to use heavenly arcana to advance his own power, in opposition to the Supreme. The boldest durst ask him no questions of his origin; but the dark spirit knew well their tradition concerning him.

Gloomily and moodily, dwelt he amid the fogs of Niflheim, and the burden of his thought was ever, "Why cannot I make a world for myself? When I listened to Freia's song, in the Vale of Ida, it revealed to me the distances of the planets. From her harp, I heard the tones to which the trees grow, and the blossoms unfold; and with the tones came to me the primeval words, whispered into the heart of each tree, and blossom, and gem, at the moment of its creation; the word which gave them being, and which they must forever obey. I burned with intense desire to press farther into the inmost heart of all being, and learn the one primeval tone, in the one primeval word, from which flowed the universe. Then was I exiled from the glorious valley, and giants now guard its rainbow bridge, that I cannot again pass over."

The strong spirit bowed his head upon his hand, and a feeling of sorrow came over him, as he murmured, "Oh, Freia, would I could hear thee again! Many of the words remain, but the tones are lost. Alas, that I ever wished to use them to compel creation."

As he spoke, he cast his eyes toward the south, where lay Mispelheim, the region of warmth and light. A broad arch, as of burnished gold, came up from the horizon, and cast its splendour on the wilderness below. From the arch shot up vast columns of amber light, and met at the zenith of the heavens, in a radiant crown of revolving stars. From this descended a long waving festoon of luminous thread; and in it swung, lightly as a bird in a wind-tossed vine, a woman of dazzling beauty. It was Freia, goddess of love and music; she who carries in her heart a spark of fire from the central altar of the universe, and gives it forth in scintillations, which men call genius and inspiration.

Thot gazed upon her with kindling eyes, and stretched his arms eagerly toward her. She smiled upon him, and the reflection lighted up the fogs of Niflheim with a thousand rainbows. "The tones! the tones, my beloved! Play them again," exclaimed he, imploringly. She touched her harp, and the air was filled with its vibrations, as if the stars sang together, and the gentle winds breathed a soft melodious accompaniment. The exiled spirit listened like one entranced. The music swayed his soul, as the southern breeze stirs the young foliage of spring. "That restores to me the life and the power," said he, joyfully. Then came over him again the wish to compel all things; to create a world by his own almighty skill. "If I only knew the primeval word of *her* life," thought he, "if I could make *her* my slave, then could I easily create a fitting dwelling for myself, and chase those proud deities from their val-

ley of golden forests, to the cold dark fogs of Niflheim."

As these thoughts passed through his mind, the music died away in a wailing cadence; light fleecy clouds fell like a curtain before the goddess; the golden arch sunk behind the horizon; one little floating cloud caught the departing gleam, and lingered for a moment,

"Like a singing lark,
With morning brightness on its downy breast,"

then melted in the air.

After this glorious vision, the treeless wilderness, the spectral rocks, the cold dark fogs, seemed more dismal than ever. Thot threw himself on his face, and bit the ground in gloomy stern defiance. Thus remained he for a long time, and the Aasgaardsreja, as they passed the borders of Niflheim, said in whispered murmurs, "The proud one has yielded."

But when he heard the tramp of their horses, he started on his feet, and stood with folded arms, looking out sullenly through the murky vapours, on the dreary waste around him. "She came when I called her; again shall she come at my bidding," said he, haughtily. He fixed his gaze where the light had vanished, and with a slow, firm voice, uttered, "Freia! Life of my power, appear again!"

When he had repeated it thrice, with strong concentration of soul, the edge of the horizon gleamed tremblingly, and Freia slowly arose; not as before, in a luminous temple, and resplendent with heavenly beauty, but faint, shadowy, and vanishing, like the moon-sickle veiled in clouds, as she passes away over the western hills. "The harp! the harp!" said he: "I beseech thee, let me hear those tones again." The arms of the figure waved feebly, like the shadow of a vine in the moonlight, but there came no sound.

The dark brow of the spirit grew darker. "For-

ever mocked with shadows !” exclaimed he, angrily : “ But I have learned somewhat of the secret I would penetrate. She came, though reluctantly, at the command of my will. Is Will then the central life ?—the primeval word, from which electricity had being ?”

As he mused, a self-conscious smile passed over his face. From that day he pondered more deeply than ever the half-forgotten secrets of the immortal valley, and sought to complete his power by spells and incantations, learned from spectral spirits of the mist. On the sand around him were scrawled squares, angles, and circles ; the intervals of sound marked in figures ; and every where the algebraic X standing for the unknown quantity.

At last, when he deemed the charm complete, he called the Aasgaardsreja, and demanded of them their strongest and fleetest steed. They brought him a black horse of giant size, but nimble as the lightning. When the spirit laid his hand upon the mane, the powerful animal trembled in every joint, and from his eyes went forth a lurid flame. The Aasgaardsreja looked at each other significantly. “ Depart !” exclaimed Thot, in a thundering voice, and they scattered like the winds of a tempest. Then, with a deep, slow voice, he muttered the spell, which was to bring Freia into his power, and extort from her the primeval word of her being. No light came up from Mispelheim, no rainbows touched the fogs of Niflheim ; but close by his side stood Freia, glittering with a cold, metallic splendour. He seized her, and mounting the fiery steed, went off like a storm-bird across the mountains and over the billows. A wild chorus of laughter, from subterranean spirits, rose from the earth, and the distant mountains broke it into mocking echoes.

The horse and his rider stopped in the midst of dense forests, on a far distant shore. The instant they dismounted, the elfish horse, with a loud impatient snort, sprung from the ground, and disappeared

behind the horizon like a flash of lightning. Thot looked around him and sighed deeply. "We are alone in the New World across the ocean," said he, "of which I have overheard such romantic tales from the Iceland and Norwegian boatmen, who have been drifted to its shores. Perhaps I should have done well to bind the steed by a magic spell; for who knows whether I may not wish myself back, even to the fogs of Niflheim?" He gazed on the beautiful solitude with an oppressed feeling. "Freia," said he, soothingly, "forgive me that I have compelled thy service. Here will I make a world more beautiful than any thou hast seen. I can create all forms, for I have studied well the laws of their being." A peal of laughter came from under the ground, and died away in the distance. "Ha! subterranean spirits here, too!" he exclaimed. "Let them beware how they cross my path."

He smiled scornfully, and stooping down marked figures on the ground. Then muttering an incantation with measured rhythm, he stamped thrice, and the earth opened, and received him and his companion. "Now, Freia, tune thy harp," said he; "for here will I fashion a world of my own; and thy tones must restore to me the forgotten primeval words."

"I have no harp," replied Freia.

"Why hast thou not brought it?" said he, angrily.

Trembling under the glance of his fierce eyes, she answered, "It was not permitted."

He clenched his fists, and drew his breath hard.

"Not thus shall the gods defeat me," said he, with haughty defiance: "I will make for thee a harp, and on it thou shalt repeat the tones."

He fashioned an instrument, and commanded her to play. But when she touched the strings, he knocked it rudely from her hand, and said, "Thou art like a peasant girl with her langoleik.* Give me the

*An instrument with four strings, used by the Norwegian peasantry.

tones I heard in Ida, or when thou camest to me a vision of beauty, from the golden shores of Mispelheim." But ever as she tried, he grew more angry. She wept and said, "Alas, I do not know the tones whereof you speak."

He took the harp and swept the strings with a strong impatient hand, but the harsh sounds grated painfully on his ear. Leaning against a rock, he gazed upward in silent thought. The moon looked down upon him mournfully, through the cleft by which he had descended. It spoke to him of the vale of Ida, and showed dim forms of glory in the air. Oppressed with the half-revealed vision, he drew a long sigh. His breath passed over the strings of the harp and they gave Æolian warblings of the half-remembered tones. With sudden joy, he said, "Freia, if thou hast forgotten, I can teach thee the tones of Ida." He touched the strings, but quite other tones came forth—tones that dwell only in the extremities of form, far from the central heart. He threw down the instrument, and buried his face in his hands. After a long time, he said, sadly, "Freia, if thou hast forgotten the music of our divine home, canst thou not at least play me the melody, which just now went over the harp, when I wist not of its coming?"

"Ah, that is well," he said, as she touched the strings. "That is the voice of moonlight. Practise it well, Freia. I will learn it and repeat it to thee; and then thou wilt not forget it." He took the harp and played, but Freia shook her head and murmured, "It speaks no longer what the moonlight sung."

"Take the accursed langoleik," he answered: "I will not trouble myself with its uncertain voices. I will create forms, and then compel the tones that give them life. But, Freia, thou who wert once so radiant, how dim thou art. Merely the gleam of thy golden hair would once have lightened all this region, like the moon at its full, and now all around thee is

twilight shadow." Fixing his eyes upon hers, he repeated a spell he had learned of the Aasgaardsreja, and her form began to radiate a blue metallic light.

"Now I will give thee a token of my power," he said. He remained silent for a long time, tracing figures on the ground; then to each figure he whispered a word. There was a low grumbling underground, which gradually increased to wild uproar. Freia stopped her ears, and shuddering, exclaimed: 'Surely there is a tempest near, hurling down masses of stone from the mountains.'

Slowly the sounds died away, rumbling in the distance.

"Now look up," said Thot; and a proud smile rested on his features. She raised her eyes. Lo! the cave in which they stood had stretched out interminably. High above their heads was a broad sky of stone, and giant piles of rock towered upward in wild confusion. "What think you?" he asked. "Are Hurrungern, Fannarauk, or tall Skogshorn, better workmanship than these mountains of mine?"

"It seems like the dark dwellings of the elf men," replied Freia; "only they have pillars and thrones, and churches, in their strange subterranean homes."

"Thou shalt have pillars and churches, if thou wilt," said the giant spirit. He retired apart, and presently there was heard a crackling, clinking sound. All around Freia, there rose suddenly shining columns, forming arches like intertwined trees, with rich foliage hanging from them in fantastic festoons. Beneath this tracery of vines, in the centre of four massive columns, a grotesque chair was gradually formed, as if by invisible fingers. "Do the elf-women have grander thrones than that?" he asked, exultingly. "Why dost thou not praise my workmanship? Is it not grand?"

"It is grand," replied Freia; "But all is so still and deathly here. If one could but see rivers glanc-

ing brightly between the rocks, or hear the noise of waterfalls, or the whispering of the dark pines."

"Thy wish is not beyond my power," said Thot; "but I must speak primeval words to the springs of the upper world."

He was absent long, and his return was preceded by a deafening rush and roar of waters. Pale and terrified, Freia said, "This sound is more awful here in the silence, than the thunder-voice of the Storlie-forse alone with the midnight."

"Thou wouldst have rivers and cascades, and I have done thy bidding," said Thot. He took her by the hand, and led her down a mountain slope. All round them was the roar of unseen waterfalls, and at their feet flowed a broad black river, over-arched with rock. Thot felt his companion tremble on his arm. "Thou foolish one," said he, "didst thou not ask for cataracts and rivers?"

"Yes, but there is no life here," she answered, shuddering. "These waters do not glance and glitter in the sunbeams. No white foam-mantle gleams in the moonlight. This is like Koldesjo, the lake with dead gray shores, where the huge shadows of the mountains fall forever black and cold on the valleys. Surely this is the dwelling of Hela, where the rivers are black, where clammy drops ooze from the rocks, and a stony wilderness, without tree or shrub, stretches itself out like the ocean. If there were but the least thing alive here. Everything seems imprisoned."

As she spoke, there was a thundering noise, as of immense rocks piled one above another. Frightened by the reverberating sounds, she sprang on the cliff above, and in wild alarm, leaped from precipice to precipice. Now she cast a cold light through chinks of rock, and now stood for a moment on some rugged peak, like the moon seen through clouds resting on the mountain top. The pale gleam that came

down made a ghastly contrast with the dense black shadows.

"It is indeed fearful here," said Thot; "It is true nothing has life in it." With clenched hands and a frowning brow, he moved toward the quarter whence the noise had proceeded. With a deeper frown, he returned and sought Freia among the cliffs. "Come down again, and fear nothing," he said. "There are giants and subterranean genii here also; and they will not answer to our Northern spells. But fear them not. They dare not contend with me. They have piled huge rocks at the entrance to the upper world. They were doubtless sent by the tyrannous deities to imprison me, lest I bring the stars from their places, as I have turned the rivers by my power. Be it so. With the materials around me here, I can create what I will. And thou, dear Freia, wilt by-and-bye, remember the tones of Ida, and they will glide into the forms I have made, and make them live. I brought with me sparks of fire scattered from Mispelheim. Of these will I make stars, and fasten them in the firmament."

Well pleased, he turned to the work, and soon called her to look at his constellations. He lighted a torch and held it aloft, that she might see the shining points on a sky of rock.

Freia smiled. "They do indeed look somewhat as I have seen the stars from deep gorges among the heights around Usterfjell," she said, "But seest thou not that the light is *on* thy stars, not *in* them? There is no need of torch-light for the bright polar constellations, seen through their waving auroral veils. All thy creations are petrified. If one could but see anything alive! If thy waterfalls could only scatter icy spray into trees, and flowers, and grapes, such as the furious Rjukan wears for his winter mantle. If one could see the snow-lichen peep from the crevices of thy mountains, or catch even a glimpse of the bog-lichen, with its sickly sulphur face. For the

sake of seeing something alive, one might even welcome the giant Stallo,* and struggle with him joyfully for life or death."

"Be it as thou wilt," replied Thot, impatiently.

But she seized his arm and said, "Not the spectral giant with the black staff. Oh, summon not him."

"Thou shalt have thy lichen and flowers, then," said he; "But come play to me the melody that the moonlight breathed through my soul. By those silvery tones must I fashion thy gardens."

She took the harp and played; but the tune came as she had learned it of Thot, after some of the tones had fallen out and been replaced by others; and neither of them now perceived that it was not quite the same the moonlight sung.

As she played, he murmured charmed words, and all around on the naked rocks there came forth forms of exquisite beauty. Snow-lichen and mosses peeped out from clefts; white roses unfolded their pearly petals; delicate bell-shaped blossoms nodded on their slender stems; fir trees rose in regular crystals; with a rustling sound, the Indian corn sent up its magnificent leaves and flowing silken tassels; grapes hung in rich clusters; and the walls were decorated with garlands, twined with a sparkling diamond thread.

"Now put forth all thy radiance!" said Thot; and under the influence of his potent spell, the figure of Freia shone like a meteor. He smiled exultingly, while she clapped her hands, and shouted, "This is beautiful! Truly, this was born of the voice of moonlight! It is splendid as Krystalberg glittering in the setting sun. Surely the mountain dwarfs who dwell there, helped thee to make these jewelled forms of grace."

"Say rather," replied he, "that it resembles Gladheim, in the vale of Ida."

*A huge ghost, which, according to popular tradition, wanders among Norwegian mountains.

But she answered, "I do not remember."

"Dost thou not!" asked he, mournfully. "Hast thou forgotten the Palace of Joy? It had well nigh gone from my own memory, when that song of the moonlight brought it back in glimpses. And see, I have created for thee another Gladheim!"

For awhile, they lived there in joy, ever adding some new form of beauty to their brilliant grotto. Then Thot felt as if he were a god. But weary at last of this fanciful play, Freia said, "Thy sparkling jewels are petrified light. Thy lovely flowers have no fragrance, and no colour."

"It is even so," he replied, in a dissatisfied tone; "and they neither grow nor reproduce themselves. Living trees and flowers make music as they grow. In the immortal valley, thy harp repeated all their tunes. If thou couldst but play them now, the tones would glide into those graceful forms, and make the beautiful petrifications live. And oh, if I had but the tone that to Light gave being!"

With deep dejection, she replied, "I, too, would give worlds to know those primeval words and tones. Often have I felt that I would willingly die to learn the mysteries they reveal."

"Die!" he exclaimed. "Thou canst never die. The immortals know not death." He eyed her keenly, and after a long pause, he said, "Freia, thou hast altered strangely. The light of thy garments is like steel, rather than gold. Thy voice has changed. Thou hast forgotten the tones that filled me with creative life. Thy eye-glance once looked far into infinity; it now rests on the surface." She was silent, and he continued, sternly, "Art thou a tool of the despotic gods, to mock me with shadows and echoes?" She trembled, and made no answer. "Thou shalt resume thy proper shape, said he, fiercely. "I believe that light flowed from the primeval tone of thy own being; and by all the powers, I will extort it

from thee, or chain thee forever, below the bed of yon dark river."

He fixed his eye upon her intently, and said, with a powerful voice, "I will thee to resume thy former shape!"

Convulsive spasms came over her, her limbs straightened rigidly, and her light went out in total darkness. At the same instant, a vivid flash illuminated the whole grotto, and Thor felt himself stricken down, as by a powerful arm. He remained oblivious for a long time. When consciousness returned, he was lying on a bed of sulphurous earth, and all around him was dense darkness and cave-stillness; broken only by the distant rumbling of the waterfalls, and the sluggish murmuring of the river. Fear came over him, till the perspiration stood in large drops on his forehead. "This is awful!" thought he. "What is my boasted creation but a tomb?" He called aloud on Freia, but the distant plashing of the waters was his only answer.

Gradually, the pride and strong will of his unconquerable spirit returned. He recalled the primeval word for fire, and rekindled his torch. The walls of his grotto sparkled in the flaring light, and there at his feet lay the corpse of a mortal woman. Whence came it? It was fearful thus to be alone with silence and the dead. He pondered whether this could be a form he had mistaken for Freia.

"The universe is full of phantoms," he said, doubtfully. "All things mock me, and flit by. Yet this lifeless body must have been the form of her to whose voice of moonlight this fair grotto rose; and I will give it fitting burial."

He went out into a spacious hall, and by the power of his spell, magnificent columns rose, in the centre of which, under an arch richly festooned, stood a sarcophagus. Tenderly, and with a feeling of awe, he placed the body within it, and covered it with sand, that he might see its face no more.

Then he wandered away to the innermost extremity of those charming grottoes, where he for a short time had enjoyed beauty and a sense of power. Now all was changed. He was alone, dissatisfied, and sad. "She told me truly," he said; "The loveliest of my creations are all petrifications. There is nothing alive." For the first time, tears flowed from his eyes; and as he sighed for the vale of Ida, he murmured, "I have deserved my exile thence."

A soothing influence was wafted through his soul, and he fell asleep. In his dreams Freia again appeared to him, glowing with celestial beauty. Smiling, she said to him, "Thou hast never enslaved *me*. The Aasgaardsreja played with thy presumptuous pride. They gave to one of their own number the appearance of my form. It was the spirit of a Northern poetess, who traded with the divine gift of song, to flatter the vanity of wealthy jarls. Therefore was she condemned, as a punishment, to wander with the Aasgaardsreja, who placed her in thy power, to do thy bidding as she best could. Me thou couldst not bind for a moment. If thou *couldst* fetter me with thy triangles and squares, the universe would stop its motions. Thou and I, dear Thot, are one from all eternity. Thou hast made this mournful separation, by reversing the divine laws of our being. Thou hast thought to create the outward, and then compel the inward to give it life. But the inward forms the outward, and thus only can the outward live. Seest thou not that all thy works are mere fragmentary accretions from things already created? All thy circles, and measured intervals, took form from the tones of my harp; but not by the triangles and the figures can the forgotten melodies be restored. I also know not whence they are. They came to me from the inmost shrine, and I transmit them, asking no questions. Thus let them flow into thee; then spontaneously and silently, without effort or noise, all thy forms shall live. When thou sincerely longed for the

inward life, I came to thee from Mispelheim, and played rich harmonies ; which also were given to me, as I gave them to thee. Again, when thou wert gazing humbly upward, I played on the moonlight rays, warblings that revealed to thee far more than all thy circles and squares. All thy labour gives thee but broken and insignificant fragments of that wisdom, which came to thee in perpetual revelation in thy glorious home."

"But I am exiled thence," sighed Thot, "and how can I return?"

"Renounce thy pride. Cease thy vain efforts to compel the inward by outward laws. Be simply willing to receive through me, as I receive through the All-pervading."

"But I am imprisoned here. When shall the penance cease?" he asked.

"If thou art humble, and willing to strive no more with thy outward laws, a long sleep will come over thee, and I shall be permitted to reveal many things to thee in dreams. At last, there will be born on earth a child strong enough to receive thy spirit, and delicate enough to be pervaded by mine. The echoes of my harp shall glide into his soul from all created forms. The grass shall whisper to him the primeval tone from which its being came; the birds shall warble it; the vines shall dance it to him; the flowers sigh it forth in fragrance; the cataract and the sea tell it to his secret ear, with their stormy voices; the moonlight shall sing it with a mournful mystery; and the stars breathe it with a solemn sound. He will suffer more than others; for all discords will jar upon him, and the hard world will crush his sensitive heart, as keen winds cut the delicate blossom. But if he is true to his mission, there remains for him a glorious recompense."

"And what shall this mission be?"

"To be strong in manhood, and yet remain a child in spirit. To let Nature breathe through his soul, as

the wind through a tree. To believe all she tells him, and reveal it in immortal music."

"And why must my return to Ida depend on his faithful performance of this mission?"

Because through him we may become again united. Both thou and I must pervade his being. I will give him tone, and thou shalt give him power. But if thou shouldst tempt him with thy outward laws constraining the inward life, thou wilt give him petrified forms for creations, and thus destroy his mission."

"When shall this child be born?"

"When he comes into a mortal body, thou shalt be wakened with a gushing, gladsome sound, and see before thee a semi-circle of columns, with a pure transparent fountain in their centre. This shall be to thee a token of his birth."

* * * * *

Not easily did the rebellious spirit learn humility and faith. Again, and again, the old temptation came over him, and he asked scornfully, "Why should I receive from her? She understands not the laws of her own being."

"No," replied a gentle, tuneful voice; "but she obeys them."

At last, the fierce discord became harmonised, and peaceful slumber stole over Thot. When he awoke, the cavern was bright as day. A semi-circle of beautiful columns stood before him, and in the centre leaped up a pure transparent fountain. A voice from within the sparkling waters said, "To-day, a babe is born, where rock-sheltered Bergen looks out on the surging billows of the German Ocean. His soul must be filled with thy struggling aspirations to reproduce all Nature. But he must receive all from Freia's harp, and not begin outward, as thou hast done. He must bring to the New World all those primeval tones, the utterance of which thou hast here so proudly laboured to compel. But he must not himself seek to know the secrets he reveals

Nature will smile graciously on her trusting child, and fold him warmly to her heart. Then shalt thou and Freia be united in the halls of Gladheim."

Cheerfully did the spirit arise in his renewed strength, of which humility was the inward name. A light went before him, and showed where subterranean genii had rolled away the rocks, and formed a new opening into the upper world.

As the sunbeams greeted his dazzled eyes, the earth seemed covered with a veil of flowing gold, and for a moment he thought he had returned to the region of the immortals. But to the mountains of Norway he first must wend his way, no longer to dwell among the fogs of Niflheim.

His subterranean workshop still remains, with its mountains and its rivers, its waterfalls and stars, its church and tomb, its gushing fountain, and its marvellous grottoes of fairy frost-work.

* * * * *

Strong and free grew the mountain child. Even in his cradle he felt the gliding presence of the tuneful one; but when he smiled in his infant sleep, they knew not that he heard sweet tones from an invisible harp. As he grew older, the insects drummed and fished to him; the star-points played to him with a twinkling sound; the golden grain waved to him in music; and from the dance of the vines he learned the melodious tune of their life. He believed all the moon and the stars told him; and therefore they revealed much. In manhood he remained a child, and still laughed and wept when the birds mocked his warblings, because they heard in them the tuneful mystery of their being. Men fain would have fettered his free spirit, and given him creeds instead of tones. But above all their din sounded more and more clearly Freia's harp; and Thor urged him ever to beware of petrifications, to receive the inward life unquestioning, and let it flow out into its own harmonious forms.

The minstrel of the North performed his mission with ardent freedom and a brave simplicity; and Thot and Freia are united forever in the golden groves of Ida.

LETTER XXI.

August 2, 1844.

VARIOUS are the modes resorted to, to relieve the oppressiveness of summer in the city; but the pleasantest are steamboat excursions on the river, with glee clubs and bands of music. There have been a variety of these this season; but I think none of them have offered quite as many attractions as the trip in the South America, on the 30th of July. This vessel ranked as a queen among our steamboats, until the Knickerbocker and the Empire were built; and though outdone in some respects by these magnificent rivals, she is a vessel of which any city might be proud, and well worthy of the noble river on which she moves. She goes through the water with prodigious power, and is fitted up with great elegance. The upper and lower cabins are spacious and airy; gay with a profusion of paintings and gilded ornaments.

We had a band of instruments on board, and the New-York Sacred Choir, of one hundred and fifty singers. This attraction decoyed me. It imparted something of sacredness, even to a crowded steamboat. I never come into the presence of music, without feeling inclined to uncover my head, and put on a garland, as the ancients did, when they entered the temples of their gods. This feeling does not arise merely from the delight of hearing sweet sounds. It is founded on the conviction that music represents

the motions of the universe, and expresses the infinite mysteries of creation. The *mind* of man cannot perceive this; but his *heart* hears some of the mystic whisperings, and these, for the time, place him in harmonious relation with the All-Pervading One.

We left the city at five in the afternoon. The breeze was fresh, the sky bright, and recent rains had rendered every thing clean and verdant. As we passed the beautiful shores of the North river, people waved their handkerchiefs from verandahs and summer-houses, and boys threw up their caps with loud hurras. One little fellow, who was bathing near the shore, began to dance in the water, to the music of our band. Seen among the distant shrubbery, he looked like Cupid frolicing with the water-nymphs.

We went eighteen miles up the river, and then returned, and wheeled round and round the city, in the evening twilight. The circular battlements of Castle Garden, brilliantly lighted, projected into the water like a crown of stars. Hundreds of boats, with lamps at the prow, were scattered about like fire-flies. A swarm of club-boats lay side by side, ready for a race the next day, bearing the graceful names of *Ianthe*, *Cygnet*, *Mist*, *Spray*, *Dream*, &c.

All at once the moon came above the horizon, larger and more golden than I ever saw it. It really seemed like the satellite of a nobler earth than ours. It was received with a full salute from our band; Apollo greeting his regal sister of the silver bow. Two or three minutes after the moon rose, a luminous circular cloud encompassed her, and gave her a striking resemblance to Saturn with his ring. It brought vividly to my mind the beautiful transparencies used by Dr. Lardner, in his interesting lectures. I was much impressed by the appearance of Saturn wheeling across the glorious firmament of constellations. The lecturer had named all the other planets and comets, as they passed; but Saturn sailed by unannounced. This wakened in me a proud and majestic

feeling. To be the greatest of a clique, a clan, a sect, a party, or a nation, has ever seemed to me a pitiful ambition. The world itself is a small audience for the inspired soul. But to be so unique in the universe, as to need no announcement—I found something grand in this! For a moment, I would have liked to be Saturn, thus to walk as a god among the planets. But the next moment our little Earth crossed the starry firmament, with its one own moon revolving round it so lovingly forever. My heart shouted, “There is our home! our own home!” and I would be Saturn no longer.

With the moon, too, it was a brief fancy. She soon cast aside her luminous belt, and went up serenely resplendent over the waters. By Apollo’s golden harp! it was magnificent to be rushing across the glittering mirror of the bay by moonlight, with music to give utterance to the yearnings of the heart! Then came haze and flitting clouds, under which our foam-wake, the ships, and the shore, wore the moon-veil so sleepily and dream-like! I could have lain thus for hours on the bosom of drowsy Nature, while every pulse kept time to her lullaby.

But Staten Island was our final destination, where a pic-nic for our party of seven hundred awaited us in a lamp-lighted grove. Thither we marched in procession, preceded by the music of the band. A concourse of people belonging to the island assembled round our tables, and we ate like kings and queens, for the entertainment of the public. When the hour arrived for returning to the boat, the choir of singers gave us “Auld lang syne” in full chorus; and strangers as we were to each other, every one found a response in the memory of his heart.

During the whole of the excursion, I was particularly pleased with the good nature that prevailed. Every body seemed happy, and desirous to help his neighbour to be so. But there was no vulgarity, no rude noises, no deficiency of politeness. Perhaps

something might be attributed to the genial influence of the scene; but in the crowds of New-York I have always been struck with the general disposition to be good-natured and obliging. Such a rush of strangers have no opportunity to settle conventional claims, and they are compelled to fall back on the common brotherhood of the race. For his own sake, no man refuses the courtesy of which he every hour feels the need.

Choruses, glees, and songs, with occasional interludes of the band, cheered our return, and we came up to the city to the tune of "Home, sweet home." This air, so like a mother's voice, was, as usual, an especial favourite. It shared the general favour with the "Old Granite State," and two or three others, endeared to the popular heart by those delightful mountain minstrels, the Hutchinsons. Midnight saw us safely returned to our hundred homes, the better, I trust, for having been bound together for a few hours in the golden circle of music and moonlight.

In the afternoon, we passed a steamboat full of Sunday-school children, with flags flying and the pleasant sound of youthful voices. We gave them three cheers as they passed, and they waved their handkerchiefs. The public schools and benevolent institutions of the city are often treated to excursions of this kind. I rejoice at this, and all other indications that society begins to perceive her children need something more than food and raiment.

This reminds me of a visit I made the other day to The Sailor's Home, in Cherry-street. It is the largest and best arranged institution of the kind in the country. Indeed, it is the only one in the world built expressly for the purpose, except the Sailor's Home in London. The benevolent have made limited arrangements for the comfort and improvement of seamen in several of our cities; but New-York only has a large and commodious edifice erected especially for their accommodation. It is six stories

high, not including the basement, and has ample arrangements for three hundred boarders. The rooms are pleasant, and well ventilated, and Croton water is introduced on every floor, with all conveniences for bathing. There is a museum, a reading-room well supplied with books and papers, and a bowling alley. Some of the stricter sort objected to this last, as likely to prove injurious, though no gambling is allowed. They were mistaken. Recreation is necessary to all men; and peculiarly so in the leisure hours of those accustomed to an active life. If they could have a picture gallery, and a band of music every evening, it would be so much the better. Every instinct of man is good in its place. Not one was given to be repressed or annihilated. Healthy and appropriate channels for free development is all that is required to bring every thing into harmony.

Captain Richardson, the Superintendent, is a conscientious, kind-hearted man. He was a sea-captain many years, and knows the way to sailors' hearts. His ships were formerly as remarkable for temperance and good order, as his Sailor's Home now is. In fact, he acts the part of a father to the seamen who come under his care. He assists them in procuring voyages, investing money, &c.; and, avoiding rules and restraints as much as possible, he endeavours to make virtue and sobriety cheerful and attractive. The door is left unfastened during the night, guarded by sentinels, who watch alternately. "The sailors know we like to have them in by ten o'clock," said he; "but they may have occasion to stay out later, and yet be sober and worthy men. If they are not sober and worthy, so much the more need that we should not bolt them out." There is a whole volume of Christian wisdom in that remark. Yet how slowly does society learn that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Shipwrecked sailors have a right to a home gratis at this institution; and they make pretty free use of the

claim. But true to their generous natures, those who return to this port are usually very honourable about settling arrears. A short time ago, a sailor presented himself, and said, "Captain, do you remember me?" "No, my friend, I do not." "Well, I don't wonder you have forgotten me. I came here a long time ago. I had been wrecked. You gave me my board, and got a voyage for me. You told me to take my advance wages for the clothes I needed. I owe you eventeen dollars, and I have got just the money. Here it is, and thank you, too. And now I want to get a short voyage, to earn a little money to go and see my old mother at Baltimore." After some inquiry into the merits of the case, Captain Richardson enabled the honest fellow to go home to his mother.

Considering the great value of this institution, the merchants of New-York have been less liberal towards it than I should have supposed they would have been. They subscribed but \$13,000. The establishment is now in debt \$17,000, beside \$10,000 to the State, for land. The State will probably give them this debt, though there is persevering opposition, from those whose interests are injured by temperance houses. The State would doubtless a great deal more than save it, in the prevention of crime. It is impossible to calculate the benefits, direct and indirect, of having six thousand sailors a year brought under the healthy influence of such an institution. Among the five hundred who meet there every month, there are many attracted by the character of the house, who decidedly prefer sobriety and modesty, and who take delight in reading, praying, and singing hymns. These place no restraint on the movements of others less seriously inclined; but, a healthy influence goes forth invisibly from their example. New-York is not a Sodom, after all.

"O, thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Checkered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see

Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleases and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have saved a city once,
And thou hast many righteous."

All over the world the same spirit is wakening. A friend who resides at Rennes, in France, writes to me, "We have lately established an institution here to supply the law and medical students with amusement, without injury to morals. It is a spacious edifice, well warmed and lighted, with libraries adapted to various departments of study and literature; a large shady garden, with alcoves for solitude; a billiard and play-room, where betting and cards are prohibited; and a music-room, where there is a concert once a week. The small sum of two dollars annually secures to a young man all the privileges of the place. It is encouraging to see how many we win from the coffee-houses and lounging-shops. Many do all their studying there, and find in it a great economy of fire and light."

What a blessing would such an institute be to the clerks, journeymen mechanics, and the thousand other young men in our cities, who have no pleasant homes to go to! A prison costs more to the State, and is not half as profitable or agreeable.

Enlightened self-interest might teach us this, if it were not for the fact that self-interest never *can* be enlightened. The highest and most cultivated individual in the community would derive direct advantage from a general elevation of character and pursuits among all the people. The largest lesson of wisdom I ever heard on this subject, was briefly uttered by a hard-working mechanic of Massachusetts. He subscribed one thousand dollars toward the establishment of a Normal School, to educate teachers for common public schools throughout the State. A friend,

who knew he had but a small portion of this world's wealth, returned the paper to him, saying, "I suppose you mean one hundred dollars, and have accidentally written a cipher too much."

"Why should you suppose that?" replied he. "I am a father; and in what way can I so effectually advance the interests of my children, *as by educating the community in which they are to live?*"

Society is like a child that first creeps, and then walks by chairs, and at last tries its own legs, astonished to find that they will do to stand on. Our sailors' home, our normal schools, our benevolent institutions with pleasant gardens, our pictured steamboats, our bands of music for all the people—all these things are feelers put out, slowly teaching the world that every son of Adam has a right to the free development of all his faculties, and the healthy enjoyment of all his tastes.

LETTER XXII.

August 17, 1844.

You say you have the most intense longing to form some distinct idea of the present existence of the dear babe you have lost; and therefore urge me to explain what are Swedenborg's teachings concerning the future life; particularly the state of those who die in infancy. The information, even if it has any weight with you, will not soothe the grief of mere natural affection, or satisfy any selfish craving of the heart. But if all thoughts of self are merged in the wish for your child's spiritual welfare, a belief in Swedenborg's testimony would make you happy. He does not say that we shall be united in the other world, on account either of natural relationship, or natural

affection, however strong these may have been on earth. *Spiritual* consanguinity, or similar states of the *Soul*, alone can produce companionship there. Strangers, who never saw each other in the body, may be very near together as spirits; while natural brothers and sisters, or legal husbands and wives, may be very far apart.

Time and space are spiritually mere states of mind. We may partly understand this from facts in the present life, if we reflect that an hour seems a minute to a man about to be executed, while a minute seems an hour to the friend, who is hurrying to him with the pardon, that he fears may come too late. With regard to space, likewise, we all know what it is to feel very distant from a person that sits next to us, and very near to a person a thousand miles off. In the spiritual world, there are no obstacles of material space and time to overcome; and therefore, according to Swedenborg, two persons whose affections are in a similar state, are near together the moment they think of each other. Thus it comes that our spiritual similarity, not our earthly love, produces vicinity. But if our friendship in this world has not been merely for the selfish and temporary purposes of convenience, vanity, or passion; if we have loved in each other what was good and true, and tried to help each other to be unselfish and pure, then are we spiritually related, and the relation will pass into eternity.

We are told that infants who die, enter the other world as infants. As they had here only the rudiments of capacity to become men, so they have there the rudiments of capacity to become angels. But their state is much better than that of little children in this life; for not being encumbered with a material body, which must receive impressions from the external world, and slowly learn to use its senses by experience, they can act at once from their souls, and thus walk and speak without practice. They do not suffer from hereditary evils, because these are not

their own. Had they lived on earth to a mature age, these inherited evils would have tempted them severely, and they might have made them their own, by bringing them into the deeds of their actual life. But having departed in infancy, they are in a state of innocence, into which heavenly good and truth flows freely, without resistance. They are troubled with no mournful recollections; for they suppose they were born in heaven. As soon as their souls leave the body, they are folded in the arms of angels, who while they lived in this world were women full of maternal tenderness. Each angel has charge of as many children as she desires from spiritual parental love. The speech of the little ones at first consists of mere flowing tones of affection; but these gradually become more articulate and distinct, as ideas of thought enter. All things are taught them by delightful images, suited to their tender state. They learn fast, because no false principles, acquired during their earthly existence, obstruct their understanding of truth, and no evils of life resist the reception of good. Swedenborg assures us that he has frequently seen them in beautiful gardens with their angelic teachers. Oftentimes, they had garlands on their arms and breasts, resplendent with the most heavenly colours. Porticoes conducted to interior paths of these gardens, and when the children passed through, the flowers above the entrance, shone with a celestial glow. From the merely external innocence of ignorance, they are gradually led by the angels to internal innocence, which is the highest wisdom.

The other life is not represented as one of rest, but of progressive development by active usefulness. Some are engaged in educating those who pass from this world in childhood. Others are ministering spirits to us mortals; forever trying to guard us against evil, to strengthen our good resolutions, to suggest images of beauty, and the truths of science. Authors and artists of genius, I believe, universally

share the experience of Bettina, who says, "There were thoughts shaped within me. I did not perpend them, I believed in them. They had this peculiarity, as they have still, that I felt them not as self-thought, but as *imparted*." Still more distinct is the occasional consciousness of invisible help to souls struggling with many temptations, through the rugged paths of regeneration.

Evil spirits perform the same office that they did while they were wicked men on earth; only with augmented power. They try to pollute the imagination of others with impure thoughts, to excite vindictive passions, to make truth appear falsehood, and selfishness the only good. If a man yields to their influence, and brings into deeds the thoughts and feelings they tempt him with, their power in the next temptation is redoubled; and if he goes on thus, they gain at last an almost irresistible mastery over him. Nothing is more common in the confession of criminals, than the remark, "It seemed as if the devil pushed me on to do it. I did not seem to be myself."

But if, on the contrary, we resist the temptation, and do not bring the evil feeling, or the false thought, into life, we grow stronger with every effort; as the Sandwich-islanders believe that the strength of every conquered enemy passes into the conqueror. The simple act of resisting temptation turns our souls away from those spirits whose bad feelings are similar to something in ourselves; and in the same degree we are brought nearer to the influence of those angels, whose affections are opposite to the evil with which we were tempted. Thus the free agency of man is preserved; for spirits have over us just the degree of power which we give them, and no more. Angels are always desirous to restrain man from evil, to guard and bless him; but their ability to approach him depends on spiritual laws, as unchangeable as any of the laws of natural science.

The angels, in their relations to each other, to

spirits, and to mortals, are but mediums of the divine love and wisdom of God, flowing through them into the hearts and minds of men, and transmitted and received according to established laws. This intervention of mediums, this gradation of causes and effects, pervades all creation.

Swedenborg asserts that no man at his death enters at once into heaven or hell, but remains for a time in the intermediate world of spirits. There, it is the continual effort of angels to draw them out of the evils and falsities they have acquired on earth. Those errors and evils, which are merely the results of education, are easily separated from the soul; but those which men have deliberately adopted into their own lives, in the free consciousness of their wills, are parted with by great struggles. If interior goodness and truth predominate over the evil and the false, the spirit is gradually regenerated by the influence of those angels who can approach it, because they are in affinity with its characteristic goods or truths. But if interior evil and falsehood predominate, the soul comes under the influence of spirits grounded in the same evils and falsities, and becomes worse and worse, with a constantly accelerating speed. The same law is manifested in the effect produced by wicked associates in this world. But the tender care of Divine Providence still strives to protect the sinner; for in this process of degeneration, he gradually loses the perception of the good and the true, and thus *cannot* sin so deeply as he would, if he saw clearly what he resisted.

Swedenborg represents the joys of heaven as consisting in the subordination of self-love to the love of others. This, by progressive degrees, becomes so perfect, that the highest angels love their neighbours *better* than themselves, and each is active in ministering delights to all. Of course, where every one brings his services as a free and beautiful gift, no one can have any deficiency of service from others,

so perfect is the mutuality of love, and the orderly gradation of various gifts.

The torments of hell are said to consist in precisely the opposite state of things. There, the prevailing disposition is to compel others to serve ourselves. The effects are, of course, a mutual desire to deceive, provoke, annoy, and injure each other. This infernal reign of the evil passions, with the attendant results, are represented as constituting the whole misery of the wicked. The sun of God's love shines as freely on them as on the angels in heaven; but by spiritual laws, as unalterable as the laws of chemistry, they cannot receive the pure influence; the state of their own will perverts it as it enters.

Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondence explains many other things in relation to the condition of souls hereafter. This doctrine is not, as many suppose, founded on mere fancied resemblances. He lays it down as a science; the innermost pervading soul of all sciences. He declares that everything in the universe is but the form of some variation of thought or affection; and if the thought or affection ceased, the form could not possibly exist. In other words, ideas and feelings are the souls, of which animals, vegetables and minerals, are the bodies. These feelings and ideas are in their elements few and simple; but as musical sounds produce infinitely varying harmonies by their ever-changing relations and combinations, so from these sentiments and ideas are evolved all the manifold forms of beauty and order in creation. But this doctrine of correspondence is not based on any imaginary resemblance, or natural analogy. It is founded on the fact that the spiritual idea is the producing cause, or soul, of the natural form. Thus the progressions of *time* are produced by the imperfections of human *intellect*, all the thoughts of which are successive, and all its knowledge acquired by degrees. Because, at this *period* of the world, elevated *sentiments* more than ever give tone

to man's *intellectual* perceptions, therefore music advances more and more toward perfection, though the other arts remain stationary. For good and pure affections are the producing cause of melodious sounds, and the embodiment of these affections in truths, bearing a right relation to each other, is the spiritual cause of harmony.

Thus the large sentiment of human brotherhood takes manifested form in various truths. In one form, it seeks to break the fetters of the slave; in another, to throw down the walls of sect; in another, to abolish national antipathies. The holy sentiment of forgiveness of enemies takes to itself form in doctrines opposed to capital punishment, and in favour of increased kindness toward prisoners. The pure sentiment of real marriage manifests itself in theories, which acknowledge woman as the equal, the friend, the partner of man in all his pursuits. Each of these is a melody from the central heart of love; and because the various modifications of utterance are coming more and more into accord with each other, therefore the science of harmony improves. Chivalry was the first vague manifestation of the feeling that woman ought to be raised from the low level where sensuality had placed her. It is an observable fact, that in about the same period of the world, appeared the first crude indications of harmony in music; and when chivalry was at its height, harmony had taken a distinct though very imperfect form, as a science. But it was hidden from the perceptions of man that one caused the other.

In this world, men may surround themselves with material objects very opposite to their inward state. A bad man may make very delightful music, and a harlot may decorate herself with lilies of the valley. But it is otherwise in the spiritual world. There, a man is in the midst of those forms of which his own thoughts and feelings are the producing cause.

Hence, angels are surrounded by forms and colours beautiful according to their state; and their speech, being in correspondence with their affections, is not only like music to the ear, but is very delightful to the interiors of the heart. Swedenborg says he once heard an angel speaking to a hard-hearted spirit; and he of the hard heart was so affected by the tones, that he wept. He said he had never wept before, but he could not help it now, because it was pure love speaking.

Evil spirits, on the contrary, are surrounded by deformed shapes, seen in a lurid light, and their voices are harsh and discordant, in proportion to their degrees of evil.

I have thus endeavoured to give you, as clearly and concisely as possible, an outline of what I understand to be Swedenborg's statements with regard to the condition of the soul hereafter. In answer to your question how he knew the things which he declares, I leave him to answer in his own words. He says, "The things which are in the heavens cannot be seen by the eyes of man's body, but only by the eyes of his spirit. When it pleases the Lord, these interior eyes are opened, while man is withdrawn from the natural light, in which he is from the senses of the body, and is elevated into spiritual light, in which he is from his spirit. In that light, the things which are in the heavens have been seen by me. It has been given me thus to pass through the dwellings of the angels, in full wakefulness, when my interior sight was opened."

I will here mention, merely as a curious psychological fact, that several people in magnetic sleep, though entirely unacquainted with the writings of Swedenborg, have described the spiritual world in a manner strikingly similar to his. A friend told me of a person in a clairvoyant state, who was asked where she was. She answered, "I am in the world of spirits." When asked how it looked there, she

replied, "It is very beautiful. The light is brighter than our sunshine, and makes objects more distinct; but it is so soft and golden, that it does not dazzle the eyes." My friend asked her to inquire for Elizabeth —, a very lovely girl, who had died some months before. During her pilgrimage on earth she had been extremely attached to children, and had been devoted to their education from a sincere love of the occupation. The countenance of the clairvoyant mantled with an expression of delight, as she answered, "Oh! Elizabeth is more beautiful than ever. She is surrounded by happy little children, who run to her with flowers they gather, and she is weaving them into garlands."

When asked to find Mr. —, who had been some time deceased, she said she could not. Being urged to seek him, a cloud went over her face, and she answered, with a slight shudder, "I don't want to go there. It is dark and cold."

With regard to Swedenborg's claim to the respect and confidence of his readers, I will briefly state a few facts, and leave you to form your own conclusions in freedom. The unanimous testimony is, that he was a man of very virtuous life, and simple unpretending manners. His knowledge of the sciences was remarkably extensive, profound, and accurate. He published treatises on the Animal Kingdom, the Vegetable Kingdom, and the Mineral Kingdom; on Tides, Coins, the Construction of Vessels, on Chemistry, Geometry, &c. &c. The most elaborate of these scientific works is entitled *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*. It ranks very high, for the variety and depth of learning it displays. The theory of the circulation of the blood was first indicated by him; and he stated that seven planets were created from the sun of our solar system, in a work published long before Herschel discovered the seventh planet. His mechanical skill was manifested in various ways; among others, by the invention of an easy and simple method of trans-

porting the largest galleys over the high mountains and rocks of Norway, to a gulf where the Danish fleet was stationed. The best memorial on Finance was presented by him to the Swedish Diet of 1751. His scientific knowledge and mechanical skill were rewarded with many honours, at home and abroad. He was offered the professorship of Mathematics in the University of Upsala, which he declined. The king appointed him Assessor of the Mines, and conferred upon him the title of Baron, by virtue of which he took his seat with nobles, in the Triennial Assemblies of the realm.

I mention these facts, merely to show that Swedenborg was a man of learning, and of practical good sense. His remarks on the animal kingdom, and the structure of the human frame, show that he thought deeply and earnestly concerning the mysterious connection between body and soul. In 1743, at the age of fifty-four, he relinquished scientific pursuits, and devoted himself entirely to writing those numerous theological works, which contain the doctrines of the present New Jerusalem Church. He repeatedly disclaims the intention, or wish, to be considered the founder of a sect. He constantly declares that the doctrines are not a product of his own intellect, but imparted to him by express revelation, in a state of divine illumination. So strong and sincere is this belief, that he habitually proves one part of his writings by another; repeatedly saying, with the most child-like *naïveté*, "That this is true, is proved by what I have written in another volume."

In these remarkable works, he speaks continually of visits to the spiritual world, and of familiar conversations with men long since dead. That he had likewise the clairvoyant faculty of seeing objects in distant places on this earth, is well attested by abundant and unimpeachable evidence. Thus he told distinctly the beginning and progress of a fire in Stockholm, and described all the details with the

accuracy of an eye-witness, at the precise time the fire occurred; though he was in Gottenburg, which is three hundred English miles from Stockholm. Instances similar to this became perfectly familiar to his friends and acquaintance, and were spoken of by himself with the utmost simplicity, as matters of every-day occurrence.

Under these circumstances, it is no marvel that he came to be generally regarded as insane; though his manners always remained simple and serene, and his scientific conversations profound and rational. For a time his theological writings were universally considered as the mere absurd ravings and grotesque visions of a crazy man. Being very voluminous, and written in Latin, they were sealed from the public. The few who looked into them were usually wearied by the hard dry style, or disgusted with what seemed to them improbable or ridiculous fictions. But by degrees, a discerning few began to say, "There is method in this madness. These theories are not the product of an insane brain; for the parts have harmonious relation to each other, and form a perfect whole." This class of readers increased, until these very peculiar writings spread into various languages, found a place in the libraries of scholars, mixed with theological studies in colleges, modified the preaching of various sects, and became more or less infused into literature. He who had been contemptuously styled the crazy prophet, at last came to be most respectfully mentioned in public lectures, as a man remarkable for scientific learning and depth of spiritual insight. He was ranked with Kant and Goëthe, as one of the three minds that would permanently affect the coming ages.

But such mention of Swedenborg is peculiarly offensive to his theological disciples. They approach him in quite another spirit. They think it wrong to criticise, or to explain philosophically, or to exercise the power of rejecting any portion of his

religious writings; because they believe them to be an especial revelation to him, for the establishment of a new church on earth, so perfect that no further dispensation will ever be needed.

Philosophers have replied that man's eternal progression made it impossible that *any* dispensation of truth could preclude the necessity of further developments. They averred that Swedenborg did not utter himself like a prophet; that the stamp of his own scientific knowledge was on all his revelations; that his views on some subjects were modified by preconceived opinions, and the prejudices of education. What he saw and heard in the spiritual world, they declared to be a reflex of his own state of mind; hence most of the spirits he met, were talking about the trinity, justification by faith alone, and similar subjects intensely interesting to his own mind. No one expressed a doubt that he himself verily believed that he saw and heard all he describes. The simplicity and innocence of the man seem to be so far respected by all who approach his writings.

There is a class of thinkers who are not his disciples, but who believe that his childlike reverential spirit, combined with such remarkably various learning, and the singular power of abstracting his soul from the senses, fitted him, in a very peculiar manner, to be the transparent medium of profound spiritual truths. They do not accept all he says as true; nor do they accept any of it as truth, simply because *he* says it. They think all finite mediums of infinite wisdom must necessarily be very imperfect. Dr. Johnson says, "Milton himself could not teach a boy more than he could learn;" and they argue that the angels must have been governed by the same law of limitation, in their revelations to Swedenborg. To prove that his perceptions of truth were modified, and sometimes obscured, by his own states of mind, they quote one of his own memorable relations. He says that once, when he was walking in the world

of spirits, he saw some angels under a tree, eating figs. He said to them, "Give me of your figs." They did so; but in his hand they became grapes. "How is this?" inquired he: "Did I not ask you for figs?" They replied, "We *gave* you figs, but you *took* grapes."

We have all of us experienced something similar to this, when we have tried to talk on spiritual subjects, with minds differently constituted from our own. We often *give* figs to others, and see plainly enough that they can *take* only grapes.

How Swedenborg saw what candid readers believe he was perfectly honest in relating, is a question that puzzles many. Some suppose that by intense abstraction of spirit, while examining into the causes of things, he unconsciously acquired a self-magnetizing power; by which he was placed in a state of clairvoyant perception, similar to that sometimes produced by magnetic sleep. In corroboration of this, they quote the rumour that when his domestics entered his library, they sometimes found him in deep reverie, with a strange expression in his eyes, as if the soul were absent from the body.

Whatever may be the solution of the mystery, Swedenborg is unquestionably the most remarkable phenomenon of the age.

LETTER XXIV.

September 26, 1844.

THE year, now entered on its middle age, wears a robe as gorgeous here in the city, as do the autumn woods of Maine, when the frost touches them in all their vigour, and suddenly clothes them with its glowing mantle of purple, yellow, and crimson. In

simpler words, the ribbons, silks and cashmeres, are unusually brilliant and varied in their colours, this season. The ladies look like walking rainbows, and the shop-windows of Broadway and Canal-street are as gay and warmly tinted as the wardrobe of an Eastern princess. Wealth was never more lavish in expenditure, and poverty never more tattered and shrinking. Acres of flags are waving across the streets, with inscriptions for Clay or Polk. Processions perambulate the city, from one extremity to the other. Orations are vociferated, by the light of bonfires, from temporary rostrums in the squares, and Whigs and Democrats both disperse to the tune of "Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances."

Under this glittering and tumultuous tide, there runs ever a stiller and a deeper current. The artist, with quiet earnestness, is writing inward beauty on the outward, and thus unconsciously doing *his* part toward bringing the poles of the earth into harmony with the poles of heaven. The philanthropist, with patient love, is labouring in obscure places, to restore defaced humanity. The reformer, with strong hope, is striving to clothe the social state with stainless wedding garments, for its marriage with a purer church. Blessings on them all! All, in their appointed way, are mediators between the divine and human, and all are helping to fulfil the glorious prophecy of final at-one-ment between God and man.

From the din of partisan strife, and the never-resting scramble of Mammon, I seek repose and refreshment in the lap of nature; or if this be not convenient, I walk to 322 Broadway, and lounge an hour or two in the rooms of The Arts' Union. Seated before Durand's exceedingly beautiful picture of the Passing Summer Shower, the landscape of life soon becomes touched with golden rays of hope, amid the sombre masses, and I cannot long remain without rainbow gleams within my soul.

Many of these drawings and pictures are the work-

manship of men engaged in banks, stores, and other departments of active life. These can easily become artists by profession, if they find in themselves enough of acknowledged talent to warrant the hazardous experiment; if not, this tasteful employment of their leisure hours is an innocent and healthful recreation, well adapted to keep them from the maddening whirlpool of politics and dissipation.

The true mission of Art is a higher one than the world dreams of. The fashionable, who ask from it only elegant decorations of a drawing-room, and the poet who luxuriates in it as a mere revelation of ideal beauty to the senses, both mistake it, though in widely different degrees; for its true mission is to ennoble, purify, and elevate the soul, while it delights the senses. I never felt this so deeply as while gazing on the admirable engraving of Scheffer's wonderfully beautiful picture of Mignon *aspirant au ciel*. Through the deep earnestness of those mournful eyes, the artist transmitted to my heart such tearful humility, such intense longing for inward purity, that I too aspired unto heaven. Music had often whispered to the ear of my soul that the mission of Art was high and holy; but it was never before so clearly revealed to my sight, that those who truly worshipped her must perceive her as Priestess, Muse, and Grace combined.

Visitors must not expect such rare visions of spiritual beauty at the rooms of the Arts Union. But though a good deal of mediocrity exhibits itself there, it is always relieved by many agreeable things, and occasionally by some really refreshing to the eye and the heart.

At these rooms, I saw the most beautiful picture I have seen for a long time. It is Columbus pleading his own cause, before Ferdinand and Isabella. The scene is in one of the fairy halls of the Alhambra. Its walls highly decorated with brilliant tints of the Arabian pencil, and its airy, fanciful, jeweled architecture, so expressive of a chivalrous, poetic, and

voluptuous people, are in admirable keeping with the glowing colours of the drapery; and all is tempered by a soft pervading light. The whole atmosphere of the place speaks of love, and song, and balmy zephyrs, of orange groves and alabaster fountains. The rich colours are mingled like cloud-tints of an autumn sunset, and so harmonized, that the effect is pleasing as a strain of music.

The expression of character is as admirable as the colouring. There is great variety in the faces, and a marked individuality in each; but all are true to nature and alive with soul.

In the noble figure of Columbus, one sees his natural enthusiasm tempered by age and sorrow, but still intense and eloquent. The head of Cardinal Ximenes is admirably expressive of the powerful intellect and strong will, for which he was remarkable.

The attitudes, the grouping, and the drapery, are exquisitely free and graceful. This fine picture was painted by E. G. Leutze, a young artist of German parentage, a native of Philadelphia, now studying his art in Dresden. He had previously painted *The Landing of Columbus in chains at Cadiz*, which attracted a good deal of attention in Europe. He might have sold it well there, but he preferred that a picture, the subject of which was so interesting to Americans, should be owned by one of his countrymen. He accordingly sent it home, expressly for the Art Union, with the expectation that they would make it the subject of one of their annual engravings for distribution. It is now being engraved by Mr. Schoff, a native of Vermont, and an artist of great merit. He has been at work upon it nearly a year, and it will probably be two years more before it is finished. The Art Union have agreed to pay him \$3000 for the plate.

This Art Union, originally called the Apollo Association, appears to me to be a most excellent institution; and I marvel much that it does not receive

more liberal patronage. The genius of our government is adverse to such munificent encouragement of art, as was bestowed in the olden time. On this side of the Atlantic, we shall never have, I trust, such patrons as Charles V., or the House of Medici; but we can foster art in a style better suited to the freedom and equality of republican institutions.

One of the leading objects of this association is to scatter abroad works of native art among the masses of people, who are not able to pay such high prices as the rich can afford. To say nothing of the pleasure thus given, it is not easy to calculate the refining influence, that may thus be brought to bear on a nation too exclusively devoted to the practical, and far too eager in pursuit of gain. It is wise to guard against the grovelling tendencies of such pursuits, by the earnest cultivation of music, painting, and sculpture. While we welcome all foreign excellence, let us give these plants, of divine origin, a genial soil and a balmy atmosphere in our own favoured land.

Another object of the association is to encourage artists of merit in their early efforts. It is a singular fact, and one that reveals how little the popular taste is yet formed for works of art, that every picture sold, for the two last years, from the National Gallery of Design, in this city, has been purchased by the Art Union.

The practical operation of this institution is to encourage the first aspirations of genius, to enable talent to find its own level, without the certainty of starvation in the process. Some object to subscribe to it, on the ground that the annual distribution of prizes is too much like a lottery. But I think this objection is founded on misapprehension. It does not resemble a lottery, because it is not a plan to enrich a few at the expense of many. It is a combination of small means, to encourage art by some degree of the patronage once bestowed by popes and princes.

It is by the people, and for the people; strictly democratic in its plan, and in its modes of operation. It is not like a lottery; for though the prizes are few, there are no blanks. Every subscriber is sure to receive an engraving, if he is not lucky enough to draw a picture or a statue; and the engraving alone is worth his subscription. The pictures purchased from artists are annually distributed among the subscribers by lot. Some go to Rhode Island, some to Georgia, some to Ohio, and some to every nook of the Union. By this process, a public taste is being gradually formed, which will increase the demand for works of art, and stimulate genius to higher efforts; for even the true artist is excited and helped by the sympathy and appreciation of his fellow-beings.

The annual subscription of five dollars, entitles a person to all the privileges of membership. The subscribers do not yet number fifteen hundred; and strange to say, not more than three hundred belong to this populous and wealthy city. It must be that people are not generally aware of the existence in their midst of an institution so honourable to New-York, so truly republican in its principles, and so extensively beneficial in its influence.

The Art Union of New-York is the first and only association of the kind in the United States. There was one incorporated in Philadelphia, two years ago, but it has never gone into operation. They were first established in Dresden and Dusseldorf, and afterward in Edinburgh, London, and Dublin; in France, Bavaria, Holland, and Belgium. Reports from these various institutions indicate increase of pecuniary means, and improving taste for the Arts among the people. The London Society has been most successful. It does not distribute pictures, but money, which must be expended in the purchase of original British paintings. In this way, it distributed

last year more than \$60,000 among their native artists.

In this country, where so many causes combine to infect everything with the spirit of trade, and where there is less to balance the tendency, than in older countries, we peculiarly need the quieting and refining influence of the arts. If we would avoid becoming a nation of office-hunters, stock-jobbers, and pedlars, we ought to encourage all efforts to excite American genius, and improve the popular taste.

Of the capabilities of our people we have sufficient indication, in the talent that has already struggled upward into the sunlight of fame. Sculpture especially seems to favour republics. The earnest expression and classic grace of Crawford's Orpheus, would have done credit to the best days of Greece. No artist in the old world competes with Powers, I believe. But there is one in New-York, as yet comparatively unknown, and contending with adverse circumstances, who I think will as fairly claim the laurel crown. In Horace Kneeland's bust of Ericsson, there is at least large promise of this. The character and expression of the celebrated mechanician are remarkably well-preserved; the lips are singularly flexible, and the minute delineation of swelling veins and muscular indentations, give it that look of genuine flesh, for which the busts of Powers are so remarkable. We need not always wait for the foreign stamp to be put on American genius before we ourselves acknowledge its excellence.

LETTER XXIV.

September 17, 1844.

I REVISITED Greenwood Cemetery, a few days ago, and found many new monuments; one of which particularly interested me, from the cheerful simplicity of its epitaph. The body of a mother and child rested beneath the marble, and on it was inscribed the words: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." 2 Kings iv. 26. This gives pleasant indication of real faith in immortality; like the Moravians, who never inscribe on their tombs the day when a man was born and when he died, but simply "the day he came hither, and the day he *went home*." Why Christians should have chosen a skull and cross-bones for their emblem of death seems incomprehensible. The Greeks, notwithstanding their shadowy faith in a future existence, represented death as a gentle and beautiful youth; sometimes as a sleeping winged child, with an inverted torch resting on a wreath of flowers. Even Samael, the awful death-angel of the Hebrews, resembling our popular ideas of the devil, was always said to take away the souls of the young by a kiss.

If we really believed that those who are gone from us were as truly alive as ourselves, we could not invest the subject with such awful depth of gloom as we do. If we would imbue our children with distinct faith in immortality, we should never speak of people as dead, but as passed into another world. We should speak of the body as a cast-off garment, which the wearer had outgrown; consecrated indeed by the beloved being that used it for a season, but of no value within itself.

A pretty, foreign-looking little chapel, now stands at the entrance of Greenwood, containing a bell, to

be tolled when the funeral trains pass in. I felt compassion for it, because all its life long it was obliged to utter sad tones. With the melancholy mood it inspired, came recollections of a singular incident connected with the history of my own family. The yellow fever raged fearfully in Boston, the last part of the eighteenth century. The panic was so universal that wives forsook their dying husbands, in some cases, and mothers their children, to escape the contagious atmosphere of the city. Funeral rites were generally omitted. The "death-carts," sent into every part of the town, were so arranged as to pass through each street every half hour. At each house known to contain a victim of the fever, they rung a bell, and called, "Bring out your dead." When the lifeless forms were brought out, they were wrapped in tarred sheets, put into the cart, and carried to the burial-place, unaccompanied by relatives. In most instances, in fact, relatives had fled before the first approach of the fatal disease. One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to *her* to know who attended upon him, if *he* did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death carts, had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and

rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring out your dead." The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears; continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her intreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances, she answered, "If you bury him, you shall bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise, that, if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch up on the bedpost, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about

him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard, passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men again came, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

Instances of this kind, though very rare, are well known to physicians under the name of asphyxia. The mere possibility of their occurrence is sufficient reason why the body should remain two or three days, before it is committed to the earth. I believe no nation buries with such haste as Americans. The ancients took various precautions. They washed and anointed the body many successive times before it was carried to the burial. The Romans cut off a joint of the finger, to make sure that life was extinct, before they lighted the funeral pile.

The picturesque little chapel, with its bell that never speaks but in sorrow, led my thoughts into dismal paths. But my imagination always turns away quickly from gloomy associations. I soon began to think how beautifully appropriate it was that a bell should call to worship. Its sonorous voice, filling the whole air with royal sound, heard so sublimely clear above all the rattle and din of our poor everyday life, renders it worthy of the sacred office. Perhaps it was a vague feeling of this, which made the devout of former centuries believe that bells had peculiar power to drive away evil spirits; a superstition

which was in fact the origin of bell-tolling at funerals. The Turks, though a much better people than we give them credit for, resemble evil spirits in their abhorrence of bells. Nothing delighted them more in taking Constantinople, than the power it gave them to silence the "detestable bells."

One would think that a chime of bells must be delightful to any human ear. I remember with great pleasure the chimes from Christ Church, in Philadelphia. On Friday, the great market day there, it is customary to welcome the farmers into the city, by ringing a cheerful peal. Coming in with their loads of fruit and poultry, they very naturally understand the bells to say,

"Now all ye married men,
Get your money ready."

This chime even bewitched one of the Society of Friends, though they rigidly abjure music. When the Quakers first rose up, a form of real spiritual life in the midst of sensuality and sham, music was most shamefully desecrated to low and profligate purposes. But so was language, and so was religion. If tones were excommunicated for being made mediums of sin, words should have been banished too. How the kingdom of heaven can come on earth without music in it, is more than I can imagine. It would make the company of the saints like a spring-time without birds, or a year without blossoms.

So it seems, thought Caleb Offley, member of the aforsaid religious society. He was half an idiot, and creation spoke to him in stammering and imperfect language; but music glided into his soul, like the tones of a mother's voice. He was forever lingering around Christ Church, listening to the beloved chimes. At last, he came to ring the bells better than any other person could. The Quakers reproved him for such light and frivolous employment of his time. The poor simple soul tried to stay away; but the

sonorous chimes beckoned and called to him ever; and the passion became too strong for him. Those who liked to make use of his skill, injudiciously tempted him with wine and strong drinks. His religious friends again interfered, and the culprit promised to take their advice. But after a while, he appeared before the elders, and said, "I have done very wrong, and I will try to do better. I will give up drink; I will give up anything you tell me; but, friends, I *can't* give up the bells." He was henceforth one of the bell-ringers on all public occasions, till the day of his death.

I am impatient to have the magnificent structure of Trinity Church, in Broadway, completed, that we may have its chime of eight bells, which now lie silent, for want of a tower to swing in. There probably will then be some contention between New-York and Philadelphia, which has the best chime; as there now is, which has the grandest water-works and the most beautiful cemetery. Like the two chimes in Richmond, England, the burden of the song will be,

"Who rings the best? Who rings the best?"

"I do. I do."

A traveller who found it difficult to decide which was superior in sweetness and distinctness of tone, gave the last the palm, on the strength of her own assertion. I should reverse the decision; for I never yet knew transcendent genius prone to sing its own praises.

I had no idea how pleasant an effect could be produced by hand-bells, until I heard the Swiss Bell Ringers, now performing in this city. It is a remarkable exhibition of mechanical skill and accuracy of ear. The company consists of seven men, who ought to bear the bell-toned Swedish name of Silfverling. They use forty-two bells, varying in size, from a large cow-bell, to the smallest dinner-bell.

They had these bells manufactured for them, and carefully attuned by scraping the metal. It took nine months of patient practice to attune them to a perfect concert pitch. The clappers are upon a spring. A piece of leather goes through the ball of the tongue; the leather strikes the bell, and renders the tones more soft and sweet. They place the fore-finger and thumb upon the sides of the bell, and thus obtain a steady hold, while they prevent disturbing vibrations.

The lowest bell is the lowest C of the treble clef, and they run up three octaves and one fourth, with all the semi-tones. Four of them play the Air; the other three play a harmony in the lowest octave of the bells, similar to a guitar accompaniment to a song. They play not merely simple carrillons, but elaborate and difficult music; the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, for instance. They trill notes beautifully. The effect of the combined sounds is extremely sweet, liquid, and melodious, like a powerful music box. As they often change places and bells, during the performance of a single piece, it is inconvenient to use notes, and they trust entirely to memory, which practice has made wonderfully perfect. They change their bells as rapidly as printers take up their types. If one of them rings a false note, it is instantly felt by all the others, and any one of them can tell instantaneously all the notes that are to be played for ten bars ahead.

Their skill and exactness seem almost equal to the chimers of Cambridge, in England, who "rang a peal of 6600 changes, with such regularity and harmony, that in each thousand changes the time did not vary one sixteenth of a minute, and the compass of the last thousand was exactly equal to the first."

This perfect mechanical effect is the only drawback to the pleasure in hearing them. If I were gifted with power to utter the music that struggles for-

ever within me, I could not submit to such restraint in the mode of utterance. I should break all the bells in desperation.

LETTER XXV.

October 14, 1844.

AFTER an interval of several months, I have again heard Ole Bul, with quite as much pleasure as when his first performance took me by surprise. My soul loves to follow his music, as it glides from passionate energy into fairy grace; now wandering away in dreamy poetic reverie, and now leaping up with sudden joy, like a bright fountain in the sunshine. It has for me a charm like the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer's Night Dream*. The instrument, itself, increases the resemblance, with "its appetizing harshness, its racy sharp violinity." "As Shakspeare among poets, is the Cremona among instruments," says Bulwer; and certainly nothing equals it for beauty and delicacy of tone, variety of expression, and fitting utterance of the deepest and tenderest emotions. Most instruments are limited by their construction. Thus high, and no higher, can the notes go, whoever plays upon them. But the violin becomes whatsoever it is willed to be by the soul that wakes its melody. Its capacities are infinite. It is like the human heart, with its laughter and its wailing, its sighs and shrieks, its love, and fear, and sorrow, and its aspirations that go beyond the stars. While all other musical instruments have been gradually changed in structure, this alone, through the lapse of three centuries, as Sphor informs us, has remained in its original simplicity. The royal voice with which it utters the inspirations of genius has consecrated it to my imagination, and it brings a

flush to my cheek to hear it called a fiddle. But this is foolish. The tripod is a cooking utensil in Germany; and the most common and universal ever lies nearest to the infinite.

It would be curious to know how much climate has had to do with the flashing energy and impassioned earnestness of this Norwegian minstrel. The scenery and sounds, to which we are accustomed from infancy, are a spiritual atmosphere, imperceptibly fashioning the growth of our souls; and a nervous organization so acute and delicate as his, must have been peculiarly susceptible to all sensuous influences.

Where on this planet is a place so sublimely appropriate as the rocky coast of Norway, to the newly invented Æolian sea signals? Metal pipes, attached to floating buoys, are placed among the breakers, and through these do the winds lift their warning voices, louder and louder, as the sea rages more and more fiercely. Here is a magnificent storm-organ, on which to play "Wind of the winter night, whence comest thou?"

On this coast has Ole Bul, from childhood, heard the waves roar their mighty bass to the shrill soprano of the winds; and has seen it all subside into sun-flecked, rippling silence. There, in view of mighty mountains, sea-circled shores, and calm, deep, blue fiords, shut in by black precipices and tall green forests, has he listened to "the fresh mighty throbbings of the heart of Nature." Had he lived in the sunny regions of Greece or Italy, instead of sea-girt Norway, with its piled up mountains, and thundering avalanches, and roaring water-falls, and glancing auro-ras, and the shrill whispering of the northern wind through broad forests of pines, I doubt whether his violin could ever have discoursed such tumultuous life, or lulled itself to rest with such deep-breathing tenderness.

I know not what significance the Nord-men have

in the world's spiritual history ; but it must be deep. Our much boasted Anglo-Saxon blood is but a rivulet from the great Scandinavian sea. The Teutonic language, "with its powerful primeval words—keys to the being of things"—is said by the learned to have come from the East, the source from which both light and truth dawned upon the world. This language has everywhere mixed itself with modern tongues, and forms the bone and nerve of our own. To these Nord-men, with their deep reverence, their strong simplicity, their wild, struggle-loving will, we owe the invention of the organ, and of Gothic architecture. In these modern times, they have sent us Swedenborg, that deep in-seeing prophet, as yet imperfectly understood, either by disciples or opponents; and Frederika Bremer, gliding like sun-warmth into the hearts of many nations; and Thorwaldsen, with his serene power and majestic grace; and Bethooven, with aspirations that leap forth beyond the "flaming bounds of time and space;" and Ole Bul, with the primeval harmonies of creations vibrating through his soul in infinite variations. Reverence to the Nord-men; for assuredly their strong free utterance comes to us from the very *heart* of things.

Influences that pass into the soul from the outer world, inevitably transmit themselves through music, even more than through the other arts; and thus transmitted, they reproduce their images in the soul that hears. If I stood suddenly in the midst of that sublime and romantic Northern scenery; if my ear caught, for the first time, the voice of some peasant maiden, warbling the wild, simple, plaintive airs of Norway, memory might puzzle me with the question, "Has my soul been here before me?" For the subtlest of all essences is this spiritual magnetism, which, by continual transmission and re-transmission, pervades our life. Even on our physical being do these sensuous influences leave their mark. They classify the nations, and are sometimes strongly impressed on

individuals. They would always be so, if we were free and true; for our bodies would then become transparent mediums of the spirit. Wordsworth thus describes the young maiden, to whom Nature was "both law and impulse":

"She shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And Beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

The engraved likeness of Ole Bul often reminds me of these lines. It seems listening to one of his own sweet strains of melody, passing away, away—and vanishing into the common air, fine as the mist scattered afar by the fountains. The effect, thus transmitted in form by the artist, reproduces its cause again; for as I look upon it, a whirling spray of sound goes dancing through my memory, to the clink of fairy castanets. When I look at Domenichino's Cumæan Sibyl, and Alston's wonderful picture of the Lady Hearing Music, my soul involuntarily listens, and sometimes hears faint wandering strains of melody.

The expression of scenery and character were very clearly conveyed to me in Ole Bul's Fantasia of Scottish melodies. Most of the tunes I could distinguish only through a mist, they whirled after each other so rapidly, and were twined together with such a graceful arabesque of variations. But the whole of Scotland's heart seemed to be poured forth in it. The plaintive voice of domestic love, among a serious and earnest people; the reverential feeling of a mountain race; the pride of ancestral clans; the romantic loyalty that would defend a Stuart unto death; the stern strength of Presbyterianism; the marching of regiments through the Highlands, to the shrill sound of the bagpipe; and the free voice of the hunter, over the hills and far awa'. I could imagine how spiritual

beings could thus utter all things in tones, and tell a nation's history in music.

His Fantasia of Irish airs is as plainly the voice of a people who have suffered much and long. A sort of suppressed sigh runs through all their warm breathings of love for Ireland. Their patriotism utters itself in the voice of a widow's child, singing to his lonely and desolate mother. Even the merry tunes of Ireland tell the same sad story. It is not the jovial carouse of England, or the light-hearted carol of France. It is the convulsive reaction, the sudden leaping up, of a depressed spirit.

The fate of the poor African, too, is told in his simple melodies, so full of wild animal gaiety, so easily subsiding into mournful modulations.

This spiritual expression of music is heard in very different degrees by different people, and by some not at all. One man remarked, as he left Ole Bul's concert, "Well, there is no such thing as getting a dollar's worth of music out of a fiddle, in three hours." Of the same concert, a man of thorough musical science, and deep feeling for his beautiful art, writes to me thus: "Ole Bul has certainly impressed me, as no man ever impressed me before. The most glorious sensation I ever had, was to sit in one of his audiences, and feel that all were elevated to the same pitch with myself. My impulse was to speak to every one as to an intimate friend. The most indifferent person was a living soul to me. The most remote and proud, I did not fear or despise. In that element, they were all accessible, nay, all worth reaching. This surely was the highest testimony to his great Art, and his great soul."

An eloquent writer, who publishes under the fictitious signature of John Waters, describes his first impressions of Lizst's piano-playing, with an enthusiasm that would doubtless seem very ridiculous to many who listened to the same sounds. He says, that "with blow after blow upon the instrument,

with his whole force, he planted large columnar masses of sound, like the Giant's Causeway. The instrument rained, hailed, thundered, moaned, whistled, shrieked, round those basaltic columns, in every cry that the tempest can utter in its wildest paroxysms of wrath. * * * * *

Then we were borne along, through countless beauties of rock, and sky, and foliage, to a grotto, by the side of which was a fountain that seemed one of the Eyes of the Earth, so large and darkly brilliant was it, so deep and so serene. Here we listened to the voices rather than the songs of birds, when the music by degrees diminished, then fluttered and ceased."

A lady, to whom he spoke of the concert, acknowledged that the sounds had brought up very similar pictures in her soul; but probably not ten of the large audience listened in such a spirit. That it was thus received by *any*, shows that it was *in* the music, whether the composer was aware of it or not; and genius only can produce these magical effects, even on a few.

To Him who made the ear a medium of pleasure to the soul, I am humbly grateful for delight in sweet sounds; and still more deeply am I grateful that the spiritual sense of music is more and more opened to me. I have joy in the consciousness of growth, as I can imagine a flower might be pleased to feel itself unfolding, and expanding to the sun-light. This *expressiveness* of music, no man ever revealed to me like Ole Bul; and therefore, in my joy and gratitude, I strive, like a delighted child, to bring all manner of garlands and jewels, wherewith to crown his genius.

Here is a wreath of wild-flowers to welcome his return:

Welcome to thee, Ole Bul!

A welcome, warm and free!

For heart and memory are full

Of thy rich minstrelsy.

'T is music for the tuneful rills
To flow to from the verdant hills ;
Music such as first on earth
Gave to the Aurora birth.

Music for the leaves to dance to ;
Music such as sunbeams glance to ;
Treble to the ocean's roar,
On some old resounding shore.

Silvery showers from the fountains ;
Mists unrolling from the mountains ;
Lightning flashing through a cloud,
When the winds are piping loud.

Music full of warbling graces,
Like to birds in forest places,
Gushing, trilling, whirring round,
Mid the pine trees' murm'ring sound.

The martin scolding at the wren,
Which sharply answers back again,
Till across the angry song
Strains of laughter run along.

Now leaps the bow, with airy bound,
Like dancer springing from the ground,
And now like autumn wind comes sighing,
Over leaves and blossoms dying.

The lark now singeth from afar,
Her carol to the morning star,
A clear soprano rising high,
Ascending to the inmost sky.

And now the scattered tones are flying,
Like sparks in midnight darkness dying
Gems from rockets in the sky,
Falling—falling—gracefully.

Now wreathed and twined—but still evolving
Harmonious oneness in revolving ;
Departing with the faintest sigh,
Like ghost of some sweet melody.

As on a harp with golden strings,
All nature breathes through thee,
And with her thousand voices sings
The infinite and free.

Of beauty she is lavish ever;
Her urn is always full;
But to our earth she giveth never
Another Ole Bul.

LETTER XXVI.

October 21, 1844.

MANY of the Millerites believed that last week was appointed for the burning of the world; not "positively for the last time this season," however, for a majority suppose it will occur to-morrow. Their system of theological navigation is supplied with elaborately prepared charts, from which they learn that "the Lord will certainly leave the mercy seat on the 13th of this present October, and appear visibly in the clouds of heaven on the 22d." Alas for every one of us, sinners or saints, if our Father *should* leave the mercy seat, even for so brief an interval!

It was stated some time ago, in the papers, that Mr. Miller had given it as his opinion, that if the prophecy was not fulfilled, as expected, last spring, it would occur soon after the autumnal equinox. Meanwhile, even the memory of this excitement seemed to have passed away from the ever busy crowd. But with the autumnal equinox, it returned with renewed fervor. Mrs. Higgins, a young woman from Boston, I believe, is here preaching with that enthusiasm and earnestness of conviction, which always imparts a degree of eloquence. She and her zealous coadjutors are creating a prodigious ferment, and making

many proselytes ; all of whom are welcomed to their ranks, as brands plucked from immediate burning.

A man, who has tended an apple-stall near the Park, went to hear her, and straightway gave away all his fruit and cakes, to the great delight of the children, who became warmly interested to have this faith spread through all the cake-shops and apple-stalls. A vender of stoves, near by, has shut up his shop, with the announcement that no more stoves will be needed on this earth. A shoe-maker in Division-street, began to give away all his stock ; but his son came in during the process, and caused him to be sent to an insane asylum, till the excitement of his mind abated. A shop in the Bowery mounted a placard, on which was inscribed, in large letters, MUSLIN FOR ASCENSION ROBES ! I know not whether this was done for waggery, or from that spirit of trade, which is ever willing to turn a penny on war, pestilence, or conflagration.

Thousands of minds are in a state of intense alarm, but I have heard of very few instances of stolen money restored, or falsehoods acknowledged, as a preparation for the dreaded event. One man, of whom I bought some calico, took two cents a yard less than he asked. When I thanked him, he said, "I suppose you are surprised that I should diminish the price, after you have bought the article ; but the fact is, I have been hearing Mr. Miller, and I thought he proved his doctrine clear enough to satisfy any body. If we are all to come to an end so soon, it is best to be pretty moderate and fair in our dealings." "But *we* cannot come to an end," said I. "Oh, I meant the world, and our bodies," he replied. "And if they come to an end in '98 instead of '44, is it not still best to be moderate and fair in our dealings ?" said I. He admitted the premises ; but as one admits an abstraction.

A prophet who appeared in London, many years ago, and predicted the destruction of the world, from Scripture authority, produced a much more decided

effect in driving people into good works. Under his preaching, very large sums of money were restored, and seventy thousand persons were married, who had formed illicit connexions.

This reminds me of a fine old building, demolished a few years ago, in the north part of Boston. It was built by Sir Harry Falkland, who held a high office under the crown, in old colonial days. I think Cooper has described it in some of his early works. When I saw it, it was inhabited by several labouring families, and was in a poor state of preservation. But through all the dust and scratches, I could perceive that the tessellated floor of various coloured woods, with the baronet's coat of arms in the centre, had once been very beautiful. The panels were a series of landscapes in gilded borders; and every now and then, in some closet or recess, one was startled by an owl, a falcon, or an eagle, done in fresco. Tradition said that Lady Falkland required her daughters to dance on the variegated oaken floor, with waxed shoes, till it shone like a mirror. When one of the daughters was married, the little slave, who brought wine and cake on a silver salver, tripped on the smooth surface; whereupon she received a whipping; as have many other persons in this world, for tripping in paths made needlessly slippery.

Tradition further says, that Lady Falkland was not always the wife of Sir Harry. She accompanied him when he was ambassador to Portugal, and lived with him without the sanction of the law, for several years. The great earthquake of 1755 came; and Lisbon reeled and tottered from its foundations. They saw houses crack asunder, and the earth yawn in the streets. They thought the end of the world had come; and the first thing they did was to run to a church, and beseech a priest to marry them, amid the heaving and trembling of the elements.

Some of the Millerites have written glowing letters, intreating me to make haste to escape from the wrath.

that is impending over all unbelievers. One of them has seen me in a vision, radiating light, and considered this a special indication that I was to be summoned to ascend with the saints. I feel sincerely grateful to these kind, well-meaning persons, for their anxiety to save me. But if there has been no preparation in my previous life, the effort to make ready in a few days could avail but little. Even if I thought the end of all things was so very near, I could see no better way of preparing for it, than by purity of life and conversation, a heart at peace with all men, and diligent efforts to do all in my power to save and bless. And if the earth is to revolve on its axis for millions of years, still in that direction only lies the spirit's ascending path.

What matters it to me whether the world is destroyed in 1844, or in 18,044? For *me* it must soon cease to exist, even if nature pursues its usual course. And what will it concern my spirit, in the realms beyond, whether this ball of earth and stones still continues its circling march through space, or falls into the bosom of the sun? Let spirit change forms as it will, I know that nothing is really lost. The human soul contains within itself the universe. If the stars are blotted out, and the heavens rolled up as a scroll, they are not lost. They have merely dropped the vesture that we saw them by. "Life never dies; matter dies off it, and it lives elsewhere."

My belief in spirit is so strong, that to me matter appears the illusion. My body never seems to me to be myself. Death never seems to me an end of life, but a beginning. I suppose it is owing to this vivid and realizing sense of spiritual existence, that the destruction of the visible world would have so little power to affect me, even if I foresaw its approach. It would be but a new mode of passing into life. For the earth I have the same sort of affection that I have for a house in which I have dwelt; but it matters not to me whether I pass away from it, or we pass

away together. If I live a true and humble life, I shall carry with me all its forms of love and beauty, safe from the touch of material fire.

I am sorry that the Millerites have attracted the attention of a portion of our population, who delight to molest them, though it is more from mirth than malice. All sincere convictions should be treated respectfully. Neither ridicule nor violence can overcome delusions of this sort, or diminish their power to injure. Such crowds are continually about the doors of the Millerite meetings, that it is almost dangerous to life and limb to effect an entrance. Stones and brickbats are thrown in, and crackers and torpedoes explode under their feet. The other night, while Mrs. Higgins was exhorting and prophesying, with tempestuous zeal, some boys fired a pile of shavings outside the window near which she was standing, and at the same time kindled several Roman candles. The blue, unearthly light of these fire-works illuminated the whole interior of the building with intense brilliancy, for a moment.

The effect on the highly excited congregation was terrible. Some fainted, and some screamed. Several serious accidents happened amid the general rush; and one man, it is said, was so deranged with nervous terror, that he went home and attempted to cut his throat. The mayor, and a strong array of constables, now attend the meetings, to prevent a repetition of these dangerous tricks. But the preachers say that no protection is needed; for four angels are stationed at the four corners of the earth, and they have sealed the foreheads of all the saints, so that no harm can come to them.

I often hear this called a singular delusion; but to me it seems by no means singular. The old Jewish idea of an external kingdom with the Messiah passed into Christian belief, with many other traditions. In the very first centuries of the church, there was a sect which believed that the Roman empire would

be overthrown, that all the wicked would be destroyed, and the faithful would arise from the dead, to enjoy a paradise on earth with the faithful living. Every ear of wheat would then produce ten thousand grains, and every grain ten pounds of wheat flour; and every vine would yield millions on millions of measures of wine. The New Jerusalem would descend from heaven, and furnish them with splendid houses.

The end of the world was very strongly expected by some in the year 1000. A sect of this kind rose among the Lutherans, soon after the 'Thirty Years' War. Bengel, a famous mystical writer, calculated that the millenium would begin in 1836, and last two thousand years. Up to the present period, the external theological teaching of our churches has tended to cherish similar ideas. The people have been told for a series of years, that the world would be destroyed by material fire, and that the Messiah would come visibly in the heavens, to reign as a king on the earth. It is but one step more, to decide when these events will occur. The Jews, who, in the first advent of a Messiah, expected a powerful prince, to conquer the Romans, and restore the national glory of Judea, were not more grossly external in their application of the prophecies, than are most of the theological commentators on the second advent. Yet, unconscious of the limitation of their own vision, they speak with patronizing compassion of the blindness of the Jews. If men applied half as much common sense to their theological investigations, as they do to every other subject, they could not worship a God, who, having filled this world with millions of his children, would finally consign them all to eternal destruction, except a few who could be induced to believe in very difficult and doubtful explanations of prophecies, handed down to us through the long lapse of ages.

Beneath the veil of this external belief, there is,

however, spiritual significance and prophecy. The old heavens and the old earth must pass away, and they *are* passing away. In other words, the religious sentiment of Christendom is changing; and of course old theological opinions, which are merely the garb of sentiments, are everywhere falling off, like tattered, scanty, and ill-fitting garments. As the church changes, the state inevitably changes, too; and the civil and social condition of man is slowly ascending to a higher plane.

This is *felt*, even by those who deprecate it, and would avert it, if they could; and pressing thus on the universal consciousness, its ultimate and most external form is Millerism. The coming of a new heaven and a new earth cannot reveal itself to their apprehension through any other medium, than the one in which they announce it. Walking in the misty twilight of outward interpretations, they easily mistake the angel approaching with a halo round his head, for a demon of vengeance, torch in hand, to set the world on fire.

LETTER XXVII.

November 7, 1844.

A FRENCH writer describes November as "the month in which Englishmen hang and drown themselves." No wonder they are desperate, when they have an almost permanent fog superadded to the usual gloomy accompaniments of retreating summer. In early life, I loved scenes that were tinged with sadness; because they invited to repose the exuberant gayety of my own spirit:

“In youth, we love the darksome lawn
Brushed by the owlet’s wing;
Then twilight is preferred to dawn,
And Autumn to the Spring. •

Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.”

But now, alas, I have no joyousness to spare; and I would fain borrow from the outward that radiance which no longer superabounds within.

I felt this oppressively the other day, when I went over to Staten Island. Here and there, in the desolate fields, a long withered leaf fluttered on some dried corn-stalk, standing up like Memory in the lone stubble-field of the Past, where once had been the green budding of hopes, and the golden harvest of fruition. The woods, which I had seen in the young leafiness of June, in the verdant strength of summer, and in their rich autumnal robe, were now scantily dressed in most dismal brown. Some of the trees had dropped the decaying vesture, and stood in distinct relief against the cold grey sky. But I found pleasure in their unclothed beauty, its character was so various. The boughs of no two trees ever have the same arrangement. Nature always produces *individuals*; She never produces *classes*. Man is at war with her laws, when he seeks to arrange opinions into classes, under the name of sects; or employments into classes, on account of sex, colour, or condition.

The woods of Staten Island are very beautiful in their infinitely various shading, from the deepest to the liveliest green. But neither here, nor anywhere else in the State of New-York, have I seen such a noble growth of trees, as in New-England. When I think of the magnificent elms of Northampton and Springfield, the kings of the forest here dwindle into

mere dwarfs in comparison. This slight association of thought brought vividly before my inward eye the picturesque valley of the Connecticut. I saw Mount Tom looking at me gray and cold in the distance. I saw old Holyoke in various garbs; fantastic, grand, or lovely, as mists, cloud-shadows, storm, or sunlight, cradled themselves on his rugged breast. There always seemed to me something peculiarly Christian in the character of mountain scenery; forever pointing upward, rising with such serene elevation above the earth, and overlooking the *whole*, with such all-embracing vision. In the groves, I think of dryads; by the ocean, I have many fancies of Nereides and Tritons; but never do I think of

“Those lightsome footed maids,
The Oreads, that frequent the lifted mountains.”

There is something in the quiet grandeur of the everlasting hills, that rises above the classic into the holy.

Their presence could never quite reconcile me to the absence of the sea. My soul always yearns for that great type of power and freedom; its ever-recurring tides chained by the law of Necessity, its mighty and restless waves fighting with the strength and energy of Free Will. The fierce old conflict that keeps our nature forever striving and forever bound; forever one hand winged and the other chained.

But the mountains remind us of no such battles. They raise us to the region where necessity and will are one. Calmly they breathe into us the religious sentiment, and we receive it in unconscious quietude. Like Wordsworth's shepherd, who

“Had early learned
To reverence the volume which displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.

There did he *see* the writing. All things there
 Breathed immortality, revolving life,
 There littleness was not: the least things
 Seemed infinite."

Filled with such emotions, I greet the mountains with reverent love, when I enter Massachusetts from the west, and see them rising up all round the horizon, in undulating lines, as if left there by retreating waves. At every turn of the road, they tower before you veiled in the blue mist of distance. Look which way you will, you "cannot get shut of them," as New-Yorkers say. In this respect they have often reminded me of remarkably clear visions of inward light, guiding me in my spiritual pilgrimage, through perilous seasons of doubt and conflict; so high above my own unaided intellectual perceptions, that they served not merely as a candle for the present moment, but remain, like brilliant beacon-lights over the wide waters of the future.

How the blue hill-tops kiss the skies!

Far as the eye can see,
 Rich wooded undulations rise,
 And mountains look on me.

Under the broad sun's mellow light,
 Gilding each shrub and tree,
 How calmly, beautifully bright,
 The mountains look on me.

Rising above the vapory cloud,
 In outline boldly free,
 Serene when storms are shrieking loud,
 The mountains look on me.

Their sinuous wave-like form seems cast
 From a subsiding sea;
 Of quiet, after tempests past,
 The mountains speak to me.

Thus they of states sublimely high
 A type must surely be;—

Of close communion with the sky
The mountains speak to me.

And in the scenery of my mind,
Rising from memory's sea,
Such holy states stand well-defined,
And ever look on me.

Upon such heights, in deep repose
I've watched with bended knee;
Transfigured forms around me rose,
And still they look on me.

Those memories serenely high,
My soul can never flee;
Therefore of converse with the sky
The mountains speak to me. —

With the remembrance of Mount Holyoke, came the twenty-two spires seen from its summit; and they reminded me of the following paragraph from a Northampton newspaper, which did not seem to me very much like mountain preaching: "There is no one thing which helps to establish a man's character and *standing in society*, more than a steady attendance at church, and a proper regard for the first day of the week. Go to church! If you are a young man, just entering upon business, *it will establish your credit*. What capitalist would not sooner trust a beginner, who, instead of dissipating his time, his character, and his money, in dissolute company, attended to his business on week-days, and on the Sabbath appeared in the house of God?" This recommendation of religion for the sake of bank-stock, made me think of the interesting newspaper, published by inmates of the Insane Asylum, in Vermont. One of the writers tells the story of an old aunt of his, who loudly praised a rich man, for building a great brick meeting house. "Heaven prospered him in the undertaking," said she; "he has sold out; the underground part for victualing

cellars, the basement story for grocery shops; and after selling the pews, he has nearly fifteen hundred dollars more than the whole cost him; and next week, it is to be dedicated to the Lord."

"Now, we crazy ones think that churches should be built by benevolent and pious individuals, and then *unreservedly* dedicated to God, and opened to all who have a desire to worship in them. This building your churches like splendid palaces, making the pews the individual property of those who are able to buy them, and turning the button against all who are not owners, drives from those houses the poor, to whom the gospel was first preached freely, and for whose comfort and consolation it was emphatically sent."

This is not crazy reasoning, though pointed against a very common manifestation of the spirit of trade among us. No branch of business is more respectable than these profitable investments in the name of the Lord. But those who engage in them are little aware how rapidly they tend to decrease popular reverence for the public institutions of religion.

The exhortation to go to church for the sake of being trusted by capitalists, is a growth from the same stock. It reveals a wide contrast between the present times and the old Puritan days of spontaneous zeal, when people frequently walked ten or fifteen miles to attend a place of worship. Good old President Edwards and his contemporaries would hardly know where they were in an age like this. He was a fine sample, in manners and character, of a class that exists no longer among us; a clergyman of the olden time, when they walked on the earth as the vicegerents of God. His father was such a stickler for clerical dignity, that he was in the habit of making his common parochial visits in black gown and bands, which are now so generally disused, even on state occasions. The son retained the effect of these early lessons through life. He conceived his

station worthy of so much respect, that his own children were in the habit of rising, in token of reverence, whenever he entered the family sitting-room.

The experience of a clergyman of my acquaintance indicates what changes have since passed over society. He called on one of his parishioners, whose mad little urchin of a son amused himself, unreprieved, during the whole visit, with trying to throw marbles at the minister's spectacles, so as to hit the glasses. Alas for President Edwards, and other sincere exclusives of that day, if they should re-appear in the midst of times like these. Miss Sedgwick says very truly, "The old divines preached equality in *Heaven*, but little thought it was the kingdom to come on *earth*. They were the electric chain, unconscious of the celestial fire they transmitted. Little would they have brooked these days of unquestioned equality of rights, of anti-monopolies, of free publishing, and freer thinking."

From their conservatism, we now rush so wildly to the other extreme, that reverential souls are frightened, and take shelter in the Catholic cathedral, or behind the altars of Puseyism. But other worshipping souls, who have no sympathy with the mad off-whirl of ultra reform, remain quietly trustful; for through all the dust, they see plainly that God still governs the world. They are calm in the conviction that changes *cannot* come sooner than they are needed. As Carlyle wisely says, "The old skin never drops off, till a new one is formed under it."

LETTER XXVIII.

November 20, 1844.

IF you wish to see a commercial age in its ultimate results, come and observe life in New-York. In one place, you will meet walking advertisements, in the form of men and boys, perambulating the thoroughfares, hour after hour, with placards printed in large letters, mounted on poles. Turn down another street, and you will encounter a huge wagon, its white cloth cover stamped with advertisements in mammoth type. In another place, a black man, with red coat, cocked hat, breeches, and buckled shoes, stands at the door of a bazaar, like a sign post, to attract attention. In the newspapers, ingenuity exhausts its resources in every variety of advertisements. These articles are in such demand, that the writing of them is a profession by itself, sufficiently profitable to induce men to devote their time to it, for a living. The pen employed by Dr. Gouraud, the vender of cosmetics, is peculiarly distinguished in this branch of literature; as you may judge from the following quotations:

A DIALOGUE.

“Why, bless my soul! Mrs. C——, you are looking more charming than ever, this morning. Surely, the Graces must have taken you under their special protection! But tell me, dear Anne, the secret, (for secret I know there must be,) by which you manage to keep your skin so white, your cheeks and lips so rosy, and your hair so black and glossy.”

Such was the string of queries put to the beautiful Mrs. C—— by the fashionable Mrs. F——, (whose charms, by the way, were rapidly on the wane,) as they casually met at the entrance to Stewart’s.

“Well, my dear Mrs. F——,” was the *naïve* reply,

"my *secret*, as you term it, was first imparted to me through the public newspapers : I have no hesitation, therefore, in imparting it to you, in confidence. To Dr. Gouraud alone am I indebted for the secret which permits me to bid defiance to the ravages of time. The constant use of his Italian Medicated Soap, and Spanish Lily White, has given to my skin its alabaster purity and clearness ; his Liquid Rouge alone it is that has imparted to my cheek its roseate flush, and to my lips its ruby red ; his Poudre Subtile speedily removed the unsightly moustache from my upper lip ; while one application of his Grecian Hair Dye to my grey hair and eye-brows, changed them to their present glossy jet ! And now you know my secret, go and do likewise."

"SINGULAR SCRAP FROM SACRED HISTORY."

"Solomon, it is well known, was celebrated for his wisdom. But it is not so generally known that he invented a powder, highly beautifying to the Queen of Sheba. Such, however, is the fact, according to Mahometan commentaries. With Solomon the secret of the preparation died ; but now, singular as it may appear, after the lapse of so many centuries, it has been discovered by Dr. Gouraud, whose Poudre Subtile will effectually remove every appearance of beard from the lips."

If the following are not from the same gifted pen, there must be rival talent abroad in the same line :

"A SORROWFUL STORY OF REAL LIFE."

"Haven't you seen him in Broadway, with the long, delicious, silky hair, that waved as the wind blew, and the Bond and Bleeker street ladies longed to revel in the jetty clusters with their snowy forked fingers ? Did you ever hear that young man's story ? Well, it is a love tale. Poor fellow ! the blasted hope of a rich Boston family ! I will not give you the

particulars, 'tis too sorrowful. Suffice it to say, that at times his mind wanders. Do you know what gives such a particular charm to him that was once the 'glass of fashion and the mould of form?'—Jones' Coral Hair Restorative, and Jones' Italian Chemical Soap."

"SINGULAR AFFAIR AT THE PARK THEATRE."

"In one of the boxes was last night seated a female, with a face in which generous nature seemed to have concentrated all that can be conceived of female grace, loveliness and beauty; the delicate tinted cheek—white, yet rosy red—the white, long, chiselled neck: the high, clear, spotless alabaster forehead; the dark, auburn, golden tresses, and the silken eye-lash, formed a singular and glorious halo of beauty. In an opposite box sat a fashionable family, father, mother, daughter, and two sons; the two latter were looking at the lovely creature opposite.—It is not her, said one to the other; I know she was dreadfully burned. Some 14 months ago, Miss B. was frightfully burned by a steamboat accident on the Mississippi. She did certainly recover, but alas, disfigured for life—her face in seams of fiery red shrivels of flesh; her neck in patches of contracted skin; her eye-brows, lashes and hair all burned off. That lovely creature in that box is the same Miss B. She has for the last few months used Jones' beautifying Italian Chemical Soap on her face and skin, Jones' Coral Hair restorative on her head and eye-brows, and she is thus restored to blooming grace and beauty."

"OH, MY BACK, I CAN SCARCELY WALK, IT PUTS ME IN SUCH PAIN."

"Such was the expression of a gentleman in Dr. Sherman's store, a day or two since. He had taken a severe cold, and could not stand erect. He pur-

chased one of the Doctor's celebrated Poor Man's Plasters, applied it to the back, and in twenty-four hours' time was perfectly relieved from his suffering."

"A POEM: ADDRESSED TO MESSRS. PEASE AND SON,"

"And dedicated to the thousands that have been relieved by their invaluable Compound Hoarhound Candy.

" See where the victim of Consumption sighs—
With hectic cheeks and spirit blazing eyes—
Her frame all wasted by disease and pills
From quacks received, in vain to cure her ills.
Now look again! as buoyant as the breeze,
Behold her bounding under yonder trees!
What miracle is this? What! she, wore away
Like a lone sunbeam at the close of day,
Thus dance along! Yes; Pease has kindly brought
The CANDY here, and thus the magic wrought.

Mark the fond, doting mother rapt and wild,
Leaning above the cradle of her child!
Why this ecstatic bliss at midnight hour?
Her child is saved by Pease's potent power!"

"END OF THE WORLD!—OCTOBER 22, 1844."

"An extra sheet, just published, and for sale at the Office of the New-York Sun, containing a large and splendid Engraving, one foot square, graphically representing the final end and destruction of the world, the appearance of the Bridegroom, and the ascension of the Holy. It also contains BROTHER MILLER'S LAST LETTER; written Oct. 6th, giving at length his reasons for fixing the 10th day of the 7th month, (meaning 22d of October 1844,) for the Final Destruction of the World. It also contains a long article from the last number of the Millerite Paper, published at Boston, and the final farewell of the Editor of that paper."

**"CHRISTIANS AND JEWS, CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS
MORMONS AND INFIDELS,**

Have all met on one common ground, and on one subject at least, have become so united, as to give reason to believe that the time is near at hand, when watchmen in Zion shall see eye to eye; viz: they all admit that TICE & CO., No. 9 Bowery, will sell a beautiful and durable Hat, made in the most fashionable style, for a less price than any other establishment in the city of Gotham."

Near the Park is stationed a man, who spends his life repeating, "Four cents! any article on this board for four cents! Four cents! Only four cents!" Think of an immortal soul making its advent into the body, for a vocation like this! If he could live without food, and be wound up, like a barrel organ, it would be a decided improvement.

Another man, as universally known, perhaps, as any person in the city, may often be seen mounted on a block in the vicinity of Wall-Street., proclaiming, all day long, the wonderful virtues of Hillman and Smith's razor straps. His extempore orations are odd specimens of eloquence. The other day, pausing a moment to listen, I heard him address the crowd thus: "Now, my friends, let me advise you to buy one of these here strops. You need'n't think I stands here in the cold, by the hour together, from selfish reasons. No such thing. My profits is very small. The best part of my pay is the gratitude I know men must feel toward me, as soon as they try this very superior strop. I am willing to stand here, day after day, jest to keep my fellow-beings from hurting themselves, and their wives and children from crying at sight of their bleeding faces, all for want of a good razor strop. When I think of fathers of families being obliged to whet their razors on a bad strop, and the cross humour it puts 'em in, and the unhappy consequences to their wives and children, I feel as if I was a benefactor to the public,

in being able to offer them such a strop as this here. I've known men that have made themselves miserable, and made their families miserable, for years and years; and they didn't none on 'em know what was the matter. Their wives and children thought it was a nervous disease, or a wicked heart; but it was all owing to a bad razor strop. The world will thank me for bringing before it such a strop as this here. In my estimation, it is better calculated to bring comfort to yourself, and joy in the bosom of your family, than anything else I knows of. It will drive bad temper and heart-burnings from the family circle, and instead of gall and bitterness, you will have honey and sugar; and all owing to this very superior strop, which I offers for two shillings."

It is as amusing as a comedy, to observe the crowd of men and boys, that always gather round this street orator. Some are in a perfect roar of laughter, some looking on with a quiet expression of sly wag-gery, and some have their eyebrows arched in amazement, as if they could not rightly make out whether he and his razor straps did indeed drop down from the beneficent heavens, in mercy to a suffering world, or whether he was reeling off his long speeches merely for fun.

He himself never smiles. He repeats his story with endless variations, in the most earnest and solemn manner, as if he really considered himself a disinterested agent, sent on a philanthropic mission to mankind. This imperturbable seriousness, and the fact that the article he sells is generally considered worth the price he asks, secures him respectful treatment; but there is no end to the droll responses he receives from the passing populace. Report says that he has accumulated \$7000 by his itinerant eloquence; and in addition to this, the proprietor in Troy, has taken him into partnership, as a reward for the fame he has conferred on his articles of merchandize. He is likewise an efficient Temperance

lecturer, and has equal knack at making people sign the pledge, or buy a razor strap.

After listening to his discourse, and hearing his history, I suggested to my companion that Luck and Knack would form a good subject for a facetious lecture. Like most individuals not distinguished for money-making knack, I professed more faith in luck; and asserted that it was the more dignified of the two, being something transcendental, something altogether above and beyond us. In proof whereof, I quoted Emerson's remark, "We only row, we are *steered* by fate." My companion said he could turn a boat round from the point to which it was steered, by a single oar skilfully used. I admitted this ought to settle the relative superiority of knack and luck. Still I had great respect for luck; for it was unconscious, and therefore great; whereas knack was perpetually conscious of striving for an end. Besides, the two questions merged in one; for it was great luck to *have* knack. Luck was necessity, and knack free will; and who did not know that free will was always bound round by necessity? In the same jocose vein, we imagined pictures of knack and luck. I proposed a shower of puddings, one of them falling into Luck's laughing mouth. My friend would have Knack represented as having built a channel from the top of his house, to conduct the puddings into his pan.

But, to return whence I started, this money-making rage in New-York is really inconvenient, as well as comic. Never did I see the system of catching half cents in change managed with such universal adroitness. The wear and tear of purse, to those who do *not* look out for the half cents, must exceed the large amount of gold said to be annually lost in Hindostan by the friction of bracelets and anklets. There is a wide distance indeed, between these days of rabid competition, and those sluggish old times, when the pedlar slowly wended his way over the hills, enter-

ing some picturesque abbey, with the golden sunset, and resting there on his way to the baron's castle, where he and his wares were sure to be welcomed as eagerly as the wandering minstrel with his harp and song.

How marvellously has this element of commerce modified the character and fate of nations! Where was there a prophet wise enough to foresee the changes it has already wrought? Property reigns so supreme in the social compact, that the growth of souls is trampled like a weed under its feet, and human life is considered of far less importance.

"Earth

Groans underneath a weight of slavish toil,
For the poor many, measured out by rules,
Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,
That to an idol, falsely called 'the wealth
Of nations,' sacrifice a people's health,
Body, and mind, and soul. A thirst so keen
Is ever urging on the vast machine
Of sleepless labour, mid whose dizzy wheels,
The power *least* prized is that which thinks and feels."

This restless whirlpool of ever-striving selfishness is thus powerfully described by Hugh Doherty: "The crazy multitude of grown-up children move in their sphere like animalculæ in stagnant water, seeking only satisfaction for acute voracity, without being conscious of the monstrous fact, that they are feeding on each other's misery."

But commerce, with all its evils, is gradually helping the world onward to a higher and better state. It is bringing the nations into companionship, and it has already taught kings and diplomatists that war is a losing game, even to the conqueror.

Thus is self-love the root of all social changes. It is the fundamental basis of human life, as the mineral kingdom is the basis of nature's organized forms. Whether the love of self is dominant. or whether it

be subordinated to the love of others, it is always the root of action. It is an expressive coincidence, that an age in which the moral sense of mankind has been earnestly at work to discover the proper place of self-love, and its harmonious relation to the good of others, as an improved basis to society, is likewise the age when musicians have made progressive discoveries concerning the laws of thorough-bass, or fundamental harmony. If this fact has the significance, of which I think I discern some faint gleams, Beethoven indicated a deeper truth than he was probably conscious of, when he said he would allow no man to discuss religion or thorough-bass in his presence.

A theory of fundamental harmony was founded on the fact that when a string is made to vibrate, "there is always heard, beside the principal sound, two other feebler sounds, one of which is the twelfth, and the other the seventeenth, of the First; that is to say, the octave of the Fifth, and the double octave of the Third." So it would seem that each simple tone contains in itself harmony. This is beautifully illustrated by colours. Red, Yellow, and Blue are the three primitive colours. If one of them be present, the introduction of the other two mingled makes a very agreeable chord to the eye; thus green with red, purple with yellow, and orange with deep blue. Moreover, one of the primitive colours brings with it the two others united. If you gaze on brilliant red, and suddenly turn your eye to a white surface, you see a faint shadow of green; if you gaze on bright yellow, you will, by a similar process, see purple; if on deep blue, you will see orange. This is not the *reflection* of the colour that gives tone to your eye, as the twelfth and the seventeenth are not an *echo* of the sound that gives tone to your ear. If I rightly understand, it is, in both cases, the presence of the other two, that compose the perfect chord.

You are aware that Fourier builds his social

structure according to the laws of music. He calls

¹
FRIENDSHIP, ³LOVE, AND ⁵FAMILY,

the perfect social chord. Musicians say that if the Third be flattened only half a tone, it carries the whole strain of music out of the bright and cheerful Major mode, into the mournful modulations of the Minor. What if lowering pure Love a semi-tone, perhaps into the region of *self*-love, and building our social structure on such a basis, should be the cause of prevailing sadness in the tune of life? He will indeed be the high priest of social harmony, that can teach us how to change the flattened semi-tone.

I have again fallen into speculations, which may seem to you like the mere "shadow of a thread-like sound." I admit that the queer advertisements in New-York papers would seem very unlikely to lead thought into such channels. Yet, I assure you, I never go hunting after such analogies. They come to me, whether I will or no. Let me start from what point I may, an invisible air-line, like that which guides the bee to her cell, brings me into music. Perhaps it will remind you of the close of a collegiate theme—"May we all land at last in the great ocean of eternity." For assuredly, the attempt to follow spiritual significations of music to their end, is very similar in its results, to the landing one would be likely to find in the vast interminable ocean.

But you will pardon my vagaries, because you know very well that they are the unaffected utterance of my mood of mind. In good truth, I can seldom write a letter without making myself liable to the Vagrant Act. A witty Englishman once said to me, "Madam, your countrymen dance as if they did it by act of the legislature." My pen has no such gift. It paces or whirls, bounds or waltzes, steps in the slow minuet, or capers in the fantastic fandango, according to the tune within.

LETTER XXIX.

December 8, 1844.

A SOCIETY has lately been organized here, for the Reform of Prisons and their Inmates. Their first object is to introduce into our prisons such a mode of discipline as is best calculated to reform criminals, by stimulating and encouraging what remains of good within them, while they are at the same time kept under strict regulations, and guided by a firm hand. Their next object is to render discharged convicts such assistance as will be most likely to guide them into the paths of sober and successful industry.

John W. Edmonds, President of the Board of Inspectors at Sing Sing Prison, pleaded for the benevolent objects of the institution with real earnestness of heart; and brought forward abundant statistics, carefully prepared, to show the need of such an association, and to prove that crime always diminishes in proportion to the amelioration of the laws. He urged the alarming fact that from 200 to 250 convicts a year, from Sing Sing, were returned upon society, nearly without money, without friends, (except among the vicious) without character, and without employment. Of these, more than half belong to the cities of New-York and Brooklyn; without taking into account the numbers that pass through, and often stop for a season, on their way to other destinations. Poor, unfriended, discouraged, and despised, in a state of hostility with the world, which often has in reality done them more grievous wrong than they have done the world, how terribly powerful must be the temptation to new crimes!

In answer to the common plea, that most of these wretched people were old offenders, hardened in vice, and not likely to be restored by Christian efforts, he

stated that of the 934 now in the prison, only 154 had been in prison before; 599 of them, about two-thirds of the whole number, were under thirty years of age; 192 were under twenty-one years of age; and 27 were not seventeen years old, when they were sentenced. Of thirty-one now confirmed lunatics, twenty-two were so when they were committed.

He said he had no faith whatever in the system of violence; which had so long prevailed in the world; the system of tormenting criminals into what was called good order, and of never appealing to anything better than the base sentiment of fear. He had seen enough, in his own experience, to convince him that, degraded as they were, they still had hearts that could be touched by kindness, consciences that might be aroused by appeals to reason, and aspirations for a better course of life, which often needed only the cheering voice of sympathy and hope, to be strengthened into permanent reformation.

Of late, there has been a gradual amelioration of discipline at Sing Sing. Three thousand lashes, with a cat of six tails, used to be inflicted in the course of a month; now there are not as many hundreds; and the conviction is constantly growing stronger, that it will be wisest, as a mere matter of policy, to dispense with corporeal punishment altogether. This is somewhat gained in the course of the eighteen centuries, which have rolled away, through rivers of human blood, since Christ said, "If thy brother offend thee, forgive him. I say unto thee not until seven times, but until seventy times seven." If our religion is not practicable, honest men ought not to profess it.

A very great change has taken place in the women's department of the prison; under the firm but kind administration of Mrs. Farnham, and her colleagues, who do not discharge their arduous duties merely as a means of gaining a living, but who feel a sincere sympathy for the wretched beings intrusted to their

care. The difference between their government and the old fashioned method, cannot perhaps be more concisely indicated than by the following anecdote: Two ministers in the Society of Friends travelled together, and one was much more successful in his labours than the other. "How dost thou manage to take so much more hold of the hearts of the people, than I do?" said the least efficient preacher. "I can explain it in few words," replied the other: "I tell people that if they do right they shall *not* be whipped. Thou sayest that if they *don't* do right, they *shall* be whipped."

In other words, the system now begun at Sing Sing is to punish as sparingly as possible, and to give cordial praise and increase of privileges, for every indication of improvement. The wisdom of such a course was suggested to my mind several years ago, by an intelligent, well educated woman, who had, by intemperance, become an inmate of the almshouse at South Boston. "Oh!" said she, "if they would only give us more encouragement and less driving; if they would grant increased privileges for doing well, instead of threatening punishment for doing wrong; I could perform my tasks with a cheerful heart, if they would only say to me, 'Do your task quickly, and behave well, and you shall hear music one evening in the week, or you may have one day of the six to read entertaining books.' But instead of that, it always is, 'If your task is not done well, you will be punished.' Oh! nobody, that has never tried it, knows how hard this makes work go off."

I thought of this woman when I read Barry Cornwall's lines, called THE POOR-HOUSE:

"Enter—and look! In the high-walled yards
Fierce men are pacing the barren ground
Enter the long, bare chambers! Girls
And women are sewing without a sound—
Sewing from morn till the dismal eve,
And not a laugh or a song goes round.

“No communion—no kind thought,
Dwells in the pauper’s breast of care;
Nothing but pain in the grievous past—
Nothing to come, but the black despair
Of bread in prison, bereft of friends,
Or hungry out in the open air!”

Acting upon the principle to which I have alluded, the President of the inspectors at Sing Sing, last Fourth of July, sent each of the seventy-three women prisoners a beautiful boquet, with a note, asking them to receive the flowers as a testimonial of his approbation for their good conduct. When the matrons passed through the galleries, every woman came to the door of her cell, with the flowers in her hand, and earnest thanks, and she whispered “God bless you,” met them at every step. Being afterward assembled in the chapel, they brought their flowers; and while the matron talked with them like a mother, about the necessity of forming habits of self-government, and of the effect of their present conduct on their future prospects in life, the tears flowed plentifully, and convulsive sobs were audible. One of the matrons writes:

“The effect of this little experiment has been manifest in the more quiet and gentle movements of the prisoners, in their softened and subdued tones of voice, and in their ready and cheerful obedience. It has deepened my conviction that, however degraded by sin, or hardened by outrage and wrong, while Reason maintains its empire over the Mind, there is no heart so callous or obdurate, that the voice of Sympathy and Kindness may not reach it, or so debased, as to give no response to the tones of Christian Love.”

On Thanksgiving day, one of the matrons, as a reward for the good behaviour of the prisoners, caused her piano to be removed to the chapel, and tunes of praise and worship were mingled with friendly exhortations. We, who live freely amid the fair

sights and sounds of our Father's creation, can hardly imagine how soothing and refreshing is the voice of music to the prisoner's weary and desolate soul. And then the kindness of bringing music and flowers to *them!* of offering to the outcast and degraded those graceful courtesies usually appropriated to the happy, the refined, and the beloved!—this touched their inmost hearts, even more deeply than the blessed voice of music. They wept like children, and some of them said, "It does not seem as if we could ever want to do wrong again."

Nor are repentant words their only proofs of gratitude. Instead of riot, blasphemy, and obscenity, they are now distinguished for order, decorum and cheerful industry. The offences against prison discipline, in that department, formerly averaged forty-seven a month; they now average only seven. This favourable change is attributed mainly to friendly instruction, and improved classification; not classification according to crimes committed, but according to obedience, and indications of a sincere wish to reform. One of the keepers told me that she now seldom had occasion to resort to anything harsher than to say, "It will give me great pain and trouble if you do not obey me. I am trying to do you good, and to make you as happy as circumstances permit. Surely, then, you will not wish to give me pain." She said it was rare, indeed, that this simple and affectionate appeal was unavailing. Alas, for the wrongs that have been done to human hearts, under the mistaken idea of terrifying and tormenting sinners out of their sins. Satan *never* cast out Satan. We take back precisely what we give; hardness for hardness, hatred for hatred, selfishness for selfishness, love for love.

I am well aware that this will sound very sentimental to many readers. Very likely some wag may jestingly describe these suggestions, as "a new transcendental mode of curing crime by music and

flowers." If so, he is welcome to his mirth. For my own part, I cannot jest about the misery or the errors of any of my fellow-creatures.

The doctrines of forgiveness and love, taught by Jesus, are not as men seem to suppose, mere beautiful sentimental theories, fit only for heaven: they are rational principles, which may, not only safely, but profitably be reduced to practice on earth. All divine principles, if suffered to flow out into the ultimates of life, would prove the wisest political economy.

The assertion that society makes its own criminals, interferes with the theological opinions of some. They argue that God leaves the will of man free, and therefore every individual is responsible entirely for his own sin. Whether the same action is equally a sin, in the sight of God, when committed by individuals in totally different circumstances, I will not attempt to discuss. Such questions should reverently be left to Him who made the heart, and who alone can judge it. But I feel that if I were to commit a crime, with my education, and the social influences that prop my weakness in every direction, I should be a much worse sinner than a person guilty of the same deed, whose childhood had been passed among the lowest haunts of vice, and whose after years had been unvisited by outward influences to purify and refine. The degree of conviction resisted would be the measure of my sin.

The simple fact is, human beings stand between two kinds of influences, the inward and the outward. The inward is the spirit of God, which strives with us always. The outward is the influence of Education, Society, Government, &c. In a right state of things, these two would be in perfect harmony; but it is painfully obvious that they are now discordant. Society should stand to her poor in the relation of a parent, not of a master.

People who are most unwilling to admit that ex-

ternal circumstances have an important agency in producing crime, are nevertheless extremely careful to place *their* children under safe outward influences. So little do they trust their free will to the guidance of Providence, they often fear to have them attend schools, taught by persons whose creeds they believe to be untrue. If governments took equally paternal care, if they would spend more money to prevent crime, they would need to expend less in punishing it. In proportion as Hamburg Redemption Institutes increase, prisons will diminish. The right of Society to punish, or restrain, implies the duty to prevent. When Bonaparte objected to a woman's talking politics, Madame de Stael shrewdly replied, "In a country where women are beheaded, it's very natural they should ask the reason why." And if the children of poor and ignorant men are branded, and ruined for life, by the operation of civil laws, it is reasonable that they should be early taught those moral obligations on which laws are based.

Few are aware how imperfectly most criminals understand the process by which they are condemned, and how very far it is from impressing them as a moral lesson. A young girl of seventeen was condemned to the State Prison for three years, on charge of being accomplice in a theft. Her trial occupied but one hour, and she had no counsel. The account she gave me of this brief legal performance, touched my heart most deeply. "They carried me into another room," said she, "and there were a great many strange faces; and one gentleman said something to me, but I did not understand what he meant; and another gentleman talked a good deal. It seemed to be all against me. They did not ask me anything, and nobody said anything for me; and then they told me I must go to Sing Sing for three years." Do half the criminals understand the proceedings against them any better than this? That certain things are punished, they indeed know very

well ; but this seems to them a mere arbitrary exercise of power, to be avoided by cunning ; for early education, and the social influences around them, have confounded the distinctions between right and wrong.

I repeat, that Society is answerable for crime, because it is so negligent of duty. And I would respectfully suggest to legislators, what probably will have more power to attract their attention, than any considerations of human brotherhood, viz. : that a practical adaptation of our civil institutions to Christian principles would prove an immense saving of money to the State. The energy spent in committing crime, and in punishing crime, is a frightful waste of human labour. Society calculates its mechanical forces better than its moral. They do not observe, that “on the occasion of every great crime, a proportionally great force was in motion ;” and they do not reflect how different would be the product of the social sum, if that force had been wisely instead of unwisely employed. Add to this, the alarming consideration that crime hardened by severity is continually sent back upon society ; that society thrusts at it with a thousand spear points, and goads it to desperation, to be again punished by a renewal of the hardening process.

Inquiry into the causes of crime, and the means of prevention, cannot receive too much attention from the wise and good. “The soil of Vesuvius has been explored,” says Schiller, “to discover the origin of its eruptions ; and why is less attention paid to a moral, than to a physical phenomenon ? Why do we not equally regard the nature and situation of the things which surround a man, until the tinder within him takes fire ?”

Poulmann, lately beheaded in Paris, for robbery and murder, when his head was under the axe, said : “I owe society a grudge, because it condemned me to the galleys when I was *only seventeen*. After the

expiration of the term for which I was sentenced, there was still enough stuff left in me to make an honest man. But I was always pointed at as a liberated galley slave."

In connection with this subject, I would most urgently entreat all who will listen to me, to be very cautious how they treat a first crime, in any person. I have known young girls of sixteen sent to Blackwell's Island, for stealing property valued at twenty-five cents. Once there, seen by visitors in company with prostitutes and thieves, haunted by a continual sense of degradation, is their future course likely to be other than a downward one? To employers, who take such harsh measures with erring domestics, instead of friendly exhortation, and Christian interest in the welfare of a human soul, I always want to say, Ah, if she were thy own daughter, dependent on the kindness and forbearance of strangers, is it *thus* you would have them treat her? If she once had a mother, who watched her cradle tenderly, and folded her warmly to a loving heart, treat her gently for that mother's sake. If her childhood was unnurtured, and uncheered by the voice of love, then treat her *more* gently, for that very reason; and remember the saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I would likewise entreat those who happen to know of some delinquency in a fellow-being, to keep the secret faithfully, so long as his life gives assurance of sincere amendment. A very young man, who is now in Sing Sing, when tried for his second offence, told a story at the bar, which was in substance as follows: "My first offence was committed more in thoughtlessness, than with deliberate wickedness. But I felt that I was to blame, and was willing to bear the penalty like a man. In prison, I formed the strongest resolutions to atone for my fault by a life of honest usefulness. When my time was out, I

succeeded, after a good deal of difficulty, in obtaining employment. I did my best to gain the confidence of my employer, and succeeded. Every day I felt my manhood grow stronger. But at last a person came into the store, who eyed me keenly, and I turned pale under his gaze. He told my employer that he had seen me among the convicts at Sing Sing; and I was sternly dismissed from his service. I went to Philadelphia to seek for any honest employment I could find; but a man, who saw me there, told me if I did not quit the city in twenty-four hours, he would expose me. I came back disheartened to New-York. I had spent my last dollar. Christians would not give me a home; gamblers and thieves would; and here I am again on my way to Sing Sing."

Isaac T. Hopper, agent of the benevolent association I have mentioned, related several highly interesting incidents, which occurred while he was one of the inspectors of the Philadelphia prison.

He said that Mary Norris, a middle-aged woman, who had been frequently re-committed, on one occasion, begged him to intercede for her, that she might go out. "I am afraid thou wouldst come back again soon," said he.

"Very likely; I expect to be brought back soon," she answered, with stolid indifference of manner.

"Then where will be the good of letting thee out?"

"I should like to go out," she replied. "It would seem good to feel free a little while, in the open air and the sunshine."

"But if thou enjoys liberty so much, why dost thou allow thyself to be brought back again?"

"How can I help it? When I go out of prison, nobody will employ me. No respectable people will let me come into their houses. I must go to such friends as I have. If they steal, or commit other offences, I shall be taken up with them. Whether I am guilty or not, is of no consequence: nobody will

believe me innocent. They will all say, 'She is an old convict. Send her back to prison. That is the best place for *her*. O, yés, I expect to come back soon. There is no use in my trying to do better.'

Much affected by her tone of utter hopelessness, Friend Hopper said, "But if I could obtain steady employment for thee, where thou wouldst be treated kindly, and paid for thy services, wouldst thou really try to behave well?"

Her countenance brightened, and she eagerly replied, "Indeed, I would."

The kind-hearted inspector used his influence to procure her dismissal, and provided a place for her, as head nurse in a hospital for the poor. She remained there more than seventeen years, and discharged the duties of her situation so faithfully, that she gained the respect and confidence of all who knew her.

Patrick McKeever, a poor Irishman in Philadelphia, was many years ago sentenced to be hung for burglary. For some reason or other, he was reprieved at the foot of the gallows, and his sentence changed to ten years' imprisonment. He was a man of few words, and hope seemed almost dead within him; but when Friend Hopper, who became inspector during the latter part of his term, talked to him like a brother, his heart was evidently touched by the voice of kindness. After his release, he returned to his trade, and conducted in a very sober, exemplary manner. The inspector often met him, and spoke words of friendly encouragement. Things were going on very satisfactorily, when a robbery was committed in the neighbourhood, and Patrick was immediately arrested. His friend went to the Mayor, and inquired what proof there was that he committed the robbery. "No proof; but he is an old convict, and that is enough to condemn him," was the answer.

"Nay, it is *not* enough," replied Friend Hopper.

"He has suffered severely for the crime he did commit; and since he has shown the most sincere desire to reform, it never ought to be mentioned against him. I think I know his state of mind, and I will take the responsibility of maintaining that he is not guilty. But to all his urgent representations, he received the answer, "He is an old convict; and that is enough."

The poor fellow, hung his head and said, in tones of despair, "Well then, I must make up my mind to spend the remainder of my days in prison."

"Thou wert not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?" said Isaac, looking earnestly in his face.

"Indeed, I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and be at peace with all men. But what good will *that* do? They will all say, He is an old convict, and that is enough."

Friend Hopper told him he would stand by him. He did so; and offered to be bail for his appearance. The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed like a child. His innocence was afterward proved, and to the day of his death, he continued a virtuous and useful citizen. What would have been his fate, if no friend had appeared for him? If every human heart had refused to trust him?

The venerable speaker told the story of two lads, one fifteen and the other seventeen, who had been induced by a bad father to swear falsely, to gratify his own revengeful feelings. They were detected, and sent to prison. When Friend Hopper saw them arrive at dusk, hand-cuffed and chained together, their youth and desolate appearance touched his compassionate feelings. "Be of good heart, my poor lads," said he; "You can retrieve this one false step, if you will but try. You may make useful and respectable men yet." He took care to place them away from the contagion of those more hardened in vice, and from time to time, he praised their good conduct, and spoke to them encouragingly of the future.

After a while, he proposed to the Board of Inspectors to recommend them to the Governor for pardon. He met with some opposition, but his arguments finally prevailed, and he and another gentleman were appointed to wait on the Governor. His request was granted, after considerable hesitation, and only on condition that worthy men could be found, who would take them as apprentices. Friend Hopper took the responsibility, and succeeded in binding one of them to a respectable turner, and the other to a carpenter. After giving them much good advice, he told them to come to him whenever they were in difficulty, and to consider him a father. For a long time, they were in the habit of spending all their leisure evenings with him, and were well pleased to listen to the reading of instructive books. These brothers became respectable and thriving mechanics, married worthy women, and brought up their families in the paths of sobriety and usefulness. In the days of their prosperity, Friend Hopper introduced them to the Governor, as the lads he had been so much afraid to pardon. The magistrate took them by the hand, most cordially, and thanked them for the great public good they had done by their excellent example.

Out of as many as fifty similar cases, in which he had been interested, Friend Hopper said he recollected but two, that had resulted unfavourably.

The dungeon and the scourge were formerly considered the only effectual way of restraining maniacs, but experience has proved that love is the best controlling power. When Pinel, the humane French physician, proposed to try this experiment in the bedlam at Bicetre, many supposed his life would fall a sacrifice. But he walked fearlessly into dungeons where raving maniacs had been chained, some ten years, some forty years; and with gentle words, he convinced them that they were free to go out into the sunshine and open air, if they would allow him to

remove their chains and put on strait waistcoats. At first, they did not believe it, because they had been so often deceived. When they found it true, nothing could equal their gratitude and joy. They obeyed their deliverer with the utmost docility, and finally became very valuable assistants in the management of the establishment.

Dorothea L. Dix, our American Mrs. Fry, the God-appointed missionary to prisons and alms-houses, told me that experience had more than confirmed her faith in the power of kindness, over the insane and vicious.

Among the hundreds of crazy people, with whom her sacred mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found *one* individual, however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The power of the religious sentiment over these shattered souls seems perfectly miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart, affects them like a voice from heaven. Tearing and rending, yelling and stamping, singing and groaning, gradually subside into silence, and they fall on their knees, or gaze upward with clasped hands, as if they saw through the opening darkness a golden gleam from their Father's throne of love.

On one occasion, this missionary of mercy was earnestly cautioned not to approach a raving maniac. He yelled frightfully, day and night, rent his garment, plucked out his hairs, and was so violent, that it was supposed he would murder any one who ventured within his reach. Miss Dix seated herself at a little distance, and, without appearing to notice him, began to read, with serene countenance and gentle voice, certain passages of Scripture, filled with the spirit of tenderness. His shouts gradually subsided, until at last he became perfectly still. When she paused, he said meekly, "Read me some more; it does me good." And when, after a prolonged season of worship, she said, "I must go away now;"

he eagerly replied, "No, you cannot go. God sent you to me; and you must not go." By kind words, and a promise to come again, she finally obtained permission to depart. "Give me your hand," said he. She gave it, and smiled upon him. The wild expression of his haggard countenance softened to tearfulness, as he said, "*You* treat me right. God sent you."

On another occasion, she had been leading some twenty or thirty maniacs into worship, and seeing them all quiet as lambs gathered into the Shepherd's fold, she prepared to go forth to other duties. In leaving the room, she passed an insane young man, with whom she had had several interviews. He stood with hands clasped, and a countenance of the deepest reverence. With a friendly smile, she said, "Henry, are you well to-day?" "Hush!—hush!" replied he, sinking his voice to a whisper, and gazing earnestly on the space around her, "Hush!—there are angels with you! They have given you their voice!"

But let not the formalist suppose that *he* can work such miracles as these, in the professed name of Jesus. Vain is the Scripture or the prayer, repeated by rote. They must be the meek utterance of a heart overflowing with love; for to such only do the angels "lend their voice."

LETTER XXX.

December 24, 1844.

You ask me for my impressions of Ole Bul's Niagara. It is like asking an Æolian harp to tell what the great organ of Freyburg does. But since you are pleased to say that you value my impressions,

because they are always my own, and not another person's; because they are spontaneous, disinterested, and genuine; I will give you the tones as they breathed through my soul, without anxiety to have them pass for more than they are worth.

I did not know what the composer intended to express. I would have avoided knowing if the information had been offered; for I wished to hear what the music itself would say to me. And thus it spoke: The serenely beautiful opening told of a soul going forth peacefully into the calm bright atmosphere. It passes along, listening to the half-audible, many-voiced murmurings of the summer woods. Gradually, tremulous vibrations fill the air, as of a huge cauldron seething in the distance. The echoing sounds rise and swell, and finally roar and thunder. In the midst of this, stands the soul, striving to utter its feelings.

"Like to a mighty *heart* the music seems,
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak."

It wanders away from the cataract, and again and again returns within sound of its mighty echoes. Then calmly, reverentially, it passes away, listening to the receding chorus of Nature's tremendous drums and trombones; musing solemnly as it goes, on that vast sheet of waters, rolling now as it has rolled, "long, long time ago."

Grand as I thought Niagara when I first heard it, it opened upon me with increasing beauty when I heard it repeated. I then observed many exquisite and graceful touches, which were lost in the magnitude of the first impression. The multitudinous sounds are bewildering in their rich variety.

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."

"The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the rocky heights,
And dark recesses of the caverned rocks;

The little rills, and waters numberless,
Blend their notes with the loud streams."

There is the pattering of water-drops, gurglings, twitterings, and little gushes of song.

"The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
As if with pipes and music rare,
Some ROBIN GOODFELLOW were there,
And all the leaves in festive glee,
Were dancing to the minstrelsy."

It reminded me of a sentence in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, beautifully descriptive of its prevailing character: "It keeps up a bonnie wild musical sough, like that o' swarming bees, spring-startled birds, and the voices of a hundred streams, some wimpling awa' ower the Elysian meadows, and ithers roaring at a distance frae the clefts."

The sublime waterfall is ever present, with its echoes; but present in a calm contemplative soul. One of the most poetic minds I know, after listening to this music, said to me, "The first time I saw Niagara, I came upon it through the woods, in the clear sunlight of a summer's morning; and these tones are a perfect transcript of my emotions." In truth, it seems to me a perfect disembodied poem: a most beautiful mingling of natural sounds with the reflex of their impressions on a refined and romantic mind. This serene grandeur, this pervading beauty, which softens all the greatness, gave the composition its greatest charm, to those who love poetic expression in music; but it renders it less captivating to the public in general, than they had anticipated. Had it been called a *Pastorale* composed within hearing of Niagara, their preconceived ideas would have been more in accordance with its calm bright majesty.

THE SOLITUDE OF THE PRAIRIE I have lately heard for the first time; and never did music so move the inmost depths of my soul. Its spiritual expression

breathes through heavenly melodies. With a voice earnest and plaintive as the nightingale, it spoke to me of inward conflict; of the soul going forth into solitude, alone and sad. The infinite stretches itself out, in darkness and storm. Through the fierce tempestuous struggle, it passes alone, alone, as the soul must ever go through all its sternest conflicts. Then comes self-renunciation, humility and peace. And thus does the exquisitely beautiful music of this PRAIRIE SOLITUDE lay the soul lovingly into its rest.

A friend acquainted with prairie scenery, said it brought vividly before her, those "dream-like, bee-sung, murmuring, and musical plains."

Many, who have hitherto been moderate in their enthusiasm about Ole Bul, recognize in these new compositions more genius than they supposed him to possess. Tastefully intertwined Fantasias, or those graceful musical garlands, Rondos, might be supposed to indicate merely a pleasing degree of talent and skill. But those individuals must be hard to convince, who do not recognize the presence of genuine inspiration, in the earnest tenderness of the Mother's Prayer, that sounds as if it were composed at midnight, alone with the moon; in the mad, wild life of the Tarantella; in the fiery, spirit stirring eloquence of the Polacca Guerriera, composed at Naples, in view of Vesuvius flaming through the darkness; in the deep spiritual melody of the Prairie Solitude; and in the serene majesty of Niagara.

If I appear to speak with too much decision, it is simply because my own impressions are distinct and strong, and I habitually utter them, alike without disguise, and without pretension. In the presence of mere skill, I know not what to say. It may please me somewhat; but whether it is more or less excellent than some other thing, I cannot tell. But bring me into the presence of genius, and I know it by rapid intuition, as quick as I know a sunbeam. I

cannot tell how I know it. I simply say, This is genius; as I say, This is a sunbeam.

It is an old dispute, that between genius and criticism, and probably will never be settled; for it is one of the manifold forms of conservatism and innovation. In all departments of life, genius is on the side of progress, and learning on the side of established order. Genius comes a Prophet from the future, to guide the age onward. Learning, the Lawgiver, strives to hold it back upon the past. But the Prophet always revolutionizes the laws; for thereunto was he sent. Under his powerful hand, the limitations gradually yield and flow, as metals melt into new forms at the touch of fire.

This is as true of music, as of everything else. Its rules have been constantly changing. What is established law now, was unknown, or shocking, a hundred years ago. Every great genius that has appeared in the art, has been accused of violating the rules. The biographer of Haydn says: "The charming little thoughts of the young musician, the warmth of his style, the liberties which he sometimes allowed himself, called forth against him all the invective of the musical monastery. They reproached him with errors of counterpoint, heretical modulations, and movements too daring. His introduction of *prestissimo* made all the critics of Vienna shudder." An English nobleman once begged him to explain the reason of certain modulations and arrangements in one of his quartetts. "I did so because it has a good effect," replied the composer. "But I can prove to you that it is altogether contrary to the rules," said the nobleman. "Very well," said Haydn, "arrange it in your own way, hear both played, and tell me which you like the best." But how *can* your way be the best, since it is contrary to the rules?" urged the nobleman. "Because it is the most agreeable," replied Haydn; and the critic went away unconvinced.

Beethoven was constantly accused of violating the rules. In one of his compositions, various things were pointed out to him as deviations from the laws, expressly forbidden by masters of the art. "*They* forbid them, do they?" said Beethoven. "Very well. *I* allow them."

Do not understand me as speaking scornfully of knowledge and critical skill. Only presumptuous, self-conceited ignorance does this. On the contrary, I labour with earnest industry, to acquire more and more knowledge of rules, in all the forms of art. But, in all the higher and more spiritual manifestations, I recognize laws only as temporary and fluxional records of the progressive advancement of the soul. I do not deny the usefulness of criticism; but genius forever remains the master, and criticism the servant.

Whether critics will consider Niagara as abounding with faults, when they examine into its construction, I cannot conjecture. It is their business to analyze genius, and the mischief is, they are generally prone to dissect in the shadow of their own hands. To speak playfully, it is my own belief that cataract-thunderings, sea-moanings, tree-breathings, wind-whistlings, and bird-warblings, are none of them composed according to the rules. They ought all to be sent to Paris or Rome, to finish their education, and go silent meanwhile, unless they can stop their wild everlasting variations.

"Over everything stands its dæmon, or soul," says Emerson; "and as the *form* of the thing is reflected to the eye, so is the *soul* of the thing reflected by a melody. The sea, the mountain-ridge, Niagara, super-exist in precantations, which sail like odours in the air; and when any man goes by with ears sufficiently fine, he overhears them, and endeavours to write them down, without diluting or depraving them." Thanks to "old, ever-young Norway," she has sent us her finely-organised son, to overhear the voices and echoes, and give them to us in immortal music.

How subtle and all-pervading is this spiritual essence ! How mysterious its action on the material world ! You are aware that musicians greatly prefer very old instruments. There is a house in France whose business it is to collect pine, mostly Swiss, from one hundred to two hundred years old, expressly for the manufacture of musical instruments.

That these are much more mellow in tone than those made of new wood, may be owing to the evaporation of resinous particles. But it is incomprehensible how an instrument can be rendered more perfect by a good performer, while its tone is injured by an unskilful one. Yet musicians all agree that it is so. The spirit that plays upon it seems to pass into the very wood. The inside of a violin, that has been much used, is indented with vibrations, like tracks on a sea-beach ; but how these affect the tone, it is difficult to conjecture.

The small sounding post in the interior of Ole Bul's violin being newer than the rest, disturbed his ear with imperfect vibrations. While he was in Philadelphia, it chanced that the horse of the man, who represents General Putnam's tremendous leap down the precipice, by some accident plunged into the orchestra, and, as Ole Bul expresses it, "killed the double-bass;" that is, crushed the instrument. He had often observed that the tone of this double-bass indicated age, and the habit of being well played on. He therefore bought the pieces, and with these supplied the place of the newer wood, which had disturbed his ear. His violin, which before seemed perfect in its clear, rich tones, has, by this slight circumstance, gained an added sweetness.

Are not vibrations continually marked thus on the *soul*, by all we see and hear ? Is not that refined power of enjoying beauty, which we gradually and insensibly acquire by practice of the eye and ear, produced by a process similar to that which improves the tone of an instrument accustomed to a

master's touch? Sure I am, that my soul will always be in better tune for having been played upon by good music.

“When the stream of sound,
Which overflowed the soul, had passed away,
A consciousness survived that it had left
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and gentle thoughts,
Which cannot die, and will not be destroyed.”

America, in taking the Norwegian minstrel thus warmly to her heart, receives more than she can give. His visit has done, and will do, more than any other cause, to waken and extend a love of music throughout the country; and when love exists, it soon takes form in science. All things that are alive are born of the heart.

LETTER XXXI.

December 31, 1844.

RAPID approximation to the European style of living is more and more observable in this city. The number of servants in livery visibly increases every season. Foreign artistic upholsterers assert that there will soon be more houses in New-York furnished according to the fortune and taste of noblemen, than there are either in Paris or London; and this prophecy may well be believed, when the fact is considered that it is already not very uncommon to order furniture for a single room, at the cost of ten thousand dollars. There would be no reason to regret this lavishness, if the convenience and beauty of social environment were really increased in proportion to the expenditure, and if there were a progressive tendency to equality in the distribution. But, alas;

a few moments' walk from saloons superbly furnished in the style of Louis 14th, brings us to Loafers' Hall, a dreary desolate apartment, where shivering little urchins pay a cent apiece, for the privilege of keeping out of watchmen's hands, by sleeping on boards ranged in tiers.

But the effects of a luxurious and artificial life are sad enough on those who indulge in it, without seeking for painful contrast among the wretchedly poor. Sallow complexions, feeble steps, and crooked spines, already show an obvious deterioration in beauty, grace, and vigour. Spiritual bloom and elasticity are still more injured by modes of life untrue to nature. The characters of women suffer more than those of men, because their resources are fewer. Very many things are considered unfeminine to be done, and of those duties which are feminine by universal consent, few are deemed genteel by the upper classes. It is not genteel for mothers to wash and dress their own children, or make their clothing, or teach them, or romp with them in the open air. Thus the most beautiful and blessed of all human relations performs but half its healthy and renovating mission. The full, free, joyful growth of heart and soul is everywhere impeded by artificial constraint, and nature has her fountains covered by vanity and pride. Some human souls, finding themselves fenced within such narrow limits by false relations, seek fashionable distinction, or the excitement of gossip, flirtation, and perpetual change, because they can find no other unforbidden outlets for the irrepressible activity of mind and heart. A very few, of nature's noblest and strongest, quietly throw off the weight that presses on them, and lead a comparatively true life in the midst of shams, which they reprove only by example. Those who can do this, without complaint or noise, and attempt no defence of their peculiar course, except the daily beauty of their actions, will work out their freedom at last, in the most artificial society that was ever

constructed; but the power to do this requires a rare combination of natural qualities. For the few who do accomplish this difficult task, I feel even more respect than I do for those who struggle upward under the heavy burden of early poverty. "For wealth bears heavier on talent, than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed down and buried?" I once saw a burdock shoot up so vigorously, that it threw off a piece of board in the platform, which covered it from light and air. I had great respect for the brave plant, and even carried my sympathy so far, as to reproach myself for not having lifted the board it was trying so hard to raise, instead of watching it curiously, to see how much it *could* do. The pressure of artificial life, I cannot take off from souls that are born in the midst of it; and few have within themselves such uplifting life as the burdock.

It is one of the saddest sights to see a young girl, born of wealthy and worldly parents, full of heart and soul, her kindly impulses continually checked by etiquette, her noble energies repressed by genteel limitations. She must not presume to love anybody, till father and mother find a suitable match; she must not laugh loud, because it is vulgar; she must not walk fast, because it is ungenteel; she must not work in the garden, for fear the sun and wind may injure her complexion; she must sew nothing but gossamer, lest it mar the delicacy of her hands; she must not study, because gentlemen do not admire literary ladies. Thus left without ennobling objects of interest, the feelings and energies are usually concentrated on frivolous and unsatisfactory pursuits, and woman becomes a by-word and a jest, for her giddy vanity, her love of dress and beaux.

Others, of a deeper nature, but without sufficient clearness of perception, or energy of will, to find their way into freedom, become inert and sad. They acquire a certain amount of accomplishments, because

society requires it, and it is less tedious than doing nothing. They walk languidly through the routine of genteel amusements, until they become necessary as a habit, though they impart little pleasure. I have heard such persons open their hearts, and confess a painful consciousness of being good for nothing, of living without purpose or aim. But as active usefulness is the only mode of satisfying the human soul, and as usefulness is ungentleel, there was no help for them, except through modes that would rouse the opposition of relatives. And so they moved on, in their daily automaton revolutions, with a vague, half-smothered hope that life had something in store for them, more interesting than the past had been. Thus the crew of the Benedict Arnold, when they approached the shore of New-England, dismantled, in a dark cold night, danced in a circle, to keep themselves from freezing, till the light should dawn. But unless light is within, there come no clear directions from outward circumstances; and the chance is that these half-stifled souls will enter into some uncongenial marriage, merely for the sake of novelty and change of scene.

Not unfrequently, have I heard women, who were surrounded by all the advantages that outward wealth can give, say, with sad and timid self-reproach, "I ought to be happy. It is my own fault that I am not. But, I know not how it is, I cannot get up an interest in anything." When I remind them that Richter said, "I have fire-proof perennial enjoyments, called employments," few have faith in such a cure for the inanity of life. But the only certain way to attain habitual content and cheerfulness, is by the active use of our faculties and feelings. Mrs. Somerville finds too much excitement and pleasure in her astronomical investigations, to need the poor stimulus of extravagant expenditure, or gossiping about her neighbours. Yet the astronomer discharges all womanly duties with beauti-

ful propriety. She takes nothing from her family. She merely gives to science those hours which many women in the same station waste in idleness or dissipation.

What can be more charming than the example of Mrs. Huber, devoting herself to the study of Natural History, to assist her blind husband in his observations? Or Mrs. Blake, making graceful drawings in her husband's studio, working off the impressions of his plates, and colouring them beautifully with her own hand? Compare a mere leader of ton with the noble German Countess Julie Von Egloffstein, who dared to follow her genius for Art, though all the prejudices of people in her own rank were strongly arrayed against it. Mrs. Jameson says, "When I have looked at the Countess Julie in her painting room, surrounded by her drawings, models, casts—all the powers of her exuberant, enthusiastic mind, flowing free in their natural direction, I have felt at once pleasure, admiration, and respect." The same writer says, "In general, the conscious power of maintaining themselves, habits of attention and manual industry in women, the application of our feminine superfluity of sensibility and imagination to a tangible result, have produced fine characters."

That woman is slowly making her way into freer life is evinced by the fact that, in a few highly cultivated countries, literature is no longer deemed a disparagement to woman, and even professed authorship does not involve loss of caste in society. Maria Edgeworth, Mary Howitt, Frederika Bremer, our own admirable and excellent Catherine Sedgwick, and many others widely known as writers, were placed in the genteel ranks of society by birth; but they are universally regarded with increased respect, because they have enlarged their bounds of usefulness, to strengthen and refresh thousands of minds.

Dorothea L. Dix, when she retired from school teaching, because the occupation disagreed with her

health, had a competence that precluded the necessity of further exertion. "Now she has nothing to do, but to be a lady and enjoy herself," said an acquaintance. But Miss Dix, though characterized by a most womanly sense of propriety, did not think it lady-like to be useless, or enjoyment to be indolent. "In a world where there is so much to be done," said she, "I felt strongly impressed that there must be something for me to do." Circumstances attracted her attention to the insane inmates of prisons and almshouses; and for several years, she has been to them a missionary of mercy, soothing them by her gentle influence, guiding them by her counsel, and greatly ameliorating their condition by earnest representations to selectmen and legislators. Her health has improved wonderfully under this continual activity of body, mind, and heart.

Frederika Bremer, in her delightful book called *Home*, tells of one of the unmarried daughters of a large family who evinced similar wisdom. She obtained from her father the sum that would have been her marriage portion, established a neat household for herself, and adopted two friendless orphan girls to educate.

"Thou mayest own the world, with health
And unslumbering powers;
Industry alone is wealth,
What we *do* is ours."

Use is the highest law of our being, and it cannot be disobeyed with impunity. The more alive and earnest the soul is by nature, the more does its vitality need active use, and its earnestness an adequate motive. It will go well with society, when it practically illustrates Coleridge's beautiful definition: "Labour should be the pleasant exercise of sane minds in healthy bodies."

But to fill employments with a divine life, they must be performed with reference to others; for we

can really enjoy only that of which we impart freely. The following extract from one of Beethoven's letters, exhibits the human soul in the noblest exercise of its immortal powers; viz: embodying the highest conceptions of Art, from a genuine love of Art, warmed by the motive of doing good to others. He writes thus: "My compositions are well paid, and I may say I have more orders than I can well execute. I ask my terms, and am paid. You see this is an excellent thing; as, for instance, I see a friend in want, and my purse does not at the moment permit me to assist him, I have but to sit down and write, and my friend is no longer in need."

The laws of our being are such that we must perform some degree of use in the world, whether we intend it, or not; but we can deprive ourselves of its indwelling joy, by acting entirely from the love of self. The manufacturer benefits others somewhat by the cloth he makes, and the baker by his bread. But if they seek to enrich themselves only, by the use of poor materials, and the payment of prices that oppress their workmen, they take out of the use that divine life, which imparts to the soul perpetual youth and bloom. Money thus acquired never satisfies the possessor; for in the process of making it, he parts with the state of mind, which is alone capable of enjoying happiness. The stories of men selling their souls to the devil, for treasures which merely tantalize them, are not mere fables. Thousands of poor rich men feel the truth in their daily experience.

To obtain unfailing spiritual wealth by cheerfully imparting of what we have, does not require this world's riches, or genius like Beethoven's. The poorest and least endowed can secure the treasure, by a loving readiness to serve others, according to their gifts. The lady who plants bulbs, and gathers garden-seeds, and tries curious horticultural experiments, has gained much by the mere innocent occupation of her time and thoughts. But if she is unwilling to

give away rare seeds and plants, if she cultivates them only for the sake of having something handsomer than her neighbours can have, she takes the heart out of her beautiful employment, and renders it a spectral pleasure. But if she gives a portion of vegetables to a poor widow, who has no land, if she invites the aged, and destitute invalids, into her pleasant walks, if she gives boquets to poor children, and strives to make all the neighbouring gardens as beautiful as her own, why then she really possesses her garden, and makes it an avenue of paradise.

Those who can do nothing more, can now and then read a pleasant book to some old man stricken with blindness, or teach a coloured child to write, or some poor Irish woman to read, or some young housewife how to make bread. Children are found to improve most rapidly, and make lighter work of study, when they are alternately employed in teaching others, who know a little less than themselves. The form of the use is of small consequence. Whatever our gifts may be, the love of imparting them for the good of others, brings heaven into the soul.

Some may think these theories sound well, and might work admirably if this world were heaven; yet they too utter the prayer, "May thy kingdom come on *earth*, as it is in heaven." This wide distance between our practical life and the religion we profess, teaches, too plainly to be misunderstood, that men really do *not* believe that it would be wise or safe to practise the maxims of Christ in a world like this. I remember a wealthy family, who scrupulously observed all the outward forms of Christianity, and inculcated the utmost reverence for its precepts. The children were trained to attend church regularly, and read the bible every morning. But when one of the sons took it into his head that the teachings of the New Testament were to be applied to daily life, and public affairs, they were in the utmost

consternation at the ungentility of his views, and the oddity of his proceedings.

But I am preaching a sermon instead of writing a letter. If one ever falls into a moralizing vein, they are likely to do it on the last day of the year. I bid you an affectionate farewell, with this New Year's wish for you and myself:

“So may we live, that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought, and every deed,
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.”

